

THE
LADIES' WREATH:

AN
ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

FOR
MDCCCXLIX.—L.

EDITED BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"The influence of woman is, or ought to be, a moral influence; and that it may have its effect, the main-object of their education ought to be to expand and perfect their moral nature, and to implant deeply the fact of their influence, and their own consequent responsibility. This foundation being laid, let women be elegant, be accomplished, be every thing that society requires of them; but let them not forget that these powers are not given for themselves, but for God's glory, and the good of their fellow creatures."

WOMAN'S MISSION.

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INDEX TO VOL. III.

	PAGE.
A Dirge—By P. Bevan,	80
A Year of Great Events—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	66
Agnes Mervin—By a New Contributor,	97
A Twilight Scene—By D. S. H.	169
A Sister's Influence—By Alice Craig,	199
An Hour at Twilight—From the German, by Mrs. St. Simon,	206
Autumn—By Mrs. Juliet H. L. Campbell,	206
An Hour Before Church—From the German, by Mrs. St. Simon,	221
A Storm on the Appenines—By G. F. Secchi de Casali,	239
A Sabbath Hymn of Praise—By Cardia May,	267
A Twilight Hour with Memory—By a New Contributor,	422
Books in the Family Circle—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	5
Be Kind to Strangers—By a New Contributor,	64
Butterfly Thoughts—By Mrs. M. N. McDonald,	86
Be True—By Mrs. E. J. Eames,	346
"Better Loss than Never"—Translated from the French, by Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	407
Begonia Geraniifolia—Geranium-leaved Begonia,	430
Call Again—By T. S. Arthur,	12, 57
Charity—By Mrs. E. J. Eames,	67
Children—By T. S. Arthur,	113
Campanula, or Bell Flower,	167
Camilla Japponica,	306
Charlotte Corday D'Armont—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	267, 297, 329
Capital at Washington,	267
Cupid Awakened—From the French, by Henry H. Paul,	363
Dignity of Conjugal Love—From the Italian, by Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	134
Dalea Alopecuroides, or Striped Dahlia,	286
David Dashwood's Adventure—By Mrs. Juliet H. L. Campbell,	413
Fuchsia Magellanica, or Ladies' Ear Drop,	310
Family Nurture—An Extract: By H. Bushnel,	324
Gentility and Industry—By Prof. Alden,	336
Goethe's "Mignon,"	419
How to Manage a Husband—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	77
Hymns for a Mother—By S. C. Merrigate,	94, 135, 207, 311
Household Sketches—By Mrs. Mary Graham,	108, 222, 253, 307, 300, 302
Hints to Parents—From the German, by Mrs. St. Simon,	246, 378
Ione—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	25
Ipomoea Horsfallii—Scarlet Ipomoea,	396
Jamie's on the Stormy Sea,	220
Life in Italy—By G. F. Secchi de Casali,	191
Lines on the Death of Mrs. A. B. W.—By Mrs. E. C. Kinney,	225
Morning Song of Flowers—By Miss A. Mary Freeman,	19
Meredith, N. H.	106
Maternal Love—From the German, by Mrs. St. Simon,	180
Mental Shadows,	197
Maternal Love—By Mrs. M. N. McDonald,	267
My Birds are all Gone—By Mrs. S. M. Clark,	272
Myosotis Palustris—Forget Me Not,	260
My First Voyage—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	149
Musie,	178, 220

Portraits of American Female Writers—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	36
Portrait of the Editor,	71
Psyche Burns by Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure—By H. H. Paul,	201
Practical Education—By Rev. S. D. Burchard,	286
Procrastination—By Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D.,	261
Quasmodam Convolvulus,	107
Reason and Fancy,	108
Resignation,	282
Retaliation—By Alice Craig,	373
Song of the Lilies—By Mrs. M. N. McDonald,	11
Sensibility and Sensuality—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	62
Spring's First Flower—By Ella,	127
Sonnet—By Mrs. E. C. Kinney,	163
Schuykill Waterworks,	204
Submission—By H. Hooker,	217
Song of a Wayfarer—By Stacy G. Potts,	246
Sonnets—By Mrs. E. C. Kinney,	272
The Moss Rose—From the German, by Mrs. S. Simco,	10
The World,	10
The Women of Modern Italy—From the Italian, by Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	20
The Hybrid Moss Rose,	36
The Little Invalid—By S. C. Merrigate,	41
The Forsaken Wife—By Jenny Lee,	51
The Tube Rose,	41
The Power of Love—By Rev. Carlos Smith,	67
The Life to Come—By Mrs. E. J. Eames,	106
The Book of Books—By Rev. S. D. Burchard,	128
The Prayer of the Forsaken—By Mrs. M. N. McDonald,	132
The Narrows, from Fort Hamilton,	138
The Flower of the Flock—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	136
The World of Thought—By Mrs. A. B. Hyde,	164
The Guardian Angel—By David M. Stone,	172
The Physical Education of Children—By Rev. S. D. Burchard,	174
The Shipwreck,	176
The Bride's Farewell,	178
The Health of American Women—By Rev. G. W. Burnap,	185
The Last Scene—By Stacy G. Potts,	186
The Human Voice,	190
The Past—By Barry Cornwall,	196
Three Ways of Managing a Wife—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	221
The Joys of Youth—By Mrs. A. B. Hyde,	206
The Testimony of an Unbeliever—From the French, by Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	246
The Idol Dethroned—By Mrs. F. L. Smith,	272, 313, 347, 368, 428
The Family,	290
The New Year—By Rev. S. D. Burchard,	293
The Prophet's Vision—By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney,	296
The Female Poets of America,	318
The Tear or Consolation—From the French, by Hon. Ellis Lewis,	319
The Sea of Galilee—By Rev. N. A. Keys,	365
True Benevolence,	362
Thoughtless Words—By Stacy G. Potts,	363
The Pure in Heart,	363
The Last of his Tribe—By Mrs. S. M. Clarke,	380
The Besetting Sin—By T. S. Arthur,	401
Tasso—By Mrs. E. J. Eames,	406
The Wanderer—By S. C. Merrigate,	412
To the Bereaved—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,	416
View of Cork River,	389
Woman's Sphere in the Past—By Rev. Clement E. Ball,	311
Zuleika—By Mrs. S. T. Martyn,	344

BOOKS IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE;

OR,

THE IMPORTANCE OF A TASTE FOR READING.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

"Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittyest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

THE desire for knowledge is inherent in the very nature of man, and constitutes a distinctive attribute of his intellectual being. It manifests itself in early infancy, in the ten thousand questions prompted by the desire of the unfolding mind to understand some of the wonders by which it finds itself surrounded—questions often relating to the most abstruse subjects, and which require more than the wisdom of a Solon to answer them satisfactorily. The mother of the celebrated Blaise Pascal, when in his precocious childhood he was constantly asking her for information on various subjects, was accustomed to reply, "My son, read, and you will know." Finding it impossible to acquire the knowledge for which he thirsted in any other way, the child applied himself diligently to his books, and became ultimately not only one of the ripest scholars, but one of the best men France has ever produced. Were the questions of children always met on the part of parents, with a reply equally kind and judicious, a taste for reading might be formed in early childhood which would lead to the happiest results. But, unfortunately, too many really good people, far from sympathizing with the thirst for knowledge manifested by their children, consider the time and money spent

in reading or purchasing books, as in reality thrown away. Having no personal experience of the benefits to be derived from these silent teachers, they regard them as useless and expensive luxuries, not at all suitable to those who have to make their way in the world by their own exertions. " 'Tis all very well for the rich," said a father once to an individual who was urging him to purchase books for his family, or at least to take a paper or magazine for them; " 'tis very well for the rich, they can afford such things; but my children must work for a living, and what do they want of books or papers?"

It is this mistaken view of the subject which we seek to counteract in the present article. We wish to convince such fathers, that every dollar expended in the purchase of good books, will be returned with tenfold interest, in the blessings conferred through their means on the domestic circle. We wish to convince them, that in making an appeal in behalf of books, we are not pleading for the indulgence of one of those factitious wants which follow in the train of refinement, but for the cultivation of a taste the purest, most rational, and most ennobling; a taste which, to a certain degree, renders its possessor independent of all other earthly sources of enjoyment. The importance of this taste for reading may be proved from various considerations, only a few of which, the limits of this article will permit us to adduce.

It is essential to intelligence and mental culture, since no person will read much or to any good purpose from any other motive than the love of books, and without the knowledge thus acquired, the mind will be empty, the judgment immature, and all the mental faculties miserably dwarfed and distorted.

It furnishes, likewise, an exhaustless source of intellectual enjoyment and improvement. If the power of speech be wonderful, how much more so is that cabalistic process by which the secrets of the heart are revealed, words written in solitude and obscurity uttered again in lands which the writer may never visit, and sounded in the ear of thousands whom his living voice may never reach. To woman particularly, brought up as she is in comparative retirement, this source of enjoyment is of great importance. Books are often almost her only instructors; nor need she wish for others, while through this medium she can visit every clime, and become familiar with the wise and good of every age and

nation. In our daily intercourse with our fellow-beings, a thousand circumstances may occur to wound our feelings and disturb our repose; but in the soothing companionship of books, all is pure and tranquil happiness, and the mind is stimulated to exertion at the same time that it is humbled by a salutary sense of the limited extent of human attainments.

A taste for reading fortifies the heart against the influence of vice and vicious habits, by occupying the leisure time which might otherwise be consumed in idleness, or wasted in fashionable dissipation, while it furnishes food for thought and rational entertainment, and thus creates an antagonist influence against the seductive brilliancy of worldly and sensual pleasures. It has also a direct tendency to elevate the soul above the low enjoyments of sense, and to give reason and conscience the ascendancy over the passions.

The love of reading essentially aids in the cultivation of virtuous affections, and draws out the kindest, tenderest, and strongest sympathies of our nature, by attaching us to home—that word which has a world of sweetness in its very sound—the centre of the purest and most hallowed associations. It makes the family circle—

“ In which e’en grief is half subdued,
And peace, the halcyon, loves to brood ”—

a circle of intelligence, where thought and sympathy are exchanged and mingled—and where the whole dear group that cluster around the domestic fireside, are bound together by those countless social affinities, and endearing memories, which cannot fail, however widely severed they may be in after years, to exert a powerful and salutary influence over each individual. What is it that gives to a New England *Thanksgiving* its wonderful fascination—its strange power to draw together annually, though divided by hundreds of miles, the scattered members of a family? Could the links in that golden chain of love be counted one by one, and traced back to the causes which operated in their formation, we doubt not it would be found, that a taste for reading, and the moral power of books, have been among the most efficient agents in forming the individual and social character of these happy families.

The inhabitants of New England are, to a great extent, a

reading people. One can hardly enter a dwelling, however humble, without finding on a shelf or table at least a few well-selected books, a paper, or a magazine. On the contrary, in those sections of country where there is least mental cultivation—where books are seldom found—there the ties of natural affection are comparatively weak; and instead of the sweet emotions of love and friendship, so continually excited and strengthened in a happy home, the selfish propensities and animal passions always predominate.

The remarks we have made are, of course, applicable only to good books, and to a taste for such reading as will strengthen the intellect and improve the heart.

If books possess the moral power we have attributed to them, what shall be said of the infidel and immoral works, which, under the name of light literature, are annually thrown off from the periodical press, and scattered on the wings of the wind through every portion of our country? what, of the host of tales and romances, which, if not properly denominated immoral, injure their readers by giving them unreal notions of the world, and unfit the young for the duties of life, by presenting a state of things which never existed, and a class of men and women whose counterparts were never found upon our globe? It is the duty of parents and guardians at all times, but especially at a time like this, when irreligion and immorality are clothed in the garb of polite literature, and everywhere circulated, to examine carefully the character of the books and periodicals which find their way into the domestic circle, lest, ere they are aware, a taste for injurious reading and dangerous books should be formed, the effects of which no human sagacity can limit or control. Too much of the light literature of the day is fitted only to inflame the imagination, weaken the intellect, and corrupt the heart. A most improbable concatenation of circumstances, in which love, hatred, revenge and murder, abject poverty and boundless wealth, figure largely, is woven together in some romantic brain, and sent out as a Tale, which, under different names, and a slightly different arrangement of parts, &c., may go the rounds of the reading community for months, to the great admiration of hundreds of juvenile readers, who learn to fancy themselves heroines in disguise, and lament the hard fate which condemns them

“To waste their sweetness on the desert air”—

of a retired village or an humble home. That there are splendid exceptions to this description of a modern "tale," we are most happy to admit. Our first female writers—with pride we say it—are ranged on the side of virtue, and while they adorn the walks of light literature with the brilliant coruscations of wit and genius, and the magic melody of song, no power on earth could induce them to pander to the corrupt taste of any part of the community, or to write

"One line, which, dying, they might wish to blot."

It is usually the race of imitators—of second-hand writers, who, lacking the creative power of true genius, which can give interest to the details of every day life, are compelled to draw upon the wild, the improbable, and the horrible, for the groundwork of their productions.

To say that the time spent in reading such works as these, is utterly wasted, would be affirming comparatively little, though when we realize the value and brevity of time, this consideration should have some weight with us. But the evil is a still more serious one. In a country like our own, where the people are the source of power, every thing that tends to weaken the intellect and inflame the passions, and thus to lessen the capacity for self-government, is a public injury. When virtue and intelligence cease to be the characteristics of the masses, they are fitted to become the tools of demagogues and unprincipled political aspirants. When such men control the destinies of our Republic, our free institutions will be exchanged for anarchy, and anarchy will in turn yield to an iron government of force. Instead of books and laws, we shall have bayonets and swords—all the horrors of the old world will be acted over again in the new,—republican liberty will be at an end, and the last hope of the world will perish amid its ruins.

This state of things may result either from ignorance on the part of the people, arising from the want of books—or from the corruption engendered by the unchecked circulation of immoral and irreligious ones. Books of the right kind are the natural aliment of a free people, and as necessary to the healthy growth of the body politic, as is daily food to the development of the human frame. But not only is a taste for reading essential to fit men for good and intelligent citizens; it is likewise essential to qualify the women of America to educate her sons. It is to the

mothers of the republic, that Freedom entrusts her most precious treasures—of them she demands the intelligence, virtue, and self-control that are to give permanence and stability to her glorious institutions. How shall they be best fitted for this sacred charge? Only when knowledge and piety shall go hand in hand in the formation of their character—when, along with the lessons of human wisdom derived from the records of the past, they shall treasure up in their hearts the teachings of divine truth—that thus they may be prepared to train up for time and eternity the young immortals committed to their charge.

THE MOSS ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

THE angel who watches over the flowers, and in the silent night refreshes them with dew, was slumbering, upon a spring day, in the shadow of a rose-bush.

And when he awoke his countenance was pleasant, and he said, "Loveliest of my children! I thank thee for thy refreshing perfume, and for thy cooling shadow. Hadst thou a wish to ask of me, how readily would I grant it!"

"Adorn me, then, with a new beauty," implored the spirit of the rose-bush.

And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

And the moss rose stood lovely in modest attire, the fairest among its companions.

Dear Lina, put off all gaudy dress and glistening jewels, and follow the counsel of maternal Nature.

THE WORLD.

"THE world is too much with us—late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours:
We've given our hearts away—a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd, like the sleeping flowers—
For this, for every thing, we're out of tune,
They move us not!"

WORDSWORTH.

SONG OF THE LILIES.

BY MRS. M. H. McDONALD.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

CARELESS ever, careless ever,
Bathed in sunlight, gemmed with dew,
Taking for the morrow never
Anxious thought, as mortals do;
Sporting with the winds of heaven,
Kissed by every wandering bee;
Thus we live from morn till even
In a sweet tranquillity.

Looking from our leafy palace,
Upward with a trusting eye,
Lifting each its tiny chalice
To the pure, o'erarching sky;
Drinking but the dew and sunshine,
Asking but what God bestows,
Trusting ever, doubting never,
So each fair young lily grows.

Sure of breeze, and sun, and shower,
Wherefore should we doubt the love,
Granting still a ceaseless dower
From exhaustless stores above?
Wherefore heed the coming future,
With our Father's watchful care?
Faith unfailling, Hope prevailing,
He shall clothe the lilies fair.

Mark our robes of pearly lustre,
Yet we neither toil nor spin;
See the golden drops that cluster
Each expanded cup within;
Dewy gems are wreathed in beauty
O'er each humble floweret's breast;
Judah's monarch, in his glory,
Not in fairer robes was dressed.

Smiling in the sunbeam's splendor,
Joyful for the good he brings;
Sleeping in the moonbeams tender,
'Neath an angel's guardian wings;
Thus we live, the gentle flowerets,
This the lesson we would yield—
Mortal, learn a glad contentment
From the lilies of the field.

CALL AGAIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MRS. GRINER was just drawing on her gloves, preparatory to going out, when Hetty, her chamber-maid, came to her room and said,

"Harriet is down stairs."

"Well, what does she want? Her money, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'am. She says, if you will let her have the three dollars that are coming to her, she will be much obliged to you."

"Harriet is in a great hurry. She only brought the last of the work home day before yesterday. Tell her I am just going out and can't attend to her now. She must call some other time."

Hetty left the room to take this reply to the poor woman, who had walked over a mile to get the money that was due to her; and Mrs. Griner, forgetting, in other and more interesting thoughts, all about the incident, momentarily felt to be unpleasant, readjusted her shawl and bonnet before the glass, tightened her gloves over her fingers, and then, after taking from one of her drawers a well-filled purse, started forth to make a few calls and do some shopping.

Mrs. Wilson, or Harriet, as she was called by some of those for whom she worked, supported herself and a sick daughter, who was able to do but little, by plain needlework. Three or four dollars a week was generally the extent of their income. They did not, as may be supposed, enjoy many of the luxuries of life. In fact, for even things necessary to health and comfort, they were often sadly in need. It never happened that they could do without money after it was earned, unless at great inconvenience to themselves, if not direct privation. The work done for Mrs. Griner had not been very profitable. She had sent for Mrs. Wilson some weeks before the time of her introduction to the reader's notice, in order to get her to do some sewing. When Mrs. Wilson came, at her request, she said to her,

"I want to see you, Harriet, about making up some night-gowns and drawers for the children, and doing some other little matters in that way."

"Very well, ma'am," replied Mrs. Wilson, "I shall be glad to do the work for you."

"I have sent for you because I know you need the work, and also because I know you will do it well."

"I'm obliged to you," said the poor woman.

"But, Harriet," said Mrs. Griner, "I haven't been able to get out shopping yet; though I will go to-morrow, as it is getting late in the season, and the children need thicker under clothes. So I can't give you the work to-day. I only wanted to see you, to know whether you could do it for me. Call—let me see—yes, call day after to-morrow, and I will have it ready for you."

Mrs. Wilson promised to call on the day succeeding the next, and then left the house of Mrs. Griner and hurried home. The lady didn't reflect, that, in thus sending for the poor woman, every hour of whose time was precious, she was doing an act of injustice; for at least two hours, that might have been profitably employed, were thereby wasted. If she wished to know whether Mrs. Wilson could do the work, it would have been much more in accordance with justice, if she had sent to know the fact, instead of summoning the woman to attend upon her, and answer questions that could as well have been answered through the servant. But Mrs. Griner was not a woman who thought much of others, or who was very considerate of the poor.

The two hours that were lost in preparing herself to go out, and in going to and returning from Mrs. Griner's, were of importance to Mrs. Wilson. They threw her back just that time in her day's work, which had to be done.

At eleven o'clock that night, she was still sitting by her dim lamp, and her hand was moving with the same regularity that it had moved for hours. Upon the bed—for there was a bed in the room—lay a young woman, whose hollow cheeks, and deeply sunken, but glistening eyes, marked her as one who was fast going down to the grave.

"Mother, put up your work," said the invalid. "The clock struck eleven some time ago. I wish you wouldn't work so late."

"I must finish this garment to-night, Mary," replied the mother.

"You know it is promised to-morrow morning, and Mrs. Elder will be sure to send for it."

"It will take you at least two hours, mother."

"I know it will. I lost two hours in waiting on Mrs. Griner to-day. If it hadn't been for that, I would have finished it by this time."

The sick girl lay and looked at her mother for some moments; and then said,

"Mother, if you will draw your table close to the bed, so that I can see, and raise me up with pillows, I can sew that large seam for you."

"O no, Mary. It will only set you to coughing," replied Mrs. Wilson.

"No, mother, I don't think it will. Just let me do it for you. I can't sleep while you are sitting up at work, when I know you are so tired out. I will feel better if I help you."

"I'm not so *very* tired, Mary."

"Yes, mother, you are and must be very tired."

Mary continued to urge, and at last Mrs. Wilson drew her table to the bedside, raised Mary on pillows, and gave her the long seam to sew up. But the moment the poor girl began to move her hand, there came a tickling deep in the throat-pit, as if she had inhaled feather dust. She tried to bear the sensation without coughing, and succeeded for some minutes. But it was impossible to do so for any length of time, as the irritation increased every moment. At last a fit of coughing seized her; the work had to be thrown aside, and the distressing paroxysm continued for nearly half an hour, when she was completely exhausted. Much more time was lost than gained by the mother, for while Mary coughed so violently, she could not more than half work.

After this severe fit of coughing subsided, Mary gradually sank into a quiet sleep. Mrs. Wilson continued her work and completed it, but it was near two o'clock when her weary head was laid, thankfully, upon its pillow.

The work was sent for, as she had expected, early on the next morning. Neither Mrs. Wilson nor her daughter felt as well as usual. They were suffering from the over exertion and undue excitement of the previous evening. Although the two hours that

were lost in the middle of the day, appeared to be made up by extra labor at night, they were not really so by Mrs. Wilson, for, on the day that succeeded, she lost the time thought to be regained, through direct inability to do as much work in a given period as usual. Nature was already tasked to its utmost, and could not bear a heavier burden without yielding at some point.

On the day that Mrs. Griner promised to have the work ready for her, Mrs. Wilson went for it.

"Ah! good morning, Harriet," said Mrs. Griner, in a light, indifferent voice, as the poor seamstress entered. "You've come for that work, I suppose."

"Yes, ma'am; you said you would have it ready to-day."

"You will have to call again, Harriet," replied Mrs. Griner, as indifferently as if the matter were not of the slightest consequence to the poor woman. "I couldn't get out as soon as I expected, to do my shopping. The goods were only sent home last night, and I haven't been able to cut out a thing yet. Come to-morrow morning, and I will have the work ready for you."

"Couldn't you send it down to me?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "I have"—

"O no, Harriet. I have no one that I can spare to send. You must call up yourself."

"Very well, ma'am; I'll come."

And Mrs. Wilson retired. Two more hours were lost, in waiting upon Mrs. Griner. On the next morning the work was called for.

"I've only been able to cut out a couple of pair of drawers and two night-gowns," said Mrs. Griner. "But it is immaterial, for by the time they are done, I will have all the other things ready for you."

But it was some difference, for it would involve the loss of just two hours more in going a second time for the work. But this Mrs. Griner did not comprehend.

The four garments which Mrs. Wilson had received from Mrs. Griner were soon made. She had promised to do the work, and in order to keep her promise, had laid aside the work of other ladies that would have been more profitable to her. As soon as they were completed, she took them home, in order to get the re-

mainder of the work which Mrs. Griner wanted done, and finish it up as quickly as possible.

"I haven't had time to touch any thing since you were here, Harriet," said Mrs. Griner. "I've had so much else to do. Call up next week, and I will be ready for you."

Mrs. Wilson left the four garments, and went away, feeling unhappy. If the price of making them had been paid to her, it would have been something, for it would have supplied immediate wants. But, as the work was not all done, she could not ask for money, and Mrs. Griner was, not a woman to think about the necessities of the poor.

Work that had been laid aside was now taken up. Mrs. Wilson applied herself with great diligence, for the cold weather was coming on, and fuel must be bought, and a number of things necessary for comfort and health obtained, before the inclement season commenced. There had already been a short period of cold weather, during which the daughter's cough had grown worse, in consequence of there not being fire in the room. There was no fire, because there was no fire-place; and they did not put up their stove, because they had no coal. And so low was the poor mother's purse, that she could not then buy even a quarter of a ton of fuel. By wrapping up Mary more carefully, she hoped to keep her from taking cold until the weather moderated again. But she was not successful. The daughter did take cold, and was made much worse.

Two weeks of mild weather succeeded, and during this time Mrs. Wilson labored industriously to get enough money ahead to buy coal. Mrs. Griner's work put her back a good deal. It broke up her time, and made it unprofitable. But she put herself down to her tasks with renewed industry, her mind made up not to go for Mrs. Griner's work so long as she had other and more profitable employment on her hands. But at the end of a week, and while she was in the midst of work for others, in came a bundle from the lady, with a message of wonder why she had not come for it, and a positive injunction to have the garments done by a certain early day, as the children were greatly in need of them.

"I will have to lay aside Mrs. Markland's work," said the poor woman, after the messenger had gone.

"Indeed, mother, I wouldn't do it," returned the daughter.

"Mrs. Markland wants her work, and will expect it next week."

"And I am sure of the money the day I carry it home; which is not the case where Mrs. Griner is concerned. I have always had to go two or three times before getting my money."

"If any body waits, it should be her, mother. We don't know the day that a snap of cold weather will be down upon us, and we haven't any coal yet."

This argument, because it pointed to her invalid daughter, was conclusive to the mind of Mrs. Wilson. She determined to go on with Mrs. Markland's work, and let Mrs. Griner's lie until that was finished. At the end of a week it was completed, and she received therefor the sum due, which was five dollars. Half a ton of coal was bought, and also some provisions.

As soon as the fuel was in, Mrs. Wilson went to the cellar, and brought therefrom her little stove. But, alas! in attempting to put it up, the grate fell out, and the top, which was entirely rusted through, was crushed in. It was no longer possible to make a fire in it. Who will wonder that tears filled the eyes of the poor widow, when this misfortune happened to her; or that she felt gloomy and discouraged. While she sat, contemplating the ruins of her little stove, that had so faithfully served her for years, but now stood utterly useless before her, Mrs. Griner's waiter entered unceremoniously, and wished to know why the work his mistress had sent to her had not come home. Mrs. Griner, he said, was not pleased about it.

"Tell her I will finish it in a few days," said Mrs. Wilson.

"Isn't it done yet?" asked the waiter. "Mrs. Griner thinks you have only been neglectful about sending it home."

"Tell her what I have said," replied Mrs. Wilson, with a look and tone that caused the waiter to bow respectfully and retire.

To sit idle was of no use. Mrs. Wilson removed the useless remains of her stove, and with a heavy heart sat down to work. She felt, at first, deeply depressed, and almost doubtful of the future; but as she worked and thought, her mind, in search of what to do, came to this conclusion, that she would get through with the work of Mrs. Griner as quickly as possible, and with the money received therefrom, buy a small second-hand stove, which she believed might be had for about three dollars. With this in-

tention, she worked with great industry, trembling all the while lest a wintry change should come before her work was finished and her stove bought. At last the final stitch was taken. The morning on which she was to take her work home proved to be a cold one. Fire was needed for comfort.

"If Mrs. Griner pays me, I will get a stove and bring it home, if I can find one," she said, as she went out. In passing along, she saw at a stove-maker's just what she wanted, and the price was only three dollars. It had been used, but had suffered little. There was a place to boil a kettle, and also a small oven.

"Just the thing," she said, well pleased, as she examined it. "I can cook by it, and thus save a kitchen fire."

"Shall I send it home, madam?" asked the stove-maker.

"No, sir, not now. I haven't the money with me to pay for it."

"Oh!" said the man, indifferently; and was turning away.

"I expect, though, to get the money this morning, for work I am taking home. Consider it bought, if you please. I will be along this way in half an hour."

"Very well, ma'am, I'll keep it for you. But if I don't see you in an hour or so, I will sell it to any one who may happen to want it."

Mrs. Wilson hurried away with her work. She found Mrs. Griner in, who scolded a good deal about its having been kept back so long, but said nothing about paying for it. It was on the lips of the poor woman, several times, to ask for her money, but she disliked to do so. She lingered in hope of its being tendered. But no; Mrs. Griner didn't think about that. With a heavy heart the poor disappointed woman left the house, and bent her steps homeward. As she passed the stove-maker's, she stopped and told the man that she couldn't take his stove then; but asked him, as a great favor, to keep it for her a few days, as she certainly would take it.

"Can't promise, madam," he replied, indifferently. "If you want it, you'd better take it to-day."

"I haven't the money to do so, or else I would."

"Oh! very well." And he turned away to attend to a more profitable customer.

The weather continued to grow colder. It was so chilly in the room where Mrs. Wilson sat with her daughter, that she could

hardly hold her needle, from the numbness of her fingers. Mary was kept covered up closely in bed, but it was impossible to prevent her from taking cold. The air, striking upon her face and flowing into her lungs, proved positively injurious. By the evening of the day after Mrs. Wilson had taken home the work to Mrs. Griner, her breathing was much more difficult than it had been, and her cough more troublesome. There was a pungency in the cold air that irritated the highly sensitive membrane that lined the air tubes, and increased the inflammation already existing.

To be continued.

MORNING SONG OF FLOWERS.

BY MISS A. MARY FREEMAN.

AN angel came, last night, and bent
O'er us, and wept,
Because no prayer to Heaven was sent
Before you slept.

See! on the Lily's leaf there lies
A drop, like dew—
It is a tear those angel eyes
Let fall for you!

Oh, let us on our sweet breath bear,
Beyond the sky,
From thy full heart, a grateful prayer
A heavenward sigh!

So shall that loving angel weep
For joy to-night;
And watch thee, in thy peaceful sleep,
Till morning light.

THE WOMEN OF MODERN ITALY.

Translated from the Italian of Isabella Rossi.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep, for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust, and they who come, admire thee,
As we admire the beautiful in death.
But why despair? Even now the hour has come
When they who think to bind th' ethereal spirit—
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with keen eye, and strike, and strike again,
If but a sinew vibrate—shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendor like the day
That blesses still the earth." ROSSA' *"Italy."*

THROUGH the kindness of an Italian gentleman of distinguished literary attainments,* now an exile from his country for the liberality of his political opinions, we have been favored with a file of "*L'Alba*," a newspaper published tri-weekly at Florence, and breathing the noble sentiments that give life and vigor to "young Italy," as she rouses herself from the sleep of ages, and prepares to resume her ancient rank among the nations of the earth. From one of these papers we have extracted part of an address to the women of Italy, from the pen of Isabella Rossi, of Florence, a literal translation of which we present to our readers in this number. We doubt not they will learn from it with pleasure, as we have done, that the spirit which animated the Roman matrons in the olden time, has been not extinct, but only slumbering in the bosoms of their descendants—and that in modern Italy, women are found worthy to be the wives and mothers of the Gracchi. The mantle of Eleanor Fonseca, the Neapolitan martyr of liberty, has fallen upon her sisters, and her dying predictions seem about to be realized.

Of all the Italian States, Tuscany has been foremost in the

* Prof. G. F. Secchi de Casali.

work of political and religious reformation, in providing for internal improvements, and in securing the liberty of the press. Toward the close of the last century, Leopold First, Duke of Tuscany, commenced the great work of remodelling the laws and judiciary of his own States. These he reduced to a uniform system, reforming provincial and customary abuses. He abolished the inquisition, tortures, confiscation, and capital punishment, and greatly lightened the taxation that had been so burdensome to his people. Lay teachers had charge of education, and very soon industry, literature and the arts began to revive under his fostering care. It was in his heart also to reform the abuses of the Church, and he did, in fact, abolish the censorship of books, and the tribunal of the Holy Office. The pope was no longer in Tuscany the supreme head of the church.

This good work of reform was checked under Leopold Second, the reigning Duke, through the benumbing influence of Austrian diplomacy and Austrian bayonets. But when Pius Ninth sounded from the Vatican the watchword of "progress," all Tuscany was at once in motion. The Florentines, to the number of twenty thousand, assembled in front of the ducal palace, and with loud cries of "Long live Pius Ninth and Leopold Second," begged of their sovereign the blessed boon of a free constitution and liberal institutions. He hesitated at first, from habitual dread of Austria, and the fear of change, but the importunity of his people prevailed, and his temporizing policy was abandoned. Taking his Duchess by the hand, he led her, surrounded by the ladies of her court, out upon the balcony, in full view of the crowd; and while their shouts of gratulation rent the air, solemnly promised them that he would assemble his ministers immediately, and grant their request. With three silk shawls, taken from the shoulders of the Duchess and two of her ladies in waiting, he hastily made a tri-colored flag,* which he waved from the balcony, in token of his union with the Roman States in their recent movements. The impulse then given has not been suffered to die away by the friends of liberty in Tuscany. A new system of government has been organized—common schools founded, and freedom of thought and opinion acknowledged. Railroads have also been built, and

* The national flag of Italy.

internal improvements every where encouraged. Recently, the small principality of Lucca having come into the hands of Leopold Second by purchase, has shared in the benefits he has conferred on Tuscany.

One thing only seems wanting in the new day that has dawned on this fairest portion of Italy, to insure for it the realization of our fondest hopes. The light of a pure, evangelical Christianity has not yet penetrated the thick mists of ignorance and superstition that have so long covered the people, as with a pall of death. But the spirit of inquiry is now awake, and may we not hope that such noble minds, such exalted intellects as the one which dictated the following address, will ere long shake off the fetters of religious intolerance, and dare to examine the Bible for themselves. Then, indeed, we may exultingly say, The hour of redemption has come, and the Italian phoenix has arisen from her own funeral pile, more bright, more beautiful, more glorious, than when

" She shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights of heaven."

TO THE WOMEN OF ITALY.

"Often in times past some voice has been raised to urge women to reassert their true dignity, and to shake off the slothful indifference in which a long course of time had sunk them, obscured with darkening clouds the splendid light of intellect, and oppressed the genial breath of noble sentiments. Often, I repeat, were they reproved for the useless occupations in which they dissipated all the energies of the soul, and the marvellous capacity given by God as much to the weaker as to the stronger sex under the Italian sky, to undertake and accomplish all that is truly beautiful, great and generous. O women! if reproaches have been poured upon you, looking deeply for the cause of these evil effects, one comes to discern clearly, that the fault is not with you. It had its origin in a fatal principle, which slowly degenerating your education, has strongly counteracted the impulses and instincts which would have led you to walk in the honorable steps of your ancient grandmothers, whose modest but vigorous virtue trained to mature perfection the germs from which were afterward unfolded those prodigies of humanity, Dante, Michael Angelo,

Ferruccio, Galileo, and so many others, by whom our fertile soil has been ennobled and exalted. A deep and subtle tyranny has well calculated the influence of women over the men who represent and sustain the strength of the nation; and thus the Medici scattered with full hand the poisonous seed which weakened and corrupted the noble sentiments of the Tuscan women. With acute discernment, selecting women for auxiliaries in their nefarious enterprise, every art was used to flatter, attract, and allure them to the school in which they were to be destroyed. When feminine virtue was extinguished, extinguished also was manly honor. Abjects could not avail to wrestle with the power of despots, and Cosmo First, as well as his successors of that fatal race, happy in their accomplished designs, remained firm and tranquil, trampling on the venerable ruins of Florentine greatness.

"At last a new era dawned, and with the new dynasty hope shone with renewed lustre. But the eye accustomed to darkness, found itself unable to gaze boldly on the light. The ear long used to the sound of empty words, did not comprehend that which announced *thought*; and the immortal Leopold First found no echo in the souls of his people. Until now, strangers have been accustomed to despise us. Until now, woman has been regarded among us as an instrument, not an agent—as a thing, not as a being—as a toy, not as a companion—and until now she has accepted almost without an emotion of shame, this humiliating estimate, and become what a corrupt society has dared to represent her.

"Some few, rising at intervals, like stars in the darkness, have maintained that woman is, equally with man, an emanation of the Divinity, and not merely animated matter. But they were looked upon with jealous fear by men, as phenomena, not as examples to the sex—while foreigners, who for the prosperity and grandeur of their own country educated and encouraged their own females, ridiculed and despised ours, well knowing that to deprive Italy of their aid, would be to retain her a slave and an abject, always at the mercy of their own depraved will.

"O, my sisters! I groan from the depths of my heart, on beholding my sex sunk so low, and blushing, exclaim, We are Italians—and that name imposes upon us weighty duties, terrible responsibilities! It is a holy cause of which we speak! Forward,

then ! Let us cast aside ornament and childish pomp. A dress the less, and a book the more—but a book which will exalt and enlighten the intellect, and kindle in the heart the flame of patriotic love. Courage ! Nothing is wanting but a strong determination, since woman is a splendid gem, which, like the prism, reflects in brilliant colors the light of the Divine intelligence. Women ! it is of the first importance for us to feel our own dignity. The age urges us onward. Let no one of us resist the impulse. Let us not leave the burden to be borne by a few—but each one carrying a portion of the weight, thus shall we the sooner arrive at the goal. Women ! Know you not of how much importance is your aid in this holy enterprise ? Know you not that the morals of a people depend upon the educating lips of mothers ? Know you not that the seed of virtue is sown in the bosom of the nurse ?—that every noble emotion, every heroic thought, every sublime endeavor, derives existence from the smile of a lovely and beloved maiden ? Know you not that the powerful energy which overcomes obstacles, and removes the barriers placed before genius and honor, draws vigor from the glance, piously severe, sweetly encouraging, of a modest wife ? O, while women shall be delighted only with ornaments, with amusements, with dances, and with songs—while their smile, like that of the sirens, shall attract, falsely flattering, the men who, in seeking angels, find in them demons, Italy will be the ridiculed bondmaid of those who choose to outrage her, the laughing-stock of the strangers who come with a smile on the lip to insult her sacred ashes and her majestic ruins ! Courage, then ! Timidity, in such a case, is a fault—idleness is a crime. The French and English, who look upon you from their height with a mocking smile, and an accent of insulting compassion, have they souls differing in quality from yours ? Yes—you have only to choose to put it to the proof, to convince them of how much more noble mixture you are composed ; and what more ardent blood, urging you to great deeds, boils in your veins, warm as in those of our Vulcans.”

IONE.

See Engraving.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DEMETRIUS—a noble Athenian.

CLAUDIUS—the lover of Ione.

IONE—daughter of Demetrius.

MYRA—attendant of Ione.

PROBUS—a Greek convert.

SCENE FIRST.—ATHENS.

An apartment in the house of Demetrius, who is discovered in conversation with Claudius.

DEM. Come hither, Claudius, and while yet the moon
Hangs like a silver crescent in the east,
Paled by the glow that Phœbus' fiery steeds
Left in their track adown the western sky,
Look forth, and tell me what thou seest?

CLAU. A scene
More lovely than the famed Sicilian fields,
Where Proserpina wandered—land and sea
And sky, are full of beauty, and they seem
Like one glad form, instinct with life and joy,
That feels the ardent breath of mighty Jove
And smiles with kindling flush beneath it.

DEM. Well,
It is a goodly land, thou sayest?

CLAU. Ay,
The god of day, when from his dazzling car
He looks abroad o'er all the teeming earth,
Ne'er lighted up a fairer. Why, 'twere worth
A whole eternity of common life,
But once to breathe in Athens. I have stood
Within the Coliseum, and have gazed
Upon imperial Rome, when, robed in state,
She sat as mistress of a prostrate world,
To give her vassals audience; and 'twas all
Barbaric splendor that adorned her brow,
Rude, though majestic. All the thousand forms
Of grace and beauty with which art endows
Her wonderful creations, and which make
Our Greece immortal, all are wanting there.

DEM. Vain boast! Come hither, boy, and bow thy head,
That I may whisper in thy secret ear
What my lips scorn to utter. This fair Greece,
With all her wealth of genius and of art,
Her smiling valleys, and her sunny hills,
Her glorious cities and more glorious graves,
Is—does thine heart forbode the word, that thus
Thine eye turns from me? 'Tis a land of slaves.
Ha—that name touches thee—'tis well; methinks
There should be in the veins of Philip's son
Something that brooks not bondage. By the manes
Of those who sleep in Marathon, the mighty dead
Who left their children free, I bid thee wake
From the ignoble slumber of despair,
And nerve thee for the conflict!

CLAU. Is there hope,
That thus thine eye beams on me?

DEM. Why dost ask
Of hope? Thy caution suits the chill of age,
But not the fiery current of young blood,
Which, like the generous war-horse, pants for action.
I tell thee, Claudius, there is always hope,
Where men are found to think, and feel, and dare,
For freedom's sake. It is in woe's extreme,
The courage oft is born which conquers fate.
The Roman footprints o'er our fathers' graves
Must be washed out in blood. I hear a voice
Which calls to combat, and my spirit chafes,
Impatient of a moment's brief delay.
This proud proconsul, who has dared insult
A Grecian maiden, dies, were every neck
In Rome suspended on his single life.

CLAU. What sayest thou—Marcian? Hath he dared to look
Upon Ione? Now the gods forefend!
For his foul glances carry pestilence
Where'er they light! Had he a thousand lives,
He dies to-night!

DEM. Does then a maiden's wrong
More stir thee than thy country's bleeding wounds,
That thus thou criest vengeance? But, 'tis well,
Thou shalt have full revenge. And not alone
On him, the Roman minion, but on all
The foreign legions whose polluted breath
Infects the air of Greece. A chosen band
Bid stern defiance to the tyrant's power,
And they have sworn by him who sits on high,
The mighty Thunderer, that the vulture's beak
Shall be empurpled in the blood of those
Who call themselves our masters. But not here

Can I the plan unfold. Come thou with me,
And learn what spirits yet are left in Greece,
To live or die with her.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Claudius.*]

SCENE SECOND.

A balcony overhanging the water, on which Ione is seated alone.

IONE. How beautiful is night! A thousand gems
Flashing upon her robe of darkest hue—
While, like a coronet, the pale young moon
Circles her queenly brow. Above, below,
Around, deep silence reigns; and, as I gaze,
The hush of nature steals into my soul,
And, touching with light wing the harp of thought,
Makes sweetest melody. Ye myriad stars,
That stand like silent watchers, gazing down
Upon earth's changes, have ye not a voice,
That to the conscious heart still speaks of Him,
Whose workmanship ye are? I cannot look
Upon the quiet beauty that ye wear,
But thoughts of that benignant star which led
The Eastern Magi to a Saviour's feet,
Come thronging o'er me, and my spirit bows,
Subdued by the omnipotence of Love.

Enter Myra, in haste.

What wouldst thou, Myra?

MYRA. Lady, they are here,
Young Claudius, and thy venerable sire,
Noble Demetrius. Wilt thou see them thus?

IONE. Yes, thus, and now.

Enter Demetrius and Claudius.

DEM. Sweet daughter, thou art sad;
This solitude becoms not youth like thine:
Thou shouldst be merry as a mountain nymph,
Who dreams of nought but glee. Hast paid thy vows
To Pallas, that success may crown our arms?

IONE. May every blessing wait upon my sire!
But nought I know, in this abode of peace,
Of war's dread clangor. Didst thou speak of arms?

DEM. Aye, girl! Our Greece hath yet some noble sons
On whom the tyrant's yoke hath lain too long
And borne too heavily; and when they rise
And cast it from them, let our foes beware!
The stain of slavery must be cleansed in blood—
Mark well the words—in blood—but how is this?
I speak of vengeance—and thy cheek is pale,
And thine eye heavy with the unshed tears,
That well up from some fount of secret grief.

Art thou a Grecian maiden? 'Twas not thus
The maids and matrons of our better day
Cheered on the serried hosts to battle. Still
In tears? I did not chide thee, sweet; 'twas but
A foolish fear, that in thy gentle breast
Lurked some fond weakness that might shame thy blood.

IONE. Alas, my father! Greece is but a name,
A glorious monument of other days,
Whose graceful front is proudly reared to heaven,
While all beneath is ashes! Our brave sires,
Secure in virtue's panoply, had laughed
To scorn the Roman legions; but their sons,
Sunk in luxurious and slothful ease,
And lost to all but ignominious fears,
Were conquered ere they looked upon the foe.
Who then shall heal our country's bleeding wounds,
Inflicted by the parricidal hand
Of her own children?

DEM. Peace, Ione, peace;
I deemed thee brave as thou art beautiful,
Fitted to share the counsels of bold men,
And gird them for the conflict. Let it pass;
When we return in triumph, thou wilt not
Refuse to hymn the victors. But, in sooth,
My daughter, we too long forget our guest,
The noble Claudius. Give him thy fair hand,
And thy heart with it, for my word is pledged
That thou shalt be his bride. Nay, why these tears,
This mortal paleness, and this shrinking fear?
Ione, thou hast never shunned my eye—
Look on me now, that I may know my child.

CLAU. (*advancing.*) 'Tis but a moment since, the sweetest hope
That ever dawned on man, was strong within me;
I look upon thy sorrow, and 'tis fled.
Ione, does my presence grieve thee? Speak,
And I am gone.

IONE. Stay, Claudius—father, stay—
And turn from me that sad, reproachful gaze;
I cannot, with the light of those dear eyes
Thus searching my soul's depths, find strength to speak
What thou shouldst know. My father, I have heard
The wondrous story of an unknown God,
From one who loved him well; and in the might
Of that strong love, went forth to bless mankind.
He told me, too, of Jesus—that he died
To save his bitterest foes, blessing them still
With his last breath—and that he rose again
Triumphant from the grave, ascending up
To you bright heaven, where still he thinks of us.

I could not choose but listen—for his tones
Thrilled with unearthly sweetness my charmed ear,
Waking an echo in my inmost soul.
Father, I am a Christian!

DEM. What saidst thou?
My dull ear gathered not thy words aright;
Thou art —

IONE. Dear father, would that with my life
I might avert the pain my words will give thee.
I am a Christian!

DEM. Who dares speak of pain?
I ne'er felt pain till now. My life has been
A summer day of joy, compared with this.
Wife, country, sons—a once unsullied name,
All, all are nothing, weighed with such a fall.
A *Christian*! One of that vile, canting crew,
Whose idiot gossip sets the world on fire
With tales of moonstruck madness? Thou a Christian!
A recreant from the shrines at which *they* knelt,
Th' immortal dead, whose legacy of fame
Is tarnish'd by thine act. Deluded, go—
A wretch'd outcast from thy father's home—
Thou art no child of mine; my heart disowns thee.

IONE (*weeping*). Beloved father, hear me! Thou hast been,
Till now, all goodness—

DEM. (*interrupting her*). This is thy return
For all the tenderness I've lavished on thee.
Nay, come not near—thy touch is infamy.
Perdition seize thee, ingrate. May the gods
Avenge themselves and me, upon the wretch
Who dared abuse thy youth with tales like these!
My curses light—but no, I cannot curse thee—
Thy mother's spirit looks from out those eyes,
And pleads for thee. O daughter, I am old,
And all unused to sue at mortal shrine,
Yet see, I kneel a suppliant at thy feet.

IONE (*starting back in horror*). My father, take my life. It is thine own,
And shall be freely offered—but, in mercy,
Torture me not by such a sight as this!

DEM. Nay, nay, I will not rise, till thou dost grant
The boon for which I plead. It is not much,
To unsay those cruel words—"I am a Christian"—
And be thyself again. Thou'lt not refuse?
Ione, love—thou hast thy mother's face,
Her eyes, her brow, her lip, her very smile;
Just so she looked, when for the last, last time,
Her living glance met mine. She called me to her,
And dying, gave thee to my widowed arms,
Her latest pledge of love. Since then, my heart

Has clung to thee, its one, sole, earthly good,
 With passionate devotion; and, if e'er
 I have seemed cold, or cruel—trust me, sweet,
 'Twas but the overflow of inward care,
 Which I would fain have covered, e'en from thee.
 I would make thy young life one dream of bliss,
 Unshadowed by a cloud. And now, when storms
 Are gathering round me, and beneath my feet
 Slumbers a fierce volcano, whose pent fires
 Utter portentous sounds of coming wrath,
 Wilt thou forsake thy father? Wilt thou bring
 Sorrow and shame upon his aged head,
 Until, in very bitterness of heart,
 He prays for leave to die? Ye gods, avert it!
 Claudius, plead for me, I can say no more.

[Exit Demetrius.]

CLAU. (*advancing.*) Ione, wilt thou hear me? Thou hast been,
 From childhood's hour, the day-star of my life—
 The one bright presence, whose pervading power
 Hath moulded all my being into love.
 My heart hath so grown to thee, that its life
 Seems linked with thine; and when from thee afar,
 I wander in unrest, still counting o'er
 The wearying moments, as they slowly bring
 The blissful hour of meeting. Blent with all
 Of bright or beautiful in nature, still
 Thy cherished image meets my ardent gaze,
 Where'er I turn. Fresh morn, and dewy eve,
 The song of birds, and breath of summer flowers,
 And the soft zephyr, as it fans my brow,
 Laden with sweets from Araby the blest,
 Whisper, Ione. Does my tale of love
 Offend thee, dearest, that those tearful eyes
 Thus turn from me, in sadness? Ah, thou knowest
 'Twere easier to lay down my life, than grieve thee.

IONE. Forgive me, Father, if an earthly love
 Hath troubled the deep fountain of my heart,
 Which should alone reflect the light of heaven;
 And thou, my Claudius, pardon. Ours has been
 A pleasant dream, from which, too surely, time
 Prepares a stern awaking. To my ear
 Come spirit voices on the viewless air,
 Bidding me break the silken cords that bind
 My fettered soul to earth. Thinkest thou if aught
 Below had power to turn my steadfast heart
 From its fixed purpose, I had heard to-night
 A father plead in vain, whose lightest wish
 Has been my being's law? Believe me, Claudius,
 The latest, dearest gleam of earthly joy

Went out in darkness, when that form beloved
Was hidden from my sight. Henceforth, O God,
No idol comes between my soul and thee,
Flinging its shadow o'er my heavenward path.

CLAU. Cruel Ione! thou hast never loved,
That coldly thus thou canst pronounce my doom,
And leave me desolate. Why should a creed
Divide thy heart from mine? Think not, beloved,
That I would chide thee, e'en for this belief,
Though wild and senseless. Leave me not alone;
Still let me hear the music of thy voice,
And catch the blessed sunlight of thy smile,
And thou may'st worship at whatever shrine
Seems to thee best and purest.

IONE. Idle dream!
I tell thee, Claudius, mine is not a faith
That may be worn in Athens, like a robe,
Put on or doffed at pleasure. Shame and death
Still track its progress, as night follows noon;—
Like that, too, ushering in the glorious morn
Of an unclouded and eternal day!

CLAU. Wouldst thou, then, court destruction?

IONE. Claudius, no—
I may not idly cast away the life
That God himself hath given—or haste to meet
The smiling messenger who comes to bring
An exile to her home; but well I know
The wrath of the proconsul, and his boast,
That not one vestige of the hated Cross
Shall still dishonor Athens. Hope not thou
For my escape. We part this night forever,
If still thou wilt reject the love divine
That stoops from heaven to win thee.

CLAU. Tell me not
Of that stern faith which nerves thy gentle heart
To trample thus on nature's holiest ties;
It is enough that it hath severed us—
I scorn its teachings and despise its laws.
Henceforth there is no hope for me on earth,
And I have but to strike one glorious blow
For Greece and Liberty, then lay me down
And gladly sleep in death.

[Exit Claudius.]

SCENE THIRD.

A prison in Athens, in a cell of which Ione is discovered, reading a manuscript copy of the New Testament. ENTER PROBUS.

PRO. The peace of Him who died and lives again
Rest evermore within this humble cell,

And on its inmate. Is it well, my daughter ?
 IONE. My father, it is well. Earth hath no joy
 Like that which floods my spirit while I read
 These sacred pages. My exulting soul,
 On faith's strong wing, o'ersweeps the darksome grave,
 And, bathed in Heaven's own sunshine, finds her home
 Beyond the stars.

PRO. Praise to th' Eternal King,
 Who perfects strength in weakness! Faith and Hope
 Keep watch and ward together, in the soul
 That is controlled by Love, and glad obey
 Her high behests. But hast thou heard, my daughter,
 Aught from the world without, whose ceaseless roar
 Finds a faint echo in these gloomy walls ?

IONE. Nothing I know of Athens, save that still
 The oppressor triumphs, and fresh victims still
 Await the martyr's crown. But father, thou—
 Dost thou know aught of those my heart holds dear ?

PRO. Something I learned but now, from those who wait
 Without the prison gates. Thy noble sire
 Has been betrayed, ere yet his secret plans
 Were ripe for action—and the tyrant's voice
 Hath doomed him, with a clemency severe,
 To hopeless exile. Claudius has escaped—
 So said the messenger—and gone to join
 The Marcomanni in their struggle fierce
 Against the power of Rome.

IONE. Alas for thee,
 My father ; thus abandoned in thine age
 By all to whom thy stricken heart could cling,
 In this thine hour of sorrow. Oh, my God,
 Sustain and bless my venerable sire.

PRO. Weep not, my daughter—Love is on the throne,
 "From seeming evil still educing good,"
 And o'er the darkest cloud that veils our sky,
 His bow of promise flings its radiant arch,
 Uniting earth with heaven.

A soldier enters.

SOLD. Lady, the great proconsul, of his grace,
 Hath granted to thy father's fervent prayer,
 One parting interview. Behold, he comes.

Enter Demetrius, heavily ironed.

IONE (*advancing*). My father—oh, my father, bless thy child.
 Nay, look upon me, or my heart will break.

DEM. And is it thus we meet again, Ione ?
 Thou who wert cradled in the lap of love,
 Whose bright, brief day has never known a cloud ;
 Gem of thy father's hearth, our household pride,
 Art thou the inmate of a noisome cell,

Subjected hourly to a menial's gaze,
And served by such rude ministers as these ?
I am a withered oak, upon whose trunk
The bolts of Jove have spent their fiery strength,
Leaving it stripp'd and bare. But thou, my child,
In the young freshness of thy vernal morn,
How hast thou merited a fate like this ?

IONE (*tenderly*). My father, let me sit thus at thy feet,
As I was wont in other days to sit,
And tell thee of my happiness—for still,
In prison and in solitude, my heart
Tastes a deep joy the world can never give,
Nor ever take away. What though no more
I listen to the strains once loved so well—
The voices sweet of bird, and breeze, and brook,
And waterfall; yet hear I hymnings high,
From angel choirs, who come with radiant wing
To wake an echo in my lonely heart,
Of heaven's undying music—while my eye
Sees visitings of bright ethereal forms,
More beautiful than ever dwelt among
Ausonia's leafy glades. Beneath their feet
Fresh flowers (but not the growth of earth) arise,
And fragrance, as from amaranthine bowers,
Floats on the breeze. Believ'st thou I am sad ?

DEM. Sweet dreamer!—fond enthusiast! Other scenes
Than these thy fancy paints await thee now.
Thou hast the choice—abjure this new-found faith,
And offer a libation to the gods,
And life is thine; adhere to it, and die.
Beloved, wilt thou not, for my poor sake,
Accept of life? I have no more a home—
No more a country; all that still remains
To bless me is—Ione. Must she die?
Can she refuse to soothe her father's woes—
To share his exile, and to guide his feet
Down to the borders of the gloomy Styx,
For a fantastic notion—a wild tale
Coined in some dreamer's brain? It cannot be.
She yields—she yields! praise to the mighty gods,
My child is mine again!

PRO. Daughter, the crown
Is just before thee—wilt thou turn aside
Ere yet the goal is won?

IONF. My God, 'tis past,
The last deep struggle of my bursting heart.
I thank thee for the victory. Father, see
Upon this sacred page the solemn words—
"He that loves friend or father more than me,

He is not worthy of me." Should I dare
 To break the vow that binds my soul to heaven,
 And live a perjurd and dishonor'd thing,
 Thy noble soul would scorn the traitorous part,
 While striving still to love me. 'Tis not hard
 To die for Jesus, and my spirit thirsts
 With passionate desire to see his face
 And dwell within his courts. Father, farewell!
 I may not listen to thy pleading voice
 With heaven in view, lest that beloved sound
 Should charm me from its threshold back to life.
 But, oh, if ever thou hast loved thy child—
 If ever thou hast cherished in thy heart
 One flattering vision in which I had place,
 Then grant my last request. Thou dost not chide
 Or frown upon thy child. Wilt thou not grant it?
 DEM. Speak, best beloved, I can deny thee nought.
 What is it thou wouldst ask?

IONE. See, this blest book
 Has been my guide to heaven—my light, my life,
 My comforter, my all; I give it thee.
 Wilt thou not read it for Ione's sake,
 And learn to love her Saviour? Wilt thou not
 Acquaint thyself with Him who died for thee,
 That we may meet again beyond the tomb?

Enter a soldier.

Forgive me, gentle lady, but the guards
 Wait to convey Demetrius to the bark
 That carries him from Greece.

DEM. My child, my child!
 I cannot go without thee. Leave me not,
 In exile, age, and want, to wander forth
 Unpitied and alone. Let fortune frown;
 If thou art by my side, I heed her not—
 My all of life is safe. Ione, come—
 They wait to take us hence.

IONE. Alas, my father;
 And dost thou dream of life and hope for me,
 A doom'd and helpless captive? I would drain
 My heart of its last drop with eager joy,
 To soothe thy lightest pang. But ask me not
 To purchase freedom with the hope of heaven,
 Or to deny with traitorous tongue the Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood. The rack, the wheel,
 The gibbet—all were ecstasy to this.
 Good Probus, wilt thou not accept from me
 One parting legacy? Behold my sire,
 Drooping and bent beneath the weight of wo.
 I yield it to thee as a sacred charge,
 To pay to him my life-long debt of love.

Oh, tenderly do thou sustain and soothe
His crushed and bleeding heart. He needs a friend—
And thou wilt guide his footsteps in the path
That leads to heaven, where, 'mid those blissful bowers,
I will await ye both. Father, farewell !
We soon shall meet again.

[Exeunt Demetrius and Probus, with the guards.]

'Tis over now—

The last strong link is sever'd. Son of God,
Thou meekest sufferer, who, in mortal flesh,
Didst feel the press of human agony ;
Oh, by the memory of that bitter hour,
And by the angel ministry that gave
New strength to thy tried spirit, bless and save
My sorrowing father ; pour upon his soul
The light of truth ; and let thine own repose
Dwell in him ever, clear, and calm, and bright,
Beyond the reach of time or death. They come—
Those seraph voices whispering in my ear,
With music like the wind-harp's dying fall,
Glad tidings from a brighter, better world,
Where thou, my heart, shalt find him yet again,
To part no more for ever. Be thou strong,
And, like the eagle, spread thy fearless wing,
Unheeding storm or tempest, ever on,
And upward soaring, till the goal is won !

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN FEMALE WRITERS.

THE publishers of the *Wreath* would inform their numerous patrons, that they intend to give, in the third volume of the work, several elegant portraits, from original paintings, of distinguished American female writers and artists. The June number will contain the portrait of the Editor, who has given her consent to its publication, in compliance with the request of hundreds of her readers. It will be a superb mezzotint engraving, by Richie, who is not excelled, if equalled, by any artist in the country.

THE HYBRID MOSS ROSE.

WE give our readers, in this number, the Hybrid Moss Rose, a new variety, of exquisite beauty. We regret that our limits will not permit us to give a botanical description. We published the Moss Rose in the first volume of the *Wreath* ; but as this flower is entirely a new variety, we trust it will not be unacceptable to such of our readers as have the first volume. Its culture is similar to that of the Rose family in general.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SIMONDI'S LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. *Translated from the original, with notes and a life of the author, by THOMAS ROSCOE.* From the last London edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this most valuable compend, we have a birds-eye view of the literary history, past and present, of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese nations, with choice selections from the best poems in each of these languages. It is a work of deep interest to the general reader; full of short, but graphic sketches of life and character, critical notices of the principal works of each distinguished poet, and philosophical remarks on the principles and laws of versification. The view of Italian literature given by Simondi, is peculiarly clear, comprehensive, and correct. In no other work extant, is the literature of his own age, and that immediately preceding, the age which produced Metastasio, Goldoni, and Alfieri, so satisfactory or complete. To the lovers of *Belles Lettres* we recommend this book as one which will well repay an attentive perusal. It is beautifully got up; paper, typography and binding all attractive, and embellished with a fine engraving of Simondi in one volume, and one of Dante in the other.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. *Edited by REV. WM. HANNA, D.D.*

DAILY SCRIPTURE READINGS, BY THE LATE THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 33 Cliff St.

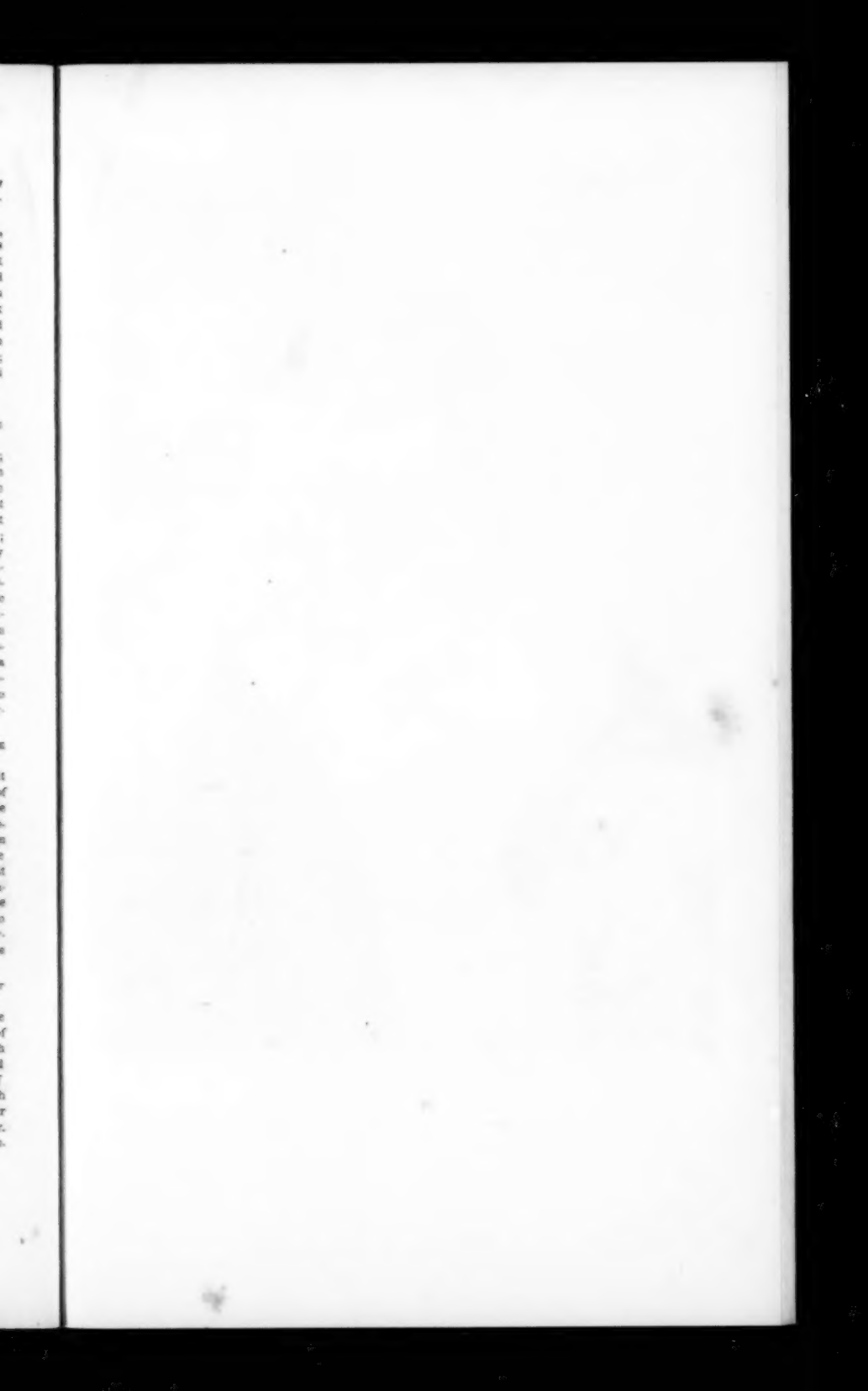
The name of Chalmers is of itself sufficient to stamp these beautiful volumes with no ordinary value; but when we are told by the Editor, that these Scripture Readings are "the mature fruits of a whole life-time's study of the Divine oracles," the interest with which every intelligent reader of the Bible must regard them is increased a hundred-fold. Their distinguished author himself said of them, that they consisted of his first and readiest thoughts, clothed in what to him were the first and readiest words. There is no display of Biblical scholarship, or critical acumen, in the Scripture Readings; but, like everything from the same pen, they are full of deep and rich thought, simply and luminously expressed, while the "extreme freshness and vividness with which each graphic narrative of patriarchal and prophetic times is given," is of itself a source of ever new delight to the reader. These "Quotidians" are not intended for continuous or consecutive perusal. They should be read as they were written, in detail, and with the sacred text, and as now prepared, will be found more fitted for private, than for domestic use. It should likewise be remembered, that they were written by the lamented Chalmers for his own personal benefit, and with no view to publication at their commencement. This fact to us gives an indescribable charm and interest to the work. It is as if a beloved friend were speaking to us personally, in the privacy of domestic life, and the heart's deepest emotions are stirred, while we listen to him. We trust these volumes will find their way into every Christian family through the land. They are elegantly printed and bound, the external appearance corresponding well with the value of the interior.

WAR WITH THE SAINTS; or Persecutions of the Vaudois under Pope Innocent III. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel, New York.

This little volume is the last ever written by the devoted and admirable woman whose name it bears. It was completed just before the close of her own earthly existence, and written at a sacrifice of physical comfort which few could even imagine. Shortly after this work was commenced, the disease (cancer) which ultimately terminated her life showed itself, and she performed the mechanical operation of writing by means of a machine invented by herself, consisting of two rollers on a frame, on the lower of which paper was rolled, which, as fast as it was written over, was wound off to the upper roller, and a clean surface presented. The circumstances under which it was written invest this book with peculiar interest, but its own merits entitle it to universal acceptance. It is a narrative of strong faith and devotion unto death, in the midst of hideous persecutions, drawn up by one whose whole soul was imbued with the same faith and love which animated the sufferers, and who was fully capable of appreciating the motives from which they acted. It should be extensively circulated at the present day, when it is so much the fashion to deny the existence of persecutions like that here recorded. The narrative itself is full of interest, and the style animated and pleasing.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, containing her "Personal Recollections," and a memoir by her husband, L. J. H. TONNA. M. W. Dodd, New York, Brick Church Chapel.

This volume is published uniform with the preceding. In a neat and beautiful 18mo., and to those who have read "Personal Recollections" it is unnecessary to say that it is a volume of the deepest interest. There is a fascination about this autobiography of Charlotte Elizabeth, which thousands have felt, and are still feeling, as they peruse it, and the "Memoir" embraces the period from the close of the "Recollections" to her death. It is very brief, simply giving a rapid sketch of leading occurrences and literary labors to the time of her decease, but everything connected with such a woman is full of interest, and we can only regret, that by her own prohibition, the biographer was forbidden to draw from the rich stores of her correspondence materials for enlarging the memoir. The account of her death is strikingly characteristic, and is alone worth the whole price of the volume.





Yours very truly
J. B. Martineau



Tuberose d' Lion's Tongue.



THE LITTLE INVALID.

A STORY OF POVERTY AND BLESSEDNESS.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

CHAP. I.

"MOTHER," said little Bob Downlee, a frank-faced boy of twelve years, "why do all the dear children love us so,—Ellen and me, and brother Charlie?"

"I cannot tell, my dear, unless it be that you all love them," answered the kind-hearted mother.

"But we've done nothing so good to them as they have done to us. O, it is so nice to go to school, and learn! How could they know we should love it so, and come and help us pick berries, that we might go."

"I suppose they love it, and are so good they wish you to enjoy it too. But now, dears, they are coming with their baskets."

In a moment the books were laid away, and little Ellen came out, smiling, in her clean home-frock, and with her basket, ready to go with her brother Bob and the school children to the fields, to gather berries. Up came the little flock of bright-eyed, laughing children, chattering, frolicking and fluttering along, like a merry troop of bright-winged birds, and met the happy Bob and Ellen at the white-washed gate of the small white-washed cottage, that, *snuggled* down among the trees and roses, and the rich grape-vines, made the home of the poor widow Downlee and her three children.

They met as joyfully as if their separation had been for days, and not simply the intervening half hour since school was out. They hushed their gayer laugh instinctively a moment, as they came swarming up round little Charlie, whose thin, pale face, and spiritual eye, showed the invalid; and with sweet smiles they gave him greetings, and some brought fruits, and many flowers, and all brought hearty good will to the helpless child, as he sat smiling and weeping on them, under the shade of the great rock-maple, that shadowed all the house. In this cool place the little invalid would

sit in his easy chair, and do his share to help his poor mother feed and clothe them.

They were so poor, that all they could do but just sufficed to keep them comfortable and neat. All day long, in the summer season, little Bob and Ellen had been obliged to work, to keep them from want. In the early summer, they cultivated flowers, and the two healthy children took care of them, and gathered the blooms, and brought them to Charlie, under the big maple; and he wove them into beautiful wreaths, and bright bouquets, and arranged them carefully in fresh water, to keep them bright till neighbor John, a kind farmer and market-man, who drove to town every night, should call and take them to sell for them.

And when the berries began to ripen, Bob and Ellen picked them, and Charlie put them into baskets, very neatly; and neighbor John was still their market-man, who brought them back all the proceeds in money, or what things they needed, and would take nothing for his trouble. The mother, meanwhile, by her needle, and by keeping bees—that fed on the rich flowers, and so brought two harvests from them, beside the beauty they displayed, and lent to all,—and by whatever her slight frame could bear, would wring life's blessings out of poverty, and, by her own sweet patience, keep the patience and good heart of her little ones from loss. So closely did gaunt Want dog them, that a day's delay in their united endeavors, would straighten some small comfort, and endanger many.

But she had no trouble,—only to think her little ones were growing up unlearned, when nothing but the time was needed; for the summer school was free, and the winter's cost but the fuel of the fire. What the slower charity of the parents had not suggested, the quick sympathies of the village children prompted; and one night after school they held a little congress, without votes or chairman, and no partizanship, save rivalry of generous expedients, to get little Bob and Ellen into the school; and the result was, they determined to devote a half-hour all together to help them pick berries; and this, from the thirty scholars that composed the school, most of whom could go every night, would more than compensate for the six hours that the children would spend in school. Their parents were not unwilling; and some were glad, for the charity which they thought too small to offer, would be acceptable from their children.

This was the second night of their experiment, and their nimble fingers had brought in many more berries than the two had done all the hot day before. And some would linger back, who had the time, to help Charlie arrange them in their baskets; and when neighbor John came, in the cool of the evening, to take them, he was pleased and astonished to find so many. And now the merry troop had come again, and, after a word of happy greeting for mother Downlee and the gentle invalid, away they bounded over the wall, and into the fields; first, over flew their baskets in a shower upon the grass, and then they followed like a little cataract—a many-colored torrent pouring down the wall, and away across the grass, with chirp and laugh, and generous-hearted glee.

Little Charlie, helpless and alone, sat in his shady nest, and looked out, smiling sweetly under the green boughs, on the joyous group; and if he envied them any thing, it was their good hearts, that could prompt them to find their happiness in serving others.

The full-hearted mother, busy with her needle, looked from her seat in the cottage door, on the blithe troop, and on her smiling boy; and two bright tears trembled in her eyes, as she wondered if no pang touched him, that he could not bound away with them in their happy sport-task. And perhaps a memory of the past came gliding over her, of the brighter days when Robert Downlee kept his strong arm between that cottage door and want; when little Charlie was a prattling boy of five, and played with his father's plume, and gilded belt, when, on the morning of his last look on home, the faithful husband was summoned away to be a butcher of his fellow-men, in his brave heart thinking it duty so to serve his country. But the poor wife wept with a sad foreboding, then, that her home was left desolate; nor scarcely more sure of her full bereavement was she, when the news came to her, that the bold Capt. Downlee fell by a shot from a British gun-boat, and his body was lost in the sea. Five years that widowed heart had battled against grief and poverty; and one should see her often, and in unexpected times, to know by any glimpse that she had not conquered both; for her cheerful face betrayed no agony at the core, and the scrupulous neatness within and about her little cottage, was more indicative of humble, quiet tastes, than poverty.

After the children were far off in the fields, and Charlie had sat long in silence, twining the flowers they brought him into two

wreaths, which would bring enough to buy his dear little sister—a year younger than himself—a pair of shoes, he put them aside in a dish his mother brought him, and began to weave a little wicker basket, lining it with many bright mosses, to make a nest for the great plums and currants, red, and white, and black, of which the good children had brought him many; and, truth to say, he arranged them very prettily, nestling the purple plums down in the centre, and putting his fruits where they should peep out cunningly from their green bed. It was a new experiment, and his mother cast frequent glances of maternal fondness and delight, as the patient boy wrought out his pleasant plan.

"See, mother; will that do?" said the happy boy, as he placed the work carefully on the green bench beside him.

"It is a very sweet little thing, Charlie; and what will you do with it?"

"I will sell it to buy you a new cap, if the merchant will give enough for it."

"No, dear. I am not like to suffer for its want; and I think it will half pay for a warm new vest for you, for next winter, Charlie."

"Me, mother? I shall not need it then. The angels will be with me then, and give me a robe of white."

His lustrous eye shone with a sweet sincerity as he spoke; and the mother burst into tears, as if the sad bereavement were verily come. She knew how keenly the little invalid suffered at times; and, though his peace was in the hope of death, the thought of his loss to her and his dear brother and sister, clouded across her mind, and rained down tears.

"No; do not weep, mother! how well and often you have taught me patience; how plainly made me feel the wings of blessed spirits fanning me, when the dreadful pains made my head so hot. Mother, you will not be alone when I am gone; for a sweet voice told me last night, in a dream, that some good was in store for you,—that a helper was near; and I should go to be rid of this life's troubles, and find all its sweets multiplied. Then, mother, I will smile down from the sky, and you shall *feel* it, till you smile back again. O, do not weep!"—and the boy stretched out his thin white hands to her, and the happy, mournful mother knelt by his side, and folded his attenuate form to her bosom, as if for a last embrace.

CHAP. II.

Scarcely had the flow of her full heart subsided, before she heard the merry chatter of the children, as they came flocking home, laden with the purple treasures of the fields; and on they came, and vaulted over the high wall again, holding each other's brimming baskets as they climbed it. Into the little yard they pressed, and piled their stores in great pans round the door; and even little chubby babies almost came toddling up to bring their tiny baskets-full to 'dear Charlie.' But dear Charlie was too tired and weak that evening to arrange his baskets, and a half dozen generous boys and girls, with willing hands volunteered the task, while the rest ran home, the happier for sharing their fruit with their good neighbor Downlee.

Before the careful market-man arrived, fifty plump baskets of sweet whortleberries stood arranged along the bench for him; and little Charlie, who had seen the work with pleasure, spite of bodily pain, had been removed to his cot in the house. Neighbor John carried all their treasures to the town, and took peculiar care of the mossy fruit-basket, for which he conceived a wonderful admiration, and assured them he would bring back fifty cents for it, certainly.

Arrived in town, the kind neighbor disposed of the berries at three cents a basket, the baskets to be returned; and a handsome young lady, seeing him offer the flowers, and hearing the tradesman banter about the price, took them, and doubled the demand for them in the sum she gave, and desired more to be left at her house every week, and gave her number to the carrier. But nobody fancied the little moss-basket. After disposing of his own wares and produce, the good man took the basket to the doors of some of the rich; but they saw nothing in its rustic beauty to attract them, though one gay woman of wealth, to whom he told the story of its making, offered him a nine-pence; and the lady director of a fashionable charitable society, raised the offer to a yankee shilling. But neighbor John, who had set his heart on getting a good price for this, refused to part with it so cheaply, and putting it back in his wagon, started for home, determined to do as he had often done before, carry the pretty thing to his wife, and pay the price he had demanded for it, without letting his poor neighbor know its destination; for himself was not so fortunate as to indulge in any luxury but benevolence.

On his way home, as the sun began to beam down warily from the east, he saw a man, worn with travel, sitting weary by the wayside. He accosted the tired stranger, to know if both were going the same road; an affirmative from the stranger, who looked a little surprised at the invitation which followed—to take the comfort of his sheltered wagon,—ended in procuring him a cool seat for a few miles of his journey at least. The faint and weary man had travelled all night without food, and when the good farmer had given him the last crumb from the remaining contents of his travelling box, he thought of his fruits, and drew them from their safe place under the seat, knowing that the empty basket would be a pleasanter gift to his wife with the knowledge that its fruits had cheered the fainting stranger, than all together, hearing of his want.

"Nay, nay, my good friend; I will not taste them. This is something you have bought in market for your children or your wife. I cannot take this."

"Not at all, friend. I carried it with me, and not finding a ready sale, chose to keep it; but, my dear sir, I will tell you a thing of it, that will make the fruit all the sweeter."

The hungry man was too much tempted by the earnestness of the offer, and the rich savor of the fruit itself, to refuse longer; so he took one fat plum tenderly from its green bed, as if he almost pitied to remove it, and put its purple cheek to his parched lips, as John began to tell him the history of the fruit-basket.

"In the small village whence I came, and where I have lived these four years past, there is a little invalid boy, the youngest son of a widow. She has two children beside,"—and then he went on to tell how the good woman had lost her husband, and how she struggled against poverty, and how the little ones had helped her—even the little sick boy,—and how all the village children helped them; and then to the private history of that little basket,—“and never,” concluded the honest chronicler, “was a more blessed creature in this world, or a woman with more blessed helpers for children, than poor widow Downlee of Greenvale.”

What so strangely unpalatable was there in that last sweet plum, that it should fall back with the falling hand so suddenly from the half-sated lip of the stranger? What in the words or look of the good farmer that they should draw so inquiring a gaze from the eye of the pilgrim? The driver opportunely noted it not, and

the stranger resumed his countenance again; but the eagerness of his questions, and his earnest attention to their answers, showed that an unwonted interest had been kindled; and another would have noticed a hot tear rolling in the stranger's eye, as the good John, who would not seem to see it if he did, told of the patient, suffering, happy little Charlie.

At length the big market wagon of neighbor John halted before the gate of the poor widow, and the pleased boy saw one after another, of the little treasures their articles had procured, handed out to his smiling mother, and then he laughed with a quiet little glee, as the good neighbor drew a bright half-dollar from his pocket, saying, "and this is for Charlie's moss-basket, and now, mother Downlee if I guess right, here is something more for you," and he stepped aside to let the impatient stranger come forward from the back part of the wagon, and in a moment more, with a shriek of recognition, the astonished wife was in the arms of her husband.

When he saw them safely through the first wild transport, neighbor John drove to his home, a man thrice blessed for his small kindnesses.

Robert Downlee knelt by the chair of his invalid son, and pressed him to his heart. The boy showed no frantic demonstrations, but an intense joy shone in his spiritual eye, as he locked his thin arms round his father's neck.

"I knew it would be so! A sweet Dream, a pale thin-winged creature, with beautiful eyes, told me you was not dead, and we should see you again, and then I should go away and be an angel, and live with you all without any pain, and you, and mother, and Bob, and Ellen, would be happy and well together, and feel my joy among you at all times. O father I knew, and told mother, but she was so sad to think it all, she would not believe any of it."

"Nay, darling, I half believed it, or this meeting would have been too sudden a joy; and for the sadness of one part of that tale, I was readier to believe the other."

Fail us it would to tell the joy and silent blessedness of that meeting, mingled as they were with a sad prophecy of bereavement, we can only catch from the many words, and more deep looks, the simple story of the husband's return, which told that the shot which wounded him, threw him into the sea,—that he floated on a sliver of their vessel, till the British picked him up,—he recovered,—was

imprisoned, and constrained three years, when beggared and weak, he was let loose in the wilderness of London, and without friends or money, he sought a passage for America, was disappointed, and reduced to the lowest need, he toiled on the wharves, and became a porter, and starved on, till he got the money necessary for his passage, and had landed but a week before in New-York, from whence he had labored on, till the good farmer found him penniless and exhausted by the roadside. His letters had never reached their destination, and the first gleam of any knowledge of his existence came with his presence—if indeed the premonitions of the keen-nerved Charlie, were not a magnetic consciousness of his approach.

When school was done, Bob and nimble-footed Ellen came tripping home, eager to see the product of their toil. Little Ellen ran first into the room where all were mute, and seeing a stranger, shrunk to her mother's side abashed. Bob halted a moment with the sudden surprise, and glancing at the stranger and at his mother in quick alternation, his lips moved with an endearing term, as he looked inquiringly again to his mother, whose answering smile made it articulate, "Father!" and the boy bounded to his arms.—Then little Ellen came bashful and wondering and doubting; and all the brief past of her life with him came back, when he swung the girl of nine years on his arm, as he had done to the boundless delight of the girl of four. With tears and laughter, and the deep, quiet gaze of Charlie, too deep-souled for either tears or laughter, that house enfolded a blest family.

CHAP. III.

The kiss of the kind angel Death brought a light flush to the hollow cheek of little Charlie, but a flush that kindled no delusive hopes: for the mother's heart had learned to trust his prophecy, and the father knew too well the hectic bloom that when heaven's gate is opening to the pure, is sometimes flung from the near glory upon the faded cheek. So Autumn's first wild frost-kiss had touched the great maple over the cottage with a blaze of splendor. The dear boy sat no more in his wonted place beneath its wide arms, save in the softest season of the blandest day, for dear past memories' sake; and now his thin white fingers, slenderer than a girl's, hung idly from the folds of his thick shawl, no more to shed a life-like glow from the reflected blushes of the rose, or stain of bleeding berries.

The patient mother knew his Autumn too had come, and was resigned; so centered were her grief and trust, that smiles and tears would mingle on her face; and every morning she would thank God rather that he was here, than murmur that he was going hence.

"Mother," he said one day, after a severe struggle with pain which flushed his beautiful pale face, but could only wring it to a slight contortion, as the soft wind would ruffle the water in passing—"Mother, it is over now, the pain and trial, and a bright spirit, with pure blue wings, and white transparent robe, stands close by me.—I have seen him often in the distance, and every fit of agony would bring him closer, as if I were afloat, and it was a rough wind to drive me to him.

"Father, mother, Bob, Ellen, all come!" and the boy kissed them all silently. They knew that he was going, and were mute save little Ellen, who put her arms about him tenderly, and begged him, "O don't go, Charlie."

But a quick glance of his kindling eye, caught a vision, invisible to them who watched him, and flashed a pure smile over the falling tears.

"Mother," he whispered faintly, "they are bringing a white flower-wreath, and they say it is for filial, and fraternal love, mother,—because I've loved you, and father, and Bobby, and Ellen; and yet, how could I help it? you are so good. And one holds up a band of softest blue flowers, and he says it is for Patience, mother,—because I have borne suffering meekly; but that should be for you, for it was you that made me so happy, I couldn't feel the pain.—And now one comes close to me, with a tiny bouquet of the most sweet small flowers, like the lily of the valley, but sweeter, clearer, and they make a low, soft, tinkling in tunes, as they wave in her hand, and this she says is for Purity—and she will bind it on my bosom. O mother, do you not feel them? they float smoothly by you, and look kindly on you; and now a lovely company of them have come, and twined a wreath of all these flowers together, round us all,—and now I float away. O mother, one kiss! the rose-chain lengthens, but it will not break! I go, but this will hold us always till it folds us close again. Hark!"

Dropped the faint lids over the dying eyes, clasped the pale hands on the pulseless bosom, and the white soul of the boy flew up to God, on some divine strain which his ear had caught, and which it

seemed the sobbing mother and the kneeling sire, in a moment's hush of grief, could almost hear. So sweetly passed his spirit, that a sweet smile, more of heaven than earth, lay on the unchanged face; and to the 'deep-souled mother seemed it no fancy, that she felt the pressure of the extending flower-band, and down its living links sweet pulses of living bliss from the beatified soul of the ascending boy!

What if strange scenes passed in that little cot, and the autumnal winds sighed through the open door, and past a skeleton-like bier; and solemn words were said, and tears were rained profusely on a marble cheek; and flocks of children, all in simple white, with late flowers in their hands, walked weeping two by two, and paused to sing mid sobs a low hymn, round a little grave, and make the name of their lost darling inarticulate with grief. Yet round that mother's heart, if round no other, the invisible flower-wreath pressed with blessed healing,—and a perpetual inflow of divine love from his diviner soul, deepened her spirit beyond joy or grief, and told her ever, 'Charlie is not dead!'

A DIRGE.

BY P. BEVAN.

THEY cannot hurt thy cheek,
Rude winds that blow so bleak,
Nor change thy aspect meek,
Elizabeth!

No flowers on thee I strew,
No roses washed in dew,
To tint with crimson hue
The face of death.

The flowers like thee are dead,
Their roseate hue is fled,
But o'er thy features spread
A smile delays.

Caught ere it fled, it glows
Marbled in soft repose,
As sunlight on the snows
At even strays.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

BY JENNY LEE.

O, there are memories that live vulture lives,
By gnawing at our heart-strings,—thoughts that coil
Around the struggling life with deadly clasp,
And crush it, serpent-like. Of such are wrought
The elements of story, and of song,—
But, most of all, *this story*. Every word
Is written from the heart's blood, rich and warm,
Where the poor pen is dipping, that *must* give
A record of the breaking.

There is one—
I need not name her,—in whose bosom burned
The living spirit, and the power of song—
A spirit and a power that never find
Full utterance of all the infinite
That overwhelms and maddens,—burning still
To find expression; yet defying art,
With all its forms of language,—reaching forth,
Like tendrils from the tree-tops, looking higher,
As if expecting angels would come down,
And weave them wings for Heaven.

Voices spake

Audibly to her spirit from all things;
And, as she went abroad, their echoes sweet
Came haunting her, like dear remembered notes
From music that was written on the Past.
The beauty, and the majesty, that spake
From every living presence,—(for to her
Each form was but the drapery of a Life
That dwelt within, and made it beautiful,)—
Were poured out in her minstrel melody,
Until she grew in music; and her soul
Became an utterance of harmony.

As yet no kindred Presence was enshrined
In the air temple of that earnest soul,
Where vestal thoughts forever ministered
Within its pure serene.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

It was an eve
Of fairest beauty. Festal sounds awoke
The distant hills with gladness; and low words
From young and loving voices, gently came,
Like downy pinions, stirring the soft air.

But Evelyn was sad, she knew not why;
And, turning from the gayety, she sought
Shadows and silence,—more congenial far
Than light, and music, and the joyous tones
Of young and happy voices. Did there speak
An angel to her listening spirit, then?—
A loving angel with a mournful face—
Mournful in its affection—calling her
Forth from the fearful precipice, that lay
Hid from her footsteps by its wreathing flowers,
Whose peerless bloom and fragrance, even then,
Were luring her to death?

Fair Evelyn,
With her large loving nature, and of powers
So brilliant and so varied, wrought a charm
Over the minds of others. They who knew
The blessing of her daily intercourse,
Grew purer, holier, happier. Sympathy,
Winged with electric power, that went and came—
A messenger of love from heart to heart,—
And Thought's diviner ministry awoke
More vividly in her presence.

So there came
A friend to win her to the offices
Of light and love, and joyous harmony,
Around the social altar. It was Fate
That clasped her, then, in that death-cold embrace;
And henceforth o'er her will she had no power—
The heart within those seeming tender arms,
That were cold, slimy serpents in disguise,
Melted to meet their deeply treacherous folds,
That only twined to kill. So she was led,
An unresisting victim, back again—
A victim garlanded for sacrifice,
With splendors radiant from the central soul,
That felt—then first—the o'erwhelming ecstasy
Of being in a presence like itself—
Felt the electric thrilling power that ran
From each to each, arousing sympathy
With all-coruscant flashes. Two high stars,
Of equal magnitude and brightness, then
Forgot their old divergences, and came

To the fair orbit of their unity—
 So beautiful—so perfect—it would seem
 As if it always had been; for itself
 Was but the expression of a thought divine.

Years went, and left their changes—when, once more,
 I stood within my old paternal home,
 And gathered tidings of my early friend.
 O, deadly shame I feel to write the word;—
 But yet it *must be written*—she was left—
 Forsaken in her last extremity—
 By one around whom every chord of life
 Had clung, and grown, with such intensity
 Of perfect trust, they could not be disturbed
 Without a deep and vital injury!
 He had grown careless of his early love,
 And saw no worth in the devoted heart
 Whose life's-blood had been poured with deeper joy
 Than ever woke at festival, to serve,
 To bless, to cherish, and to strengthen him.
 He saw no beauty in the luminous soul
 That gathered light from darkness, and inwrought
 The gloom with her irradiant starry thoughts,
 Like skies of midnight glory.

She was left,
 With all that deep unutterable love—
 With all that deadly consciousness of wrong—
 Corroding, burning, in her tortured heart,
 Until it should find language, whose strong fires
 Were gifted with such power, that they might live,
 Nor burn up in the utterance. She knew
 The stake, the knife, the rack—the cross itself—
 The cruellest form of murder had been kind—
 An angel to a demon, when compared
 With that one blow, that held within itself
 The essence of all cruelty; and hurled,
 With a firm, steady, unrelenting hand,
 A death-bolt at the tender, trusting heart,
 That loved, e'en then, with such deep confidence,
 It could not comprehend its misery—
 And would not understand it.

But there came
 An hour of triumph, when she took the lyre;
 And, in the burning utterance of song,
 Woke the immortal echoes that shall live
 Within the simple name of *EVILYN*,
 Whispered by angels, when the worn-out stars
 Sleep in the arms of old Oblivion!

BE KIND TO THE STRANGER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

HAST thou ever been a stranger? Hast thou ever known what it was to wander far from the home of early years—to mingle in the jostling crowd and feel “all—all alone”—to hear fond greetings, and feel the tears unbidden welling up from a lonely heart—to live beneath the roof of others—the stranger—the unloved, the uncared for, till in bitterness of spirit, Marianne’s desolate-hearted lamentation has been thine,—

“I am weary, weary,
Oh God! I would that I were dead”?

Thou hast! then I have no words for thee. Thou wilt “deal gently with the stranger’s heart”—thou wilt be patient when in the midst of the glad sunshine of thine own rejoicing spirit, the grief-cloud hangs over the weary wanderer’s, or the hot tear-drops gush forth to answer the thrill of “that electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.”—To thee, its vibration was only the music of the present—to him, it was a sad dirge of the past; like the music of Cazul, “pleasant, but mournful to the soul.”

I said I had no words for thee—I have. Thou mayest never again be a stranger, till having passed the dark stream, thou standest alone upon the spirit shore. Thou hast loved and cheered the stranger here, so there will angels come to guide, and cheer thee, a stranger in spirit-land, onward. Onward, and upward, will they lead thee, and as the pearly gates roll back, and thine earth-stained spirit shrinks away, unworthy to mingle with the holy throng—Jesus, the Incarnate One, shall meet thee there, and throwing around thee the robe of his righteousness, draw thee gently in—whispering, “I was a stranger, and ye took me in.”

But thou that hast never wandered far enough from the hearth-stone of home to lose the echo of kindly voices—what shall I say to thee? The same fond hearts encircle thee now as in years long gone by; the same eyes look love to thee, and rejoicing in happiness, thou gazest on the stranger, thoughtlessly exclaiming, “I have friends enough!” And that stranger—dost thou know how she too

has lived, hemmed in by all the sweet influences of home—rich in the inestimable love of fond parents, and an affectionate household? Aye! more—there was a circle of young hearts, among whom she shone, a star of no common magnitude. Glad was the greeting that welcomed her coming, though hours only had elapsed since parting—and the wreathing arm, and warm kiss assured her confiding spirit that as that ring of young hearts was to her, even so was she to them—loving, and beloved. And so the clasping tendrils of youth's warm affection wound themselves around those tried and cherished ones—and then when duty bade her resign all these blessed home friends, to learn to love another new circle, those tendrils unwound, in hope to find other warm hearts looking out from kindly faces, around which to twine. Alas! that life's lot should have been the destiny of that hoping, loving heart! that Disappointment, with unrelenting hand, should have thrown its mantling cloud of darkness over the sweet anticipations that cheered her, as with sinking heart she rent asunder the priceless chain of precious links, that youth and childhood form but once.

Alone in her silent room, she sighs for society and companionship. She had received, (perhaps) and returned, the cold formal call of a few; and now there steals over her spirit, that weary hearted feeling, that the neglected stranger alone knows in its unutterable bitterness. Struggling to suppress the rising tear, she opens a favorite volume—but the beautiful strains of poetry, and the glowing descriptions of the traveller, far from bribing fond memory to silence, murmur through her of far-off sympathy and kindred hearts. Twilight comes on—the hour she dearly loves, and, determined to be happy, she sings the song so often sung while night is gathering her shadowy veil over earth, "Shades of evening, close not o'er us." Clear and sweet rings out her voice, and its tone is happy and joyous. She will be happier now—but stay, her voice falters, and we scarce catch the words of that most charming verse of all—

"Tis the hour when happy faces
Meet around the taper's light—
Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?"

She has shaded her face with her hand, though the sunshine long since faded from the hill-top, and her lamp is yet unlighted.

Let us enter the inner tabernacle, and gaze with her upon the

beautiful pageant that is passing with lightning-like rapidity and vividness through the tenantless chambers of her soul.—That cheerful room with its brilliant lights, and happy faces, we may not mistake for other than "home, sweet home." By the fireside the mother sits with quiet smile,—the father with his cheerful face,—watching, though unperceived, the fair children that cluster around the table, each adding their mite to the happiness of every other.—Age hath laid his white hand lightly upon their brows, and midst their merry household group their hearts have forgotten to grow old. With stealthy tread, a bright-eyed, fair-haired sister steals unnoticed from the table, and moves towards the piano. A moment more, and sweet notes of joyous music fill the air. Starting up like so many young fawns, there is heard one simultaneous burst of merriment—and then up and down, hither and yon, young feet are bounding through the mazes of the merry dance—peals of ringing laughter now and then join a sweet chorus with the music, and anon all is hushed save the light tread of feet, and the rich flowing notes of the musician. All at once the strain changes to a glad-hearted song, and the young dancers crowd around the piano, and throw heart and soul into the full flow of that old familiar music. As with your eye you have traced some wandering rivulet, laughing down the mountain-side with mimic cataract, and dashing foam, losing sight of it among the trees—but to find it again winding through the valley by your side, with its soft hushed murmur; so that merry group passed away, but to be seen again gathered quietly around the family altar—now listening to the words of inspiration, and now joining in a low hymn of praise, and in the fervent prayer of faith. It passed away—that beautiful panorama, and left the lone heart desolate again.

Closer and closer press those fingers over the closed eyelids, but vainly, for through them, the bright rain is fast descending. Henceforth a weary lot is hers, for Hope, that till now stood close beside her, hath removed far away, and standeth in the dim distance.—Over the sunshine of her spirit there has come a cloud, which nothing but the soft air of home will dissipate. Her voice may be heard again in song, but it will be the sad homesick strain of the Swiss Soldier. And why must it be thus? Has this question no interest for you, gentle reader? Will not the lost light of that darkened heart be required at the hand of those to whom she might have

looked for kindness, but found it not? See to it well—for no less a voice than that from Calvary has bid you, love the stranger as yourself. Go then—seek out the lone exile—and throwing aside all cold formality, offer a warm welcome to your home and heart. Surprise that lonely spirit with the music of a few “kind words—so easy to speak, but whose echo is endless.” That echo once woke shall return to your own soul, filling it with heavenly melody.

CALL AGAIN.

BY T. E. ARTHUR. (CONCLUDED.)

ON the next morning, Mrs. Wilson felt it to be her duty to go for her money, in order to buy a stove. But Mrs. Griner was all dressed to go out, and couldn't attend to her. She must call again. The first impulse of the distressed mother was, to insist upon seeing Mrs. Griner, and then urge her necessities. But, she hesitated about doing so; and, still undetermined how to act, turned away and left the house. The air was raw and damp, and penetrated her thin garments. When she got home, she found that Mary was worse than when she left her. She had taken cold, and it was beginning to show itself more distinctly; especially in her cough, which was deeper, more constant, and painfully concussive.

“Did Mrs. Griner pay you?” asked the suffering invalid, who was longing to feel a warmer atmosphere.

“No, dear,” replied the mother, with as steady a voice as she could assume. “She was just ready to go out, and said I must call again.”

Mary sighed deeply.

On the next day, Mrs. Wilson applied again for her money, but Mrs. Griner was not in.

“You will have to call again,” said the servant who opened the door, and who knew the nature of her errand.

“When will she be home?”

“Not till dinner time.”

At dinner time she called, but Mrs. Griner sent word down that she couldn't attend to her then. That she must come again.

"I never saw such people," remarked the lady after the servant withdrew. "If they do a dollar's worth of work for you, they run you to death for the money; and are always sure to come at the most unseasonable hours."

"Who is it?" asked the husband.

"A woman who did some plain sewing for me."

"A poor woman, I suppose."

"No doubt she's poor enough."

"And therefore ought to have her money the moment her work is done. You should never make such people wait for what they have earned a moment. Ring for Nancy, and tell her to call her back. How much is it?"

"Only three dollars. But there's no use in calling her back now, let her come this afternoon."

"No—no. Pay her now. The time of the poor is too precious to be wasted." And Mr. Griner rang the bell himself. But it was too late; the poor woman had left the house. To the waiter who brought up the word, Mr. Griner said—

"Do you know where the woman lives?"

"Yes, sir," was replied.

"Very well, John. Do you take this money to her at once."

"It is at least a mile from here," said John.

"So much the better reason why it should be sent to her," was replied.

As Mr. Griner was leaving his house after dinner, he met John at the door.

"Did you give the money to the poor woman?" he said to the waiter.

"Yes, sir."

"Did she make any remark?"

"Yes, sir. She said, 'Tell Mrs. Griner that I cannot thank her for the money. *It has come too late.*'"

"What did she mean by that?" asked Mr. Griner.

"I don't know, but there was no fire in her room, and her sick daughter was coughing dreadfully."

"No fire?" Mr. Griner had on an overcoat, buttoned up closely.

"No, sir. And the room was as cold as a barn."

"What is the matter with her daughter?"

"She has consumption, I believe."

Mr. Griner turned back into the house, and startled his wife by a strong expression of what he thought and felt on the subject of her neglect to pay the poor woman for her work. The word brought back by John, did not make the lady feel the most comfortable in the world. Urged by her husband, she set off immediately to see the poor woman and her daughter.

"If by your neglect, you have done them a wrong, repay them twenty fold," were the words of her husband, as he left her.

On entering the room where the daughter of her seamstress lay, Mrs. Griner found the invalid alone, and sleeping. There was no fire in the apartment, nor even a stove in which to make a fire. In the pale, emaciated face of the sleeper, there was so much that looked like death, that Mrs. Griner felt a shrinking fear steal over her, as she gazed upon it. Seating herself quietly, she waited for some one to come in. But she waited for full half an hour, during all of which time there was no sound in the room but that made by the low breathing of the death-like sleeper. Mrs. Griner had full time for observation and reflection, neither of which increased her comfortable feelings or ministered to her self-complacency.

At last, and while the daughter still slept, voices and the heavy tread of a man were heard below. In a few moments the door opened, and Mrs. Wilson entered, followed by a porter bearing a small stove. The woman looked at Mrs. Griner, but not a muscle of her stern face relapsed, nor did she speak a word.

"I am sorry, Harriet," said Mrs. Griner, as soon as the man had retired, "if my neglect to pay you the trifle due, has put you to any inconvenience. It was thoughtlessness in me."

Just then, Mary aroused up, and commenced coughing dreadfully. Mrs. Wilson went quickly to the bed, and supported her, at the same time that she endeavored to keep the clothes up about her neck and head. As soon as the fit of coughing had subsided, the mother looked towards Mrs. Griner, and beckoned her to come to the bed.

"Put your hand there," she said.

Mrs. Griner laid her hand upon the cheek and forehead of the invalid. They were covered with a thick, cold, clammy sweat. Her hair was also damp.

"This, and no fire."

Mrs. Griner felt the eyes and voice of the woman go through her, as she uttered these words. No further remark was necessary to make her comprehend the fact, that to her was chargeable the want of fire.

"You have a stove, now. Make a fire, quickly, for mercy's sake!" replied Mrs. Griner, as she sunk into a chair by the bedside of the sick girl.

Mrs. Wilson turned and left the room. In a little while she came back with a shovel full of glowing embers, and some dry chips. After putting these into the stove, she went to the cellar for coal. In ten minutes, a comfortable warmth began to diffuse itself through the room; in twenty minutes, Mary could draw her arm from under the thick blanket and coverlet, and bare her face and neck, from which the clammy perspiration began to dry.

"Do you feel better, dear?" asked the mother, in a tender voice, as she saw a warmth stealing into Mary's face.

"Yes, mother. The room feels so comfortable."

Tears came unbidden to the eyes of Mrs. Griner, who had remained silent all this time.

"You bought this stove with the money sent you to-day?" she at length said, looking at Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes, ma'am."

"But would have had the stove days ago, if I had paid you."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And your daughter has taken cold, and is worse because you had no fire."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can you forgive my thoughtlessness?" said Mrs. Griner, speaking with emotion. "I have done wrong—very wrong. But I did not dream of this."

"It is too late," replied the woman, sternly.

"Mother, dear mother! do not speak so!" urged the daughter. "It may not be too late. I—I—"

The poor girl burst into tears. She felt that it might be too late.

Unable to bear this scene, Mrs. Griner arose and retired. But she did not go home. In half an hour she returned with her family physician, to whom she had told her fault, and of whom she begged the most unremitting attention to the sick girl. When she re-en-

tered the comfortless abode of Mrs. Wilson, she found both mother and daughter in a calmer frame of mind. The doctor spoke words of encouragement, and promised to see the invalid frequently, and do all for her in his power.

This unexpected act of kindness broke down the poor woman's feelings. When the doctor retired, she expressed her gratitude with tearful eloquence, and begged that words forced from her in the anguish of her heart, might be forgotten and forgiven.

"Speak not of this," returned Mrs. Griner. I have nothing to forget or forgive—you all."

On the day after, a comfortable carpet was sent to cover the floor of Mary's chamber, and a basket, containing many delicacies for her to eat. The physician attended her regularly, and Mrs. Griner frequently sent to know how she was during the winter, called to see her a few times, and saw that nothing was wanted to make her comfortable. When spring opened, Mary could go out in the warm clear air, and seemed much better. But the intense heat of summer exhausted her, and when the next winter came, her delicate frame yielded beneath the pressure of disease, and she died.

If the neglect of Mrs. Griner tended to shorten the young girl's life, what she did for her afterwards prolonged it, and made existence less burdensome. Still, the death of Mary, when it at last occurred, troubled her, and made more fixed and lasting her resolution, never to withhold for an hour the wages of the poor. No one ever after heard from her lips the words, "Call again." May those who read this, gain wisdom at a less cost.

TUBEROSE.

See Flower Plate.

POLYANTHES—GEN. CHAR.: Perianth funnel-form, incurved; filaments inserted into the throat; ovary at the bottom of the tube.

TUBEROSA: *tuberosa*—SPEC. CHAR.: leaves linear-lanceolate; petals oblong; stems bulbous at base, with tuberous branches; scape scaly, from two to three feet high, with alternate, large white flowers; blooming in August and September. This superb parlor plant is a native of Ceylon, and its flowers emit a rich and delicious perfume, which is most powerful at evening. The Tuberose is an emblem of dangerous pleasures; we suppose because its fragrance is often overpowering when too strongly inhaled.

SENSIBILITY AND SENSUALITY.

BY MRS. F. T. MARTYN.

"There be, indeed,—I say it in all sorrow,—bad, apostate souls,
Deserted of their ministering angels, and given up to liberty of sin :
—— For these, my counsel is, avoid them if thou canst ;
For the fine edges of thy virtues will be dulled, by attrition with their vices.
And there is an enemy within thee, either to palliate their sin,
Until, for surface sweetness, thou too art drawn adown the vortex,—
Or daily strife against their ill, in subtleness may irritate thy soul,
And in that struggle thou shalt fail, even through infirmity of goodness."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

AMONG the various phases assumed by the infidel philosophy, which preceded and accompanied the outbreak of the French revolution, in 1798, there was one, which, more than all the rest, tended to destroy the last vestige of social order and happiness during that fearful period. The same unhallowed lips that denied the existence of a God, and proclaimed "death an eternal sleep," taught, also, that marriage was an "intolerable monopoly,"—a burden which none but the vulgar should bear ; and that a "union of souls," was the only union to be recognized by the enlightened disciples of the new code. This doctrine was openly promulgated in the splendid *salons* of Paris, by the fashionable and high-born dames who worshipped at the shrine of Voltaire, Condorcet and Mirabeau ; it was echoed by the fierce spouters of the Jacobin clubs, and re-echoed in the *fauxbourgs*, the garrets and cellars of the metropolis, where crime and misery rejoiced in the prospect of unbounded license thus opening before them. To the scenes that followed, we need only refer. The annals of the French revolution—its unimaginable horrors and atrocities,—have been so long familiar to the ear, that we may well be spared the revolting task of dwelling upon them here. It is enough to say, that the tree thus planted, bore its legitimate fruit ; and that beneath its poisonous shade, every thing honorable, lovely, and of good report, perished, until the land became a moral desert, almost through the length and breadth of it.

The same sentiments with regard to the obligation of law, human and divine, and particularly in relation to the sanctity of the mar-

riage covenant, as those which prepared the way for the scenes to which we have alluded in France, are at the present moment prevailing to an alarming extent in our own country. They come to us in a different garb, and wearing a somewhat different aspect, it is true; but their character and tendency are always the same. Instead of furnishing the material for a flowery discussion between male and female philosophers in a splendid saloon, or a Jacobin club, these principles, in some quiet and unsuspected guise, enter our domestic circles, seat themselves at our firesides, and wait patiently for the best opportunity of gaining a foothold which shall never again be surrendered. Their apostles may be known by the cant words forever on their lips, of "spiritual attraction," "secret sympathy," "affinity of souls," &c.—words which sound very sweetly to the uninitiated, but full of deep and bitter meaning to those who know their hidden signification. For when explained, as they too often are by acts, these seemingly harmless syllables signify domestic discord and disunion, followed perhaps, by actual separation, misery and death. It is generally (we blush to admit it) by our own sex, that the pernicious doctrines to which we allude are most ably and fearlessly advocated. We know women, whose personal accomplishments, and standing in society, give weight to their opinions, and who do not hesitate to affirm, that "affinity of soul" forms the only real bond of union between the husband and wife, and that where, in the judgment of either, this does not exist, the legal ceremony of marriage is null and void, to all intents and purposes. Of course, the parties thus situated are at liberty to form a "union of souls" wherever they find the mysterious "affinity" of which they speak; and no law, human or divine, has a right to contravene their choice. As there are certain falsehoods of such intense bitterness and potency, that one drop would be sufficient to poison the whole well in which Truth was said to have dwelt, so there is in this "declaration of sentiments," enough specious error, mingled with some important truth, to disorganize and destroy society, wherever it is adopted. It is undoubtedly true, that a union of hearts is absolutely necessary to marriage in the sight of God; but it does not therefore follow that a public recognition of this union by others, is unimportant; or that the legal ceremony which ensures this recognition, is unnecessary. Still less does it follow, that a union thus legally recognized, may be dissolved at the will or caprice of either

of the parties, without incurring fearful guilt, and the reprobation of society. We know that some who have wantonly cast off all domestic ties, and thus bid defiance to the laws of God and man, talk eloquently of their sufferings and wrongs—of the want of sympathy they have experienced, and the thirsting of heart they feel for “spiritual union and affinity;” but under all this gloss of honeyed words, there is concealed a principle which aims at nothing less than the subversion of all existing institutions, and the entire banishment of God from the world he created, and the hearts of the creatures who were formed by his power, and sustained by his goodness. It is this union of the ideal with the sensual, (for disguise it as they may, it is sensuality in its most dangerous form with which we are contending,) that gave to the philosophy of France its deadly venom—and it gives strength and vigor to the same sentiments in our own day. Divested of the mantle of ideality, which so gracefully drapes it, the gross deformity of this imaginary deity would at once shock and disgust every beholder, while beneath its ample folds it is doing its work of death unperceived and almost unsuspected. Let us illustrate by one example, which may stand for the many, our meaning in these remarks.

Mrs. R. is a young, pretty and agreeable woman—accomplished too, in common parlance, which means far less by this term, than Milton intended to convey, when he makes Adam address his fair partner as “accomplished Eve.” Some years after her marriage, Mrs. R. perceived that she was entirely destitute of affinity with her husband, who was a worthy, industrious, and quiet man, very kind and indulgent to her, but unable from temperament and habit, to sympathize in all her romantic ideas and aspirations. She left him accordingly, and commenced a pilgrimage through society, in search of a congenial mind, and kindred heart, ready to appropriate them wherever they might be found, irrespective of circumstances. She entered a family where the husband was a noble, high minded and unsuspicious man, whose very “failings leaned to virtue’s side,” and who was accessible only through his sympathies, while the wife was young, timid, and confiding, loving her husband above all earthly things, and slow to believe that aught in which he was concerned, could bear even the semblance of wrong. Here Mrs. R. became domesticated, and, unencumbered as she was, by social or family ties, had full leisure to devote herself to the science of pleasing, in

which she soon became an adept. She skilfully humored the prejudices, soothed the self-love, and flattered the vanity of her intended victim, who, from pitying her as an injured and unhappy woman, came at last to return in full, her openly expressed admiration of himself. Let it not be supposed that while this was going forward, the wife was insensible to the pernicious influence exerted by Mrs. R. in the family circle which was polluted by her presence. She was, indeed, blinded for a season by her confidence in both ; but it was impossible not to see at last, the tender glances, flattering attentions, and meaning compliments directed to her husband ; and she saw, too, with an agony of soul not to be described, that they were gradually taking effect. Their union had hitherto been unshadowed by a cloud—now there were harsh words, and cold looks, and invidious comparisons, which stung her to the heart ; and every attempt to shake off the incubus that was weighing her down, only rendered her situation the more hopeless. The apostle of “liberty” gloried in the misery she was inflicting, and never seemed happier than when the marks of suffering, usually so carefully concealed, would make themselves visible in the countenance of the outraged wife. We will not dwell on the revolting picture—it is enough to say that it ended in the separation of those whom God had joined together, and in the breaking of a fond and faithful heart, which found refuge only in the grave.

We have given an extreme case, we admit, though a true one, of the carrying out of these principles ; but the very same system which led to such a fatal result, is now at work in many a peaceful home, and unless the alarm is sounded, it will lead to similar consequences. There are too many educated, intelligent women, whose principles and practice resemble those of Mrs. R., and who do not hesitate, whenever they meet a “kindred spirit,” to repay the most generous confidence and hospitality by a systematic attempt to appropriate the affections of the husband and father. While themselves glorying in having spurned the matrimonial yoke, they inculcate in other families the most blind and unquestioning obedience on the part of the wife, and the right of the husband to do as he will in all respects, unfettered by even the shadow of duty or obligation toward the being whose earthly happiness has been confided to his care. Such is the egregious inconsistency of these

victims of a moral leprosy, infinitely more loathsome than that which banished the poor Israelite from the society of his fellows, and consigned him to a living tomb. It would be well for society, were laws equally stringent in operation now, where the danger of infection is as much more imminent, as our moral nature is higher, and of more value than the body; or wounds inflicted on the heart more grievous than physical pain and suffering.

Our remarks on this subject may be deemed harsh by those who have not met the evil of which we speak; but the case is not one which in our estimation demands forbearance or toleration. It is not an impulse of the heart, which has led its subject into unintentional error, which we are condemning—but a belief of the head—a perversion of intellect, deliberately conceived, and carried out to its consequences, as coolly as though no earthly interests were involved in the result. Indeed, in many cases, it would be impossible, in the utmost exercise of charity, to believe that the affections of the heart had any thing to do with the matter. The thief who steals to satisfy the cravings of want, or the homicide who takes the life of his fellow, under the sudden impulse of passion, may be subjects of pity and forgiveness; but the woman who unblushingly avows her disregard of all law, human and divine—who scorns the restraints of marriage, and casts off its obligations, has, by this act, thrown herself out of the pale of society; and the sentence of outlawry it passes upon her, should be as complete and effectual as that which separated Robin Hood, and his band of “merry men” in Sherwood Forest, from the yeomanry of England.

We have not yet spoken of the source of all this moral evil—the hidden spring from which these streams of bitterness flow out to desolate and destroy. It may emphatically be said of the class to which we allude—“there is no fear of God before their eyes.”—Never, until the sanctions of religion are forgotten or disregarded, and the Bible trampled under foot, can a woman so far unsex herself, as to promulgate a doctrine which, more than all others, degrades and debases her, and leaves her a defenseless prey to the passions or caprices of the stronger sex. The want of religious principle is at the foundation of all these errors in belief and practice—and where this is wanting, the human heart is like a ship at sea, without helm or rudder, tossed about by the whirlwinds of passion, and liable at

every moment to be driven on the rocks, and wrecked irretrievably.
The humble cottager who

"Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,"

who reverences and obeys its precepts, and looks upward for divine guidance, lives usefully and happily, and goes down to the grave in full hope of a blessed immortality—while the woman of splendid intellect and varied acquirements, who proudly rejects the light from Heaven that would direct her steps, wanders from the path of rectitude into the mazes of error, and after a few years of eager and fruitless search after the phantom happiness, she sinks like a falling star, into the blackness of darkness forever. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain—but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

CHARITY.

BY MRS. E. J. BAMES.

All stainless in the holy white
Of her broad mantle—lo! the maiden cometh.
Lip, cheek and brow serenely bright,
With that calm look of deep delight.—
Beautiful,—on the mountain top she roameth.

The soft gray of the brooding dove
With melting radiance in her eye she weareth;
Her heart is full of trust and love;
For an angel mission from above,
In tranquil beauty, o'er the earth she beareth.

The music of Humanity
Flows from her tuneful lips in sweetest numbers:
Of all life's pleasant ministries—
Of universal harmonics—
She sings: no care her mind encumbers.

Glad tidings doth she ever sound;
Good will to man throughout the world is sending;
Blessings and gifts she scatters round;
Peace to her name, with whom is found
The olive branch, in holy beauty bending.

A YEAR OF GREAT EVENTS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

THE year 1848 will long be regarded as a memorable era in the annals of the world. At its commencement, all Europe was in apparent tranquility; and, with the exception of our own unjust and inglorious war with Mexico, there seemed little prospect of serious disturbance in any quarter of the political horizon. Louis Phillippe, who, at his accession a few years since, seemed in truth a "citizen king," had become a staunch conservative, and was strengthening himself upon the throne by alliances, matrimonial and otherwise, with all the principal powers of Europe. With a subservient and able ministry, inexhaustible personal resources, an immense standing army of the finest soldiery in the world, and a capital which could be put in a complete state of military defence on the shortest notice, the king of the French believed himself perfectly secure, and laughed at the idea of change. Austria too was still locked in the sleep of ages, and her imbecile monarch, guided and governed by Metternich, was only a puppet to carry out his nefarious plans, for the complete subjugation of mind in every part of his dominions. The fairest portions of Italy were groaning under the Austrian yoke, and there seemed no prospect of release; since if one among her sons dared to think or speak of liberty, he was instantly arrested, and immured in the dungeons of Venice or Spielberg. In Rome alone one ray of hope was shining, and that, strange to say, shone from the halls of the Vatican, a beacon light amid the surrounding darkness. Pius Ninth, immediately after his accession, commenced the work of renovation—cautiously indeed, but as it has proved, most effectually, for the reforms in the States of the church, were felt in Tuscany, Sicily and Sardinia, and gave new life to all the inhabitants of beautiful but unfortunate Italy.—Still, however, no general movement had been made; all looked quiet and peaceful, and the "divine right of kings" seemed established on a basis so firm that no human power could overthrow it.

Such was the aspect of things in January of the present year.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, ere there came a change so great, so wonderful, that nothing in history can be found with which to compare it. Shock succeeds shock, and events, each of which might convulse a continent, follow each other with such startling and dream-like rapidity, that the mind almost ceases to wonder, and comes to look upon the simultaneous rising of a whole people, and the overthrow of established dynasties, almost as coolly as upon the evolutions and counter evolutions in a game of chess. France, one of the mightiest and most refined nations of the earth, has, in one day, changed her whole form of government, and become a republic. The working classes, irritated to madness by the oppressive exactions of an infatuated ministry, who seemed bent on making the rash experiment of how much a people might be forced to bear, rose in their might, took possession of the streets of Paris, and finding in the National Guards brothers instead of foes, were soon in a condition to make their own terms with the trembling king and his fallen ministry. Louis Phillippe, who betrayed as much weakness in the hour of danger, as he had formerly shown of unscrupulous ambition in trampling on the rights of the people, abdicated at once, in favor of his grandson, the Count de Paris, but the concession came too late. Nothing could save the crumbling dynasty, and a republic was proclaimed amid universal shouts and gratulations, at the head of which, as a temporary Provisional Government, the very first scholars, financiers, and statesmen of France were unanimously placed. Since that great event, Paris has been in a state of tranquility, and though severe financial distress prevails, owing to the unprincipled expenditures of the late government, every thing seems to augur well for the stability of the new order of things. Indeed one feature in this revolution is, in our estimation, full of hope and promise. Unlike that of '98, which was commenced and carried forward by the embodied spirit of infidelity and atheism, this has been from the first, deeply imbued with the religious principle. God has been acknowledged in it all, and Lamartine, who may almost be termed the soul of the enterprise, has long been known as a devout believer in the truths of Christianity. While we have many fears as to the result of the splendid experiment the French are now making, we cannot but hope, in this view of the case, that the God in whose hand are the hearts of all, may guide them to a prosperous issue.

But it is not the results which have followed, or are to follow this revolution in France, alone, which invest it with an interest so profound. All southern and central Europe has already felt its effects, and the watchwords of France, "liberty, equality and fraternity," are thrilling the hearts of unnumbered thousands, who till now have been shrouded in the dark night of ignorance and despotism. A constitution has been extorted from the king of Bavaria, at the point of the bayonet, while in Prussia, where, by the prevalence of common schools, the way has been preparing for freedom and comparative equality, the most liberal concessions have been made to the people, who in reality have the government very nearly in their own hands. Venice and Lombardy have risen, and thrown off the hateful yoke of Austrian despotism; Sicily, Sardinia, Piedmont, and Tuscany have obtained a liberal constitution, freedom of the press, religious toleration, and entire amnesty for past political offences—and in Austria Proper, the very stronghold of despotic power and intolerance, the clarion notes of liberty have sounded in the ears of the lethargic populace, and what has been the result? A representative constitution has been granted, trial by jury, freedom of the press, in short, every thing demanded by the people. Metternich has been deprived of his office, and compelled to fly in disguise, from the just wrath of the outraged Austrians. "Give them," said the weak and trembling emperor as he listened to the clamors of the mob, "give them all they want." Strange sounds to issue from the depths of the emperor's palace at Vienna!

England is rocking and heaving amid the throes of a moral earthquake, that threatens momentarily to engulf her existing institutions. Five hundred thousand Chartists are organised, and determined to obtain redress for the wrongs of the working classes, or perish in the attempt, while the repealers of unhappy Ireland have forgotten their dissensions, and talk openly of division, and an independent form of government. How will all this end? It is impossible to foresee; but the thought is full of consolation, that amidst the noise of the waves, and the tumult of the people, God is on the throne, bringing about his own grand designs, and that all must ultimately tend to the triumph of the everlasting Gospel. Already the way is opened in France for the diffusion of religious knowledge—already in Piedmont have the oppressive disabilities under which the Vaudois have so long suffered been removed, and freedom of opinion seems

about to become the order of the day throughout Europe. But while we rejoice in these cheering indications, let it never be forgotten that the same process which prepares the mind for the reception of religious truth, prepares it also, if this is withheld, for the wildest fanaticism, or the grossest infidelity. The eye so long accustomed to darkness cannot bear the sudden accession of light without becoming dazzled, so that it sees men as trees walking; and the intellect held for ages in the leading strings of superstition, must, in attempting to take its first steps alone, almost inevitably wander from the right path, unless directed by an infallible guide. Is it not then a most important work of true philanthropy, to furnish European christians with the means of preoccupying the ground, now in the earliest hours of the day that has dawned upon the nations, so that in the first flush of their newly awakened emotions, they may learn to connect the Gospel with all that is valuable in their civil and political institutions? Never, until liberty rests on the firm basis of religious principle, can we confidently hope for its permanence and stability; and those who in this new world are watching with intense interest and eager hope the progress of events in Europe, will do well to remember this. The Bible must be the corner-stone of the republican edifice, or else, when the winds blow, and the floods come, and beat upon it, it will inevitably fall, and unnumbered multitudes will perish beneath its ruins.

PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR.

The publishers have, this month, the pleasure of presenting to their numerous readers, an accurate likeness of the Editor of the "Ladies' Wreath," in compliance with the repeated request of multitudes who, having known her through the pages of the Magazine, were desirous of a more intimate acquaintance. The engraving is from an original drawing by Miss A. Mary Freeman, of this city, a young lady whose distinguished talents as an artist are only exceeded by her moral worth and loveliness of character. It is engraved by Ritchie, one of our very first engravers, to whose splendid picture of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in our January number, we need only refer, to convince our readers of his superiority. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the connexion existing between the Editor and the senior Publisher, we cannot with propriety give the usual notice of the subject of the engraving, and have therefore concluded to let "her own works praise her in the gates."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SUMMER IN SCOTLAND, BY JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We are fully disposed, in taking up a Book with the name of Abbott upon the title-page, to believe it readable and instructive; and certainly, the work before us has not disappointed our expectations. It is a series of lively and pleasant sketches, from the pencil of one who, in becoming a traveller, did not forget that he was a man, and whose heart, as well as head, has left its impress on every page. We have never seen Edinburgh and its surrounding localities, so full of picturesque and historic interest, more skillfully daguerrotyped, than in this interesting volume. The engravings are good, and add greatly to the beauty of the book.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS, Vol. 2. Harper & Brothers.

The second volume of this admirable and popular work, a out, and well sustains the reputation acquired by the first. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how greater interest and attraction could be thrown into the most exciting fiction, than that with which the author invests his analysis of the causes which led to the first French revolution, and the master springs which urged it forward in its sanguinary career. In his calm, yet fearless *expose* of the corruption and tyranny which preceded the explosion of '93, and the impartial judgment he passes on Louis XVI and his advisers, we recognize the patriot and statesman who is now so nobly serving his country in the Provisional Government of France, while in the warmth of imagination and beauty of style which characterize the work, we see the scholar and poet, whose name has long since become familiar to the general reader as a household word. There is a fine engraving of the lovely and unfortunate Madame Roland in the second volume, and the work is altogether beautifully got up.

THE SKETCHES—THREE TALES. By the authors of "Amy Herbert," "The Old Man's Home," and "Huskstone." New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This very beautiful volume contains six colored engravings, in Eudicot's best style of lithography, which are illustrated by three different tales, each finely written, and full of the purest morality, and inculcating some important religious truth. The plan is a novel one, but it is well carried out, and both the "Sketches" which are "in fact views of actual scenes," and the letter press designed to illustrate them, are very attractive and interesting.

LAWTON PARSONAGE—A TALE—SECOND PART. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "Margaret Pervical," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book forms the 33d number of Appleton's "Literary Miscellany," and together with the first volume, to which it is the sequel, is admirably fitted to interest and benefit juvenile readers. In the work before us, the trials and temptations of a school life are well portrayed, and the various shades of character among the pupils, are drawn by a master hand. As a descendant of the Puritans, we should wholly dissent from the high church views advocated in this and the other works of the same author; but with this exception, we can cordially recommend them to the perusal of our readers.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. BY CAPT. MARRYATT, R. N. Harper & Brothers.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—SECOND SERIES. Translated from the French by J. DE CLINTON LOCKE.

We have submitted these works to our juvenile committee of publication, and as they have pronounced them "excellent," we think our verdict may safely be given in their favor. The external appearance is very attractive, and "The Swiss Family Robinson" has been so long known to the public, that we need only say, the present volumes are a continuation of their history on the island, to ensure their cordial reception by all classes. "The Children of the New Forest" somewhat resembles, in character, the "Settlers in Canada," and like that, is full of interest for young, active, and enquiring minds, who love to find out their own resources, and sympathize with others in doing so.

"THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS"—Or the Arabian Nights Entertainments.—Published in twelve parts.—Illustrated by six hundred beautiful engravings on wood. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-street.

This is an expurgated and exquisitely beautiful edition of a book which most of us will remember as constituting one of our sweetest sources of enjoyment in childhood. Indeed, we loved it so well that we are almost unwilling to examine it now, knowing as we do, that the charm is gone, dispelled by the cold and stern realities of life. Still it is pleasant, in this utilitarian world, to wander off sometimes, in imagination, among fairies and genii in the land of dreams, and for such a purpose, a better guide and text book than the one before us could not be devised.

PENK. THE RICHELIEU GOLD PEN.—Those who are compelled to turn aside from pleasant books to the manufacture of reading for others, will thank us for introducing to their notice a gold pen, which seems made expressly to facilitate their labors. The Richelieu pen is absolutely perfect of its kind. It seems to enter into the very spirit of the writer, and sheds ink so freely, so quietly and so smoothly, that the thoughts thus committed to paper acquire a double value from the beauty of the calligraphy. Many doubt our word, let them try it for themselves. These pens are manufactured and sold by T. Y. Savage, 92 Fulton, and B. E. Watson, 15 Wall-street.

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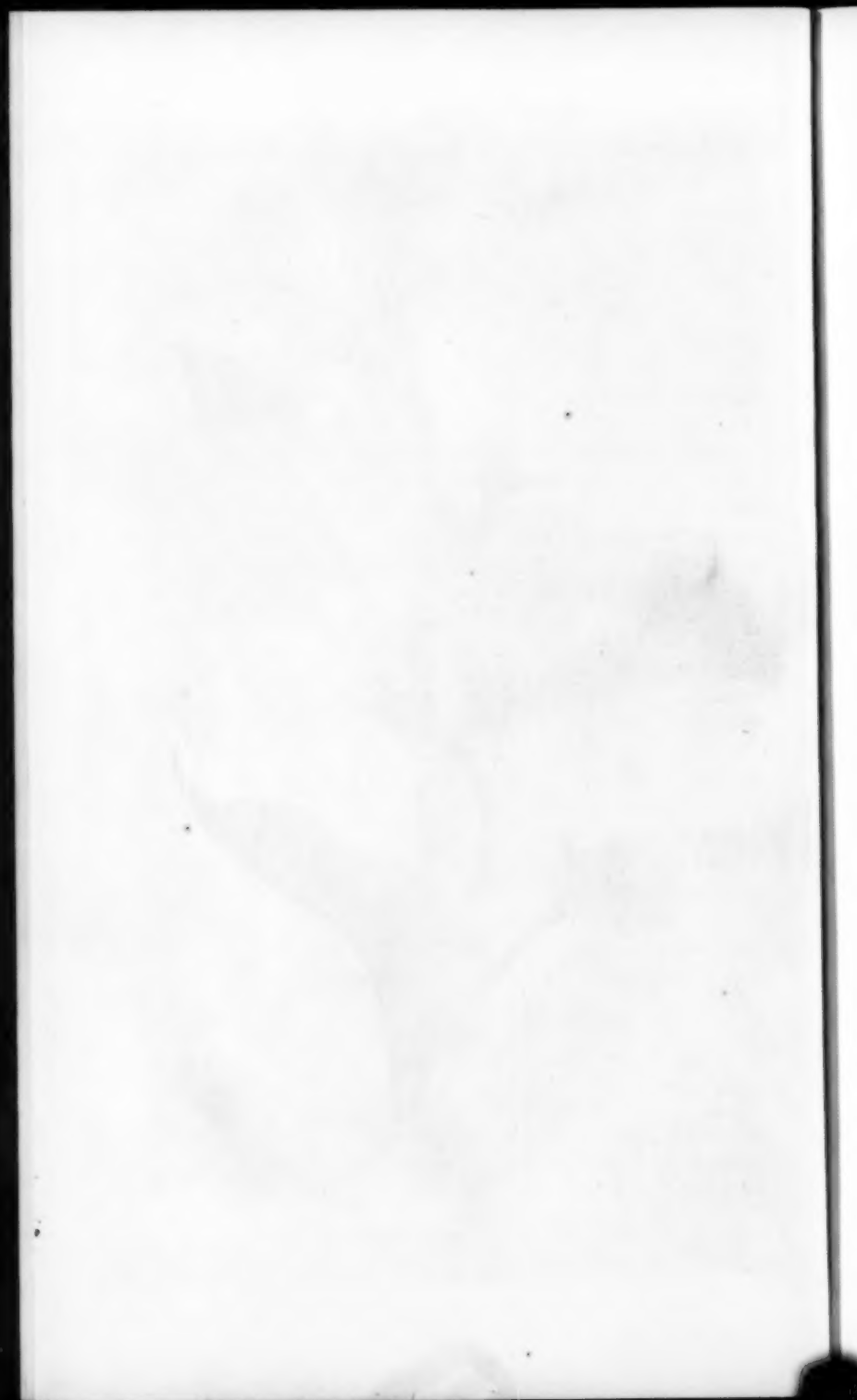
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HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

"WERE you at Mrs. Eyre's last evening?" said Mary Fenton to a young lady who, seated on an ottoman, was occupied in languidly caressing a lap-dog, while a beautiful child of some two or three years, was playing near her, unheeded, upon the carpet. "I thought, as Mr. Marston was so decidedly opposed to your acquaintance with Mrs. Eyre, the report must be unfounded, though common fame speaks of you as the belle of the assembly."

"I was indeed there," replied the young wife, with a triumphant smile; "for once common fame speaks truly. I like Mrs. Eyre, and I like her parties; and while I find so much enjoyment in them, I shall certainly not suffer the absurd prejudices of a husband to deprive me of it."

"But how has Henry been prevailed upon to sanction this intimacy?" enquired the first speaker. "I know he feels strongly on the subject, and candidly confess to you, I honor him for the decision he has formed. Is his opinion of the lady more favorable, since her sudden accession of fortune?"

"Oh no, my dear, not in the least; but, to speak truth, I have said nothing at all to him about the matter. My husband, though upon the whole a very good sort of man, has some ridiculous prejudices and peculiarities, and I am not quite enough of a novice to give up my wishes, in compliance with his whims. Still, I have no fancy for making a figure in a domestic scene, and therefore get along quietly and pleasantly, just by managing my husband, without ever seeming to contradict him in the least. For instance—instead of saying to him openly, as many women would have done, 'I choose to visit Mrs. Eyre, and shall continue to do so;' which would probably have been followed by a violent storm, I listened in silence to his prohibition, and have never since mentioned her name in his presence. Last evening he had an engagement at home, and really supposed, from my remarks, that I was going to a humdrum party at old Mrs. Evans' with cousin Tom for an escort, while, in reality, we were both enjoying ourselves at

the capital he can command, to carry on his business to advantage. I wish I could learn the secret of your abundance of money."

"It is easily learned," replied Mrs. Marston, "if one is only willing to take the trouble of acquiring it. If I were not the best manager in the world, I should have nothing fit to wear, and my house would be empty as an Arabian desert."

"I do not know what you mean by managing, Julia. I am sure you are entirely ignorant of domestic affairs, and are the last woman in the world to practise economy."

"It is not that kind of vulgar management I mean," was the answer; "I see I must explain the process to you, or you will never understand me. Henry is in the habit of giving me a liberal allowance each month for our household expenses, and I contrive to save something handsome from this for my private purse. The servants' table need not be so very nice, you know, and there are many little things we can do without in the kitchen, which would consume the funds I can use to so much better advantage in the parlor. Then I manage to get the very cheapest tradespeople and seamstresses, and make them take the lowest price: and as Henry is so foolishly particular about having them well paid, there is quite a surplus saved in this manner; you would be surprised to learn the amount I gain in these various ways, and my husband never the poorer or the wiser."

Was this so? Was not that husband the poorer, whose domestic comforts were stinted, whose children were neglected, whose half-starved servants were always dissatisfied and unhappy, whose credit was everywhere suffering, as one who oppressed the hireling in his wages, and grudged the laborer his reward, whose confidence was betrayed, and his very purse robbed, by the being whose dearest interests were identified with his own? Even if money were the sole earthly good of which he was cheated, he was evidently suffering a grievous wrong; but when we take into the account the priceless treasures of affection, and trust, and sympathy thus lost, every heart must pronounce him a poor man, though the wealth of Cræsus had been in his coffers.

The children of such a mother, trained up in such a school, might naturally be expected to become adepts in dissimulation and intrigue, and such was the fact. It was a law of the house-

hold, that the husband and father should be kept in ignorance of all that might meet his disapproval, or call forth troublesome enquiries. Often, when he supposed his children quietly sleeping under his own roof, were they joining in the midnight revel, surrounded with gay and dissolute companions, by the weak and wicked connivance of the mother, who was thus leading them blindfold to destruction. For years Henry Marston saw but little of all this, and when his eyes were at last slowly opened to the truth, he bore with it long and patiently, for his heart was naturally noble and generous, and, in spite of her faults, still clung fondly to her whom he had once endowed with every possible perfection. But his house was divided against itself—clashing interests—separate pursuits—alienated affections,—all were there, and, destitute as he was of religious principle, what wonder is it that he sought his happiness away from the home thus desecrated, until at length he learned to drown his sorrows in the wine-cup, and to find a momentary oblivion in the delirium of intoxication. But we will not trace the revolting picture farther. One more sketch, and we turn to a brighter subject. In an apartment of the alms-house of the city of P. sits a woman, prematurely old and wrinkled, whose vacant countenance and lustreless eye betray the stupefying effects of opium. There she sits, from morning to night, in the imaginary bliss of the opium eater, miserable only when her supply of the poisonous drug is exhausted, and she wakes for an hour from the trance in which she exists. That wreck of humanity, suspended by a single hair over the abyss that yawns to receive her, was once the proud and envied Mrs. Marston. She has “managed” the noble and affectionate husband to whom she gave her hand at the altar, into a drunkard’s grave,—her children are scattered to the four winds of heaven—selfish, unprincipled and reckless; and the miserable mother, deserted of God and man, has found refuge in an alms-house, from which she will soon be carried out alone and unheeded to a pauper’s burial.

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There is not in the whole town of Oaklands a more delightful situation, or a pleasanter house, than the white cottage that stands apart from the highway, surrounded by green fields and shrubbery, and nestled lovingly beneath that majestic elm which seems the growth of centuries. It is the residence of the good Dr. Mills, the

village physician ; and if taste and refinement are visible without, the embodied spirit of order and comfort reigns within.

It is evening, and while the Dr. is still abroad on professional duty, we may be permitted to peep into the room, from whence the light is gleaming so brightly among the trees, and steal one glance at its inmates. A cheerful fire is burning on the hearth, before which stands a centre table, with books, papers and needle-work scattered over it, while a shaded lamp throws its subdued light round the neat and pleasant apartment. At the table a boy and girl of twelve and fourteen years are busily preparing their lessons for the ensuing day ; and at the piano is seated one still younger, intent on her last new exercise. A little farther from the light, on the corner of that chintz sofa, wheeled round so comfortably to the fire, we see a lady, in the prime of life, with a face on which one loves to look, as on a bright record of every thing amiable, and dignified, and valuable in the character of woman. There is intellect in the broad, open brow, and the clear, earnest eye,—there is firmness and energy of character in the full lips and the rounded chin ; but there is, too, a world of sweetness lurking about the dimpled mouth, that seems never to open, but to give utterance to some kind thought or noble sentiment. Though busily engaged in reading, she is constantly stopping to assist the young students at the table, or the still more youthful musician, whose false notes she corrects so kindly and so patiently. Is it not a pleasant picture ? and yet this gentle being, so lovely and beloved, is a step-mother, and when the good Dr. Mills took her to his heart and home, all the wise gossips shook their heads, and predicted that, in marrying such a lady, the Dr. had made work for repentance all the rest of his days. It was not to be expected that she could know any thing about housekeeping, and, as for the children, poor things, they would soon find what they had lost. Fortunately, the subject of these predictions was ignorant of them, and she went about the performance of her new duties, cheerfully, hopefully, and yet firmly, as one who felt her accountability to a Master in Heaven, for the souls committed to her care. She found the children of Dr. Mills, wild, and at first unmanageable—indisposed to submit to authority which they had been taught to believe arbitrary and tyrannical, and looking with jealousy upon her, as a usurper of the rights which belonged to their dear departed mother.

Very gently, but steadily, she brought her authority as a parent to bear upon them, and such was the power of her uniform kindness, her consistent excellence of character, that a few months only elapsed, before she was beloved as warmly by the children of her adoption, as even her sensitive heart could desire. Under her influence they were gradually becoming docile, gentle and refined; while their admirable instructress failed not, for them, as for herself, to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," well knowing that the morality which is based on religious principle can alone successfully withstand the assaults of temptation.

But the master of the house is now in sight, slowly riding up the gravel walk; and as he comes into the circle of light about the windows, we see a fine, active looking man, of middle age, with a thoughtful, intelligent countenance, perceptibly shaded, however, with a cast of fretfulness or discontent. While he dismounts, we may as well inform the reader of a fact that his wife certainly did not know until after her marriage,—that, with all his excellence, (for he was one of the best of men), Dr. Mills was, unfortunately, at certain times, a slave to peevishness and ill humor. He was of a nervous temperament, and when fatigued with labor, or oppressed with care, would vent on those dearest to him the fretfulness which corroded his nature, until, by its own effervescence, his ill temper would work itself clear, and a brief interval of quiet succeed the storm and tempest. And how did the amiable wife, who had always lived in an atmosphere of love and kindness, "manage" this trait of character in the husband to whom she had looked up as a model of manly excellence? We shall learn.

When Dr. Mills entered his pleasant parlor, he was greeted by the whole circle with a smile of welcome; but no answering smile met the eyes eagerly bent upon him. Every thing had gone wrong through the day,—that was evident, and no reaction had yet taken place. "No fire, as usual," was his first sentence. "I think, when I am out all day, I might at least find a cheerful fire on returning home at night." The scattered brands were carefully laid together by the wife, and fresh fuel brought, with only the remark, that the warmth of the room had led her thoughtlessly to suffer the fire to get too low. "My slippers, too, are never in their place," (they were directly under his chair,) "and this rent in my dressing gown looks as if I had no one to care for me." He quite

forgot that he had torn his dressing gown that very morning, and neglected to inform his wife of the circumstance. "Catherine, why will you persist in having that child practise her music lessons in the evening, when the noise is so intolerable to me? I thought you knew my wishes on the subject." How should she know them, when he had never before spoken of it in her hearing? But she did not ask the question, and answered with perfect sweetness,— "Jane has so little time out of school to practise, that I thought it best for her to play now, and I did not know but you might like to hear her last exercise. But as you are fatigued, she can play it for you at another time; and now, my dear," addressing the child, "you may close the piano, and take your book." Here was another source of fault-finding; for the children were studying altogether too much, and should have been in bed an hour ago, though he might have remembered that their school was chosen entirely by himself, and their standing in it could only be maintained by two hours study in the evening.

We have given a sample of the Dr.'s peevishness, and it may suffice, instead of a more extended description. Had his wife been a "managing" woman, she would doubtless have often brought tears and sighs to her aid in quelling the evil spirit; for such was the attachment of her husband, that one fit of weeping would have humbled him in the dust at her feet, though this spell would undoubtedly have soon lost its power, leaving him more perverse than before. As it was, she invariably met his stormiest moods with perfect sweetness, soothing him with tender sympathy when sad, and beguiling him of his dark thoughts by her own cheerful and bright suggestions. Dr. Mills dearly loved his wife, and was proud of her too, and he would gladly for her sake have made additions to his furniture and equipage, which his somewhat straitened circumstances seemed to forbid. Many were the ingenious and innocent devices to which his wife had recourse, to supply the deficiencies of which he complained, without drawing on his resources. "I cannot imagine," he would say to her, "how you contrive to make this old furniture look so well, without any expense." "It is all done by managing," was her laughing reply; "you have no idea how much ingenuity I possess." "And yet Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. White, and Mrs. Green, all insist upon it, that you are no manager at all, or you would long ago have turned this antiquated

furniture out of doors, and taught your crabbed husband better manners." "They do not know," she quietly answered, "that the money we should have expended on new furniture, has been better spent in educating our children, or that I am a proud and very happy wife, with a husband whom I would not exchange for any other in the world."

Years passed away, and left their usual footprints behind them, but there were changes in that domestic circle which the hand of time alone can never make. The stately form of the good Dr. was bent, and his head silvered with the frosts of age; but his eye was still bright, and on his open brow there rested now no shade of peevishness or care. His son, in the prime of early manhood, was associated with him in his profession, and his reputation, as a man of probity and skill, was already established. Let us once more look into the parlor we have before visited with the reader, and in which a cheerful group is now assembled at the bridal of the youngest daughter,—the musician of our first sketch. The ceremony is over, the congratulations offered, and the father of the bride is speaking earnestly, and with a slightly tremulous voice, to the assembled company. From the look of unutterable affection with which he regards the noble matron at his side, we are sure he is talking of her; but we catch only the concluding words:—"If you see me, my friends, a cheerful and happy man now, in the winter of life, when all my best years were spent in fretfulness and discontent,—if my children are prepared to take their places in society as blessings rather than curses,—if God hath so blessed my basket and my store that I have now enough for myself and others, it is all owing, under God, to this admirable woman. Her unvarying gentleness and duty as a wife, have quelled and cast out the evil spirit that dwelt within me, and taught me at last the true secret of domestic felicity—mutual kindness and forbearance. Without dreaming of the thing, or even understanding the term, my Catherine has managed her husband so as to transform him from a domestic tyrant into a reasonable man; she has managed her children, who all rise up and call her blessed; and she has so managed our resources, as to make my old age perfectly free from pecuniary care."

BUTTERFLY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

Out among the flowers,
With the airs of June,
Where, mid leafy bowers,
Birds are all in tune;
Where glad waters leaping
Hold their course in light;
Where blue skies are keeping
Watch o'er all things bright,—
There, on lightsome pinion,
Thought is flitting still,
Through a fair dominion,
Like a fay at will.

Where the tulip flushes
And the lily blooms;
Where the moss-rose blushes
With its rich perfumes;
Where the vale is fairest,
And the skies are calm,
Where the banks are greenest,
Swept by winds of balm;
Gales so lightly flinging
Odors from on high—
Thither Thought is winging,
Like the butterfly.

While the summer smileth
Over earth and sea;
When her voice beguileth
With its witchery;
When her hand is wreathing
All the woodland bowers;
On the young buds breathing,
Till they burst in flowers;
Thought in vain we pinion
To the loom of care:—
Nature's wide dominion
Lures the truant there.

Flitting—tireless rover—
Through the sunny sky;
Glades and gardens over,
Like the butterfly:
With the lovely dwelling;
With the winds at play;
Where cool fountains welling
Sparkle up to-day—
Thought—an essence airy,
Spurning all things dull,
Like a lightsome fairy,
Seeks the beautiful.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY REV. CARLOS SMITH.

"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

It can be done. It has been done, and always with the happiest consequences. Evil conquered by kindness, is overcome effectually; almost beyond the possibility of making head again. The loveliness of this mode of contending with an enemy, is beautifully illustrated in a portion of sacred history recorded in the 6th chap. of 2 Kings. The king of Syria determined to make war upon his neighbor the king of Israel. He did not notify him of his design, in an open and magnanimous manner, and thus give him an opportunity of defence, but in the true spirit of war, the policy of which is to injure and destroy, he planned an artful ambush, into which he proposed to entice his neighbor that he might cut him off without loss to himself. Knowledge of the matter was supernaturally communicated to the prophet Elisha, who was directed to inform the king of Israel; and thus the snare was avoided.— This happened several times; until the king of Syria very naturally concluded, there was a traitor in his camp, who regularly reported his plans to his enemy. Calling together his personal attendants, he indignantly demanded which of them was for the king of Israel? They all protested their innocence of any traitorous act—they had disclosed none of their master's counsels—but Elisha, the Israelitish prophet, was able to make known to the king of Israel, every word that he, the king of Syria, uttered in his bed-chamber. He immediately despatched a large body of soldiers in search of so dangerous an enemy. On the arrival of this formidable host at Dothan, the place of his residence, in answer to the prayer of the prophet, blindness was sent upon them, and such a spirit of infatuation, that they willingly followed Elisha, who led them into the midst of Samaria, where was the King of Israel, surrounded with all his army. At the entreaty of Elisha, sight was then restored to them, and with horror and amazement that may better be conceived than expressed, they found themselves in the

midst of the Israelitish capital, completely entrapped, and in the power of their deadly enemy. The king of Israel came quickly from his palace, and gazing with fierce joy upon this great company of Syrian warriors, thus strangely brought within his grasp, he demanded the consent of the prophet to their immediate destruction. But Elisha had mentally resolved upon "a more excellent way." "Wouldst thou then slay them?" said he. "Wouldst thou fall upon the poor, helpless, alarmed captives, and murder them in cold blood? What dost thou hope to gain by their slaughter?—Would the tidings, when it should reach Syria, soften the hearts of the King and people, and convert them from enemies into friends? Would such a measure be a remedy for the ill blood between the two nations? Nay, verily! Rather feed them,—set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master." "So he prepared great provisions for them." A table was set for the whole host. All Samaria was bustle and activity. An abundant feast was prepared for the famished strangers; and the Israelitish soldiers with the maidens of Samaria waited upon them; matrons and children came, and smilingly looked on; while the king of Israel, accompanied by the prophet, walked up and down in their midst; and strains of exhilarating music filled the air, until at length, all distrust vanished, and the strange guests feasted joyously, and without reserve. Then the gates of the city were thrown open, the people of Samaria bade them a cordial farewell, and they returned to their master, the king of Syria, to relate their strange adventure. What other sequel, to such an adventure, could be expected, than that related in the sacred narrative, in these brief and impressive words: "So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel." Ah, yes! when those soldiers returned home, and told this story of magnanimity and love to their countrymen, and it went from dwelling to dwelling over the land, the feeling of national hostility died in their hearts; they had no longer a disposition to march as enemies against those who had treated their brethren with such generous kindness. The king of Syria, if he did not sympathise with the feelings of his subjects, was obliged to yield to them, and so for a brief period at least, there were no wars between him and the king of Israel.

Has that sequel been sufficiently regarded? "So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel." Why this sudden

change of purpose? Why this cessation of hostility, on the part of a people, characterized by their spirit of carnage and plunder? Who can doubt? Who can fail to trace it to the feast of Samaria? The kindness which conceived and spread that feast completely disarmed the whole nation of Syria. No one in his senses could believe the slaughter of those soldiers would ever have had such a sequel. The idea is absurd. We know that the destruction of those men would have awakened a spirit of revenge throughout Syria; the war-spirit would have flamed up with ten fold more fierceness than ever before. There would have been a universal demand made of the king, "Lead us against Israel, that we may avenge our murdered countrymen."

It is a law in the moral world, as in the physical, "every thing begets its like." Hatred begets hatred. Violence rouses up in the breast of its object, a spirit of violence for resistance and retaliation. Love begets love. Kindness awakens a disposition to show kindness in return. Patience and meekness under injury, will surely disarm the evil-doer. He loses all disposition to continue the aggression. It is not in human nature, but it requires the nature of a fiend, to persist in an injurious course towards one who is patient and meek, and returns good for evil, and blessing for cursing.

I have heard of the case of a furious master, and his no less furious slave, between whom there had been for many years a war of hellish passions; the master cursing and beating—the slave enduring and cursing in return. The heart of the slave, after awhile, was touched with the love of Christ, and he became a new creature. When the master, in a fit of fury, fell upon him and beat him and cursed him as usual, instead of the demoniac fire that once shot from the slave's eyes, and the curses that poured from his lips, there was nothing but meekness, and patience, and submission. In amazement he stopped and cried out, "Why do you not curse?" With a look that expressed nothing but benevolence, the victim replied, "I don't curse now; I pray for you, massa." For a moment, the reply seemed but to add fresh fuel to his rage; and his blows were more furious than before. But it was soon manifest there was a strong counter influence at work within. He was losing all heart for the abuse. He yielded before the power of meekness, and fell upon his slave's neck, bathed his

face with his tears, and entreated his forgiveness. Love took him captive. The heavenly spirit he discovered in his slave, was too much for him. His heart melted before it, as frost melts before the sun. Who can mistake in tracing the effect to the cause? We see what overcame the master; the meekness of his victim's endurance, and the benevolence of his return—just as we see what disarmed the hosts of Syria: the kindness of that scene in Samaria. Both cases are illustrations of the scripture rule, that we "overcome evil with good." Evil is never overcome with evil. The wrong-doer may be overpowered by violence, and you may render him incapable of continuing the aggression—but you have not changed his disposition. You have not overcome the evil spirit. On the contrary, it was never before so strong and vigorous within him. He hates you worse than ever, though he may be afraid or unable to display his hatred in open acts. It lives in his heart. It "bides its time;" and the injury will come when there is opportunity.—How shall he be converted into a friend? For this surely is desirable. By violence? The exercise of power? The continuance of restraint? Never! Never was the spirit of hatred, the spirit of evil, so driven out. You may have overcome his person. But you have not overcome *your enemy*. You have in him a deadlier enemy than ever before. And thus we have a key to the sentiment of Elihu Burritt, in that most beautiful conception of his, of storming Quebec, after the great fire had plunged so many thousands of her inhabitants into extreme want and wretchedness, with a United States gun-ship, relieved of her guns, and laden to the water's edge with all sorts of food and clothing, and prepared, after coming to her moorings, to discharge upon "the enemy" "fifty hams a minute from every port-hole." "Why," says he, "it is the only way to kill an enemy. An enemy never was killed with powder and ball, or sword. You may blow an enemy to pieces; but you have not blown the enmity out of his heart."—But attack your enemy with kindness; persevere in it, and you certainly will kill him; that is, your *enemy* will disappear, and there will stand a grateful, affectionate friend in his stead.

"The fine and noble way to kill a foe,
Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall no more be so;
And then he's slain. Sigismund us'd to say.

His pardons put his foes to death; for when
He did away their hate, he killed them then."

There is no withstanding the power of patient, persevering love, unless its object have sunk to a most unusual depravity. There is hardly a possibility of persisting in an injurious, violent course toward one, who is meek and benevolent. Feuds cannot long exist, where one of the parties possesses this temper. How astonishing then, the pride, and obstinacy, and folly that will come together and hold council in a man's heart, when he conceives himself injured, and tell him it must be made a point of honor to carry himself coldly and haughtily towards the injurious person! To hold and treat him as an enemy—above all things, to avoid every thing that might look like making advances toward a reconciliation! This is the spirit of fiends! The spirit of the "law of honor" concocted by fiends, than which, the bubbling of the witches' caldron never threw off any thing more foul and loathsome. A law, which commands me not to love my enemy, and do good to such as spitefully use me, and thus "overcome evil with good," and melt down hatred with love, but to resent every injury—and lay it up as a claim, which nothing but blood can satisfy.

Reader, have you an enemy? I care not how feeble you may be, and how powerful he; you have a weapon that can cut its way to his heart, through seven-fold plates of brass, if you will but use it; you have a power that can overcome him, though the strength of Samson were in his muscles. It is the power of benevolence. It is the power of kindness in return for injury. It is the perfume sent forth by a forgiving, benevolent heart, that has been assailed with injury; like the humble camomile, which, the more it is trampled upon, the more it gives forth its fragrance. Do you doubt the temper of this weapon? I tell you it was tempered in heaven; and none ever yet made proof of it, and found it to fail. David used it upon Saul, hunting his life; "And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept, and said, Is this thy voice, my son David? I have sinned, and thou art righteous." Jacob used it upon Esau marching fiercely toward him, at the head of armed troops that he might destroy him; and when the violent man felt the edge of that weapon, "he ran to meet Jacob, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." That weapon it was, that smote through all the pride, and prejudice, and rage of the persecuting Pharisee,

on his mission of vengeance to Damascus, and reached his heart ; and the enmity was slain ; he became the friend of Jesus, and his apostle to the Gentiles.

And indeed this is the only weapon that has ever slain an enemy since, and made him a friend of God. Love, the love of Christ, the love of Jesus for his enemies, such love as brought him to the cross, such love as sent forth the prayer, "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do."—Ah, this is it that assaults the soul with a sweet and heavenly violence, and brings it down, through the consciousness of ill-desert, into contrition and supplication, until love is begotten in return ; and the sinner is "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

In all the work of bringing men into union with God, the love of Christ is the only energetic principle ; the grand source of motion. "Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all else had failed. Reason he parries. Fear he answers, blow for blow. Future interest he meets with present pleasure. But *love*, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft, subduing slumber which wrestles with the giant—there is not one human heart in a million proof against love."* "The love of Christ constraineth us," is the sentiment of pure hearts the world over. Does Jesus teach us no lesson in this, whereby we may become wise and skilful in overcoming our enemies ? Does he not show us how we may manage the wildest and most unfriendly of human passions, and curb and control them, and call up in their stead, benevolence, and love, and peace ? This benevolence dwelt richly in the heart of that eminent philanthropist, Elizabeth Fry, whose precious memory is embalmed in the hearts of many, many thousands ; and great accordingly was her power over the human heart. On one occasion, in an insane asylum, notwithstanding the warnings of the keepers, she seated herself calmly and without fear, near a raving maniac, the most furious and the most dangerous of all in the hospital, and in a tone of voice sweet as an angel's, and just suited to herald forth the love of a heart like hers, she began to recite to him the word of God, speaking of the divine love and mercy ; and it quieted and subdued his

* Tupper's "Crock of Gold."

raving, as David's harp drove away the evil spirit from Saul; and when she arose to depart, "Do not go," said she, "God sent you to me; God taught you how to speak to me." "Hark," said another maniac, at another time, as she ceased speaking, "Is it not the voice of a spirit? Do you not hear the angels?" How shocked are our souls with the inquiry, "Would the straight-jacket, or the arm-chair, or the shower-bath, or the whip, have so tamed these raging spirits?" Is the course *you* now are pursuing towards your enemies, as likely to do away their ill feeling, and produce reconciliation, as would patience, and meekness, and unwearied well-doing? If you desire peace, there is a sure way to enjoy it. When malice or revenge rises in the heart, as your enemy is in your power, and says, in the language of the king of Israel, "Shall I slay him? shall I slay him?" train your heart to reply with the prophet, "Thou shalt not slay him. Set bread and water before him.—Show him kindness. Overcome evil with good. He must be something less than human, if his heart can retain its enmity under your benevolence."

"My dear child," said Cecil to his lovely little daughter, "what is the reason that every body seems to love you?" "I do not know, sir," said she, "but that I love every body." The child might have searched far before finding a better reason. Shew me the one whom nobody loves, and I will show you the one who loves nobody.—Show me the man between whom and his neighbor there is ill-blood, and cold looks, and biting words, or a surly non-intercourse, and I will show you the man who is not patient and forbearing under supposed injuries, and not benevolent toward the supposed evil-doer, and by no means willing to show him kindness that his evil may be overcome with good; who abhors the rule, "Love your enemies;" who is entirely destitute of the spirit of Heaven. Show me the man who returns blessing for cursing, and prayer for abuse, and plies his enemy with kindness that he may melt him down, no matter what he is called, no matter in what land he was born, whether in a land nominally christian or pagan, and I will show you a man upon whom resteth "the spirit of glory and of God," and who, by and by, shall be found with God; "for every one that loveth, is born of God."

HYMNS FOR A MOTHER.

BY E. C. MERRIGATE.

I.—THE DEAD BOY-BABE.

There is mourning in the hall,
Where, beneath the snowy pall,
Waiting for the hungry grave,
Like a lily on the wave,
Sleeps an infant's tiny form,
Now with life no longer warm.

Like a pearly morning Rose,
Sweetly taketh he repose,
Wet with Sorrow's holy dew,
Which the night of trial drew
From the overbending sky
Of a mother's earnest eye.

Who may fathom now her grief?
Who may dare to bring relief?
Who can reach her wounded heart,
Nor inflict a deeper smart?
Far away, ye thoughtless, go,
Break not on her hallowed wo:
Leave her bending, and alone,
At the footstool of the Throne—
Where amidst the burning Seven,
Holy Jesus maketh Heaven.
He will pour the healing balm,
And her troubled spirit calm;
He will bless the tears which fall
On the cold and virgin pall,
And her wasting grief control
To the whitening of her soul.

There is mourning o'er the tomb,
Where the Bud which could not bloom
Ere its sun went down the west,
Folds its beauty into rest,—
Till its life again be born
In that sweet Reviving Morn,
When the Sun of Righteousness
Rises to redeem and bless.

HYMNS FOR A MOTHER.

There are tears which have been wrung
 From the bosoms of the young,
 To whom holy Love had brought
 Deeper bliss than Hope had thought,
 Fading now in wo severe,
 More than Doubt had dared to fear.—
 Weep they sorely in the cot
 Where their little one is not,
 With a keenness of distress,
 Nigh to utter wretchedness.

There the little cradle lies,
 Whence their Baby's dawning eyes
 Shed his blissful memories through
 Their divine and deep'ning blue;
 Were his snowy blanket, there,
 Spread with less maternal care,
 You might almost deem that he
 Curled beneath it dreamingly.
 But, alas! a Mother knows
 In that still, and cold repose,
 There is nothing like the rest
 Of the heaving little breast,
 Which, above the folded pillow,
 Mounted like a tiny billow.

There his silent playthings are,
 And his baby-robos are there:
 Gently lay them all away,—
 Wo's the mother's heart to-day:
 Now her darling boy is gone,
 They are sad to look upon;
 And they waken grief afresh,
 Wearying to soul and flesh.
 In a day of fairer dawn,
 When her keener pang is gone,
 And her spirit's deep distress
 Mellowed into quietness,
 These shall be mementoes dear
 Of his brief abiding here,
 Calling to her inward eyes
 Sadly pleasing memories.

There is sorrow in the cot—
 Sorrow that despaireth not;
 For the mourners, faint and sad,
 May look upward and be glad.
 So in Heaven is holy joy
 Over the returning boy:—

Wingless wanderer to earth,
 From the country of his birth—
 Turning backward, ere his feet,
 Weary of the coming heat,
 And the ever-thronging strife,
 In the solemn march of life.

Folded in the arms of love,
 To the blooming realms above,
 Homeward he hath gone away,
 And, no longer swathed in clay,
 Lightly prints the rosy street
 With the tread of infant feet.
 While along the green he trips,
 From the blooming of his lips,
 Melodies for odors, wafts
 All the air, which o'er him laughs.

Cherubs young and heavenly fair,—
 See, they gather round him there;
 Hand in hand, a lovely ring,
 O'er the blue they flit and sing,
 And around the sinless boy
 Clap their little wings for joy.
 Sweeter thrill the lyres of Heaven
 As a gladder song is given,
 While the ever-blooming groves
 Where the choir seraphic roves,
 Back from every quivering limb
 Echo to a nobler hymn.

REFLECTION.

"All useless misery is certainly folly; and he that feels evils before they come, may be deservedly censured; yet, surely, to dread the future is more reasonable than to lament the past. The business of life is to go forward: he who sees evil in prospect, meets it in his way; but he who catches it in retrospect, turns back to find it."—*Idler*.

AGNES MERVIN.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

"WHAT a beautiful pair! what a noble looking bridegroom! and, as for the bride, I never saw so lovely a countenance:—I mean one speaking out, in its touching sweetness, a character I could so easily love. And she is thirty-five to-day, you say: how strange that she has not been married before!"

So spake the young and lively Emily Graham, who, coming to visit me, from her home in a distant town, had arrived just as I was dressing to attend the wedding of an intimate and very dear friend. I resorted to one of friendship's privileges, and prevailed upon her to accompany me. The marriage ceremony had been performed, and the bustle of congratulation was beginning to subside, when Emily, who had appeared unable to withdraw her eyes from the newly-wedded pair, during the whole scene, gave utterance to her thoughts in the exclamatory paragraph with which we have introduced her to the reader. And, reader, could you have been there, your thoughts, I verily believe, would not have differed greatly from hers. A finer specimen of "Creation's master-piece, majestic man," is seldom met with, than the unquestionably happy bridegroom: the bride was, in very truth, a rare and graceful example of the full expansion of matured beauty; less dazzling, perhaps, than the beauty of eighteen, but partaking more of "the meek spirit's lustre," that holier charm, which speaks less to the fancy than to the heart. "The high expression of a mind" sat on her fair, smooth brow, and her deep blue eye was, plainly, "the window of a soul," abounding in the purest and most generous feelings. Few could have looked on her, and dissented from our friend Emily's opinion, that it was strange, indeed, if she had lived thirty-five years in the world, without engaging the attention of

any man whose worth was sufficient to secure her esteem. I replied to Emily's admiring exclamations, by remarking—

"You are not singular in your thoughts. It has already been matter of surprise and speculation, that the most attractive member of our circle has always, until now, repelled, decidedly, every thing verging toward marked attention from the other sex."

"But she must have had some extraordinary reason for her conduct. She cannot have doomed herself to the solitary life of an old maid from mere taste."

"I do not think she either resolved on such a life, or contemplated it with horror. She remained unmarried, as, I believe, every woman of correct thought and feeling will, in the like circumstances, simply because she was not sufficiently interested in any gentleman from whom she received overtures, to feel confident that a union with him would result in their mutual happiness."

"But, surely, a being so evidently formed to love, as well as to be beloved; an orphan, too, as you told me, cannot have associated so long with her fellow beings, without finding some one, among them all, with whom her heart wished to claim kindred."

"You are firm, I see, in your fancy of mystery. I must try to divert your thoughts by relating something of another wedding, which I happen to have heard spoken of. One evening, more than fifteen years ago, a cheerful company assembled, as we have now, to witness a happy marriage. The house in which they met, was much larger and more magnificent than this: the furniture of the costly rooms—the attire of the family and guests,—every thing, in short, within that mansion, proved it the abode and the resort of the favorites of wealth and splendor. Had you looked in at the right moment, you might have observed, seated on a sofa in one of the drawing rooms, two ladies, whose appearance could not, I think, have failed to secure your particular notice. One of these—Mrs. Wilbur, the mother of the bride,—was a very elegant woman, still in the prime of life; the other was a beautiful girl, in the fairest bloom of youth. They were conversing together, but I am only able to repeat to you their last sentence, which was spoken by Mrs. Wilbur, and contained these words:

"But my son prefers remaining, for the present, with his parents."

What was there in this simple remark, to cause the youthful auditor to start and become pale, and then suddenly to blush, until

her brow and neck were suffused with a crimson, deeper than the native rose of her cheek, as her eye glanced—involuntarily, it appeared,—toward a young gentleman who was standing at a centre table, examining some engravings, and politely pointing out their merits to a lady at his side. This gentleman was the son to whom Mrs. Wilbur had alluded: a proud and happy woman was his mother when she looked on him; and because she was looking on him, she did not observe the effect which her last words had produced. It was well for her young guest that she did not: a heart's first sorrow should be sacred from all stranger eyes; and Mrs. Wilbur had ignorantly struck, with careless hand, a chord which "thrilled the deepest notes of woe" ever yet awakened in that guileless bosom. Agnes Mervin was an orphan, though she had yet to learn the orphan's loneliness. She had been adopted, in infancy, by a sister of her dead mother, and was generally called by her name. Mr. Vreland, her aunt's husband, was a gentleman of great reputed wealth. Agnes was his declared heiress, and had been educated in a style corresponding with the fortune which she was expected to inherit. Her beauty and amiable qualities, were none the less favorably regarded by the world, when viewed as the accompaniments of her uncle's wealth; and, at sixteen, she was, undeniably, the "belle of our village." Many, of course, were the aspirants to the favor of the young heiress; but of these, one and all were, without exception, discouraged by the uncle, who had already determined on a husband for his niece. He had a friend, with whom he had been intimate from boyhood: this friend had an only son, in whose behalf proposals had been advanced for the hand of Mr. Vreland's adopted child. These proposals were accepted by the uncle, and tacitly acceded to by the niece, more from a habit of compliance with every wish expressed by her beloved guardian, than from any thought which she took the trouble of bestowing on the nature of the promise required of her; and the young people, who had never been within three hundred miles of each other, were engaged to share cloud and sunshine together, through all the days of their mortal pilgrimage.

Agnes, on her part, seldom compelled herself to reflect, seriously, on an engagement whose consummation appeared involved in the uncertainty of a very distant future; and might soon almost have forgotten that it subsisted, but for the occurrence of an incident

which effectually aroused her from her child-like thoughtlessness. At a distant watering place, she suddenly encountered Frederick Wilbur. I have hinted before, that, at home, she was usually called Agnes Vreland,—and by that name alone had young Wilbur heard of her. Now, however, she was in company with a relative of her deceased father, who introduced her by her proper appellation of Miss Mervin, which name, of course, conveyed no intimation to the young gentleman, that he stood in the presence of his bride elect. A knowledge of this, on his part, would, it is certain, have subjected her to an ordeal of scrutiny which she now escaped. He admired her at the time, and remembered her afterward as a beautiful and modest girl; but much too timid ever to figure in society to any advantage, for he had observed that she trembled on being introduced to him, and he had found it impossible to engage her in conversation. The impression left by the gentle stranger in his memory, was friendly, but powerless in comparison with that which remained with her. His name and that of his place of residence informed her, at once, of those circumstances in their relative position of which he had not the most distant idea. Was it strange that her heart throbbed more wildly than its wont, and that she was unable to converse with her accustomed vivacity? while he attributed her embarrassment to diffidence alone.—Whether this accidental encounter would have disturbed the serenity of her life, had she been, like him, ignorant of the agitating truth, I am not authorized to say; I only know that from that time, “a change came o’er the spirit of her dream.” She had seen him in whose society, by her guardian’s decree, her voyage of life must be made;—had listened to his conversation with her friend, and been struck with the superior intelligence which, even in a gay drawing room badinage, he had appeared unable to conceal,—with the force of his ideas, and the graceful language in which he gave them expression. A vivid consciousness of her own inferiority, at first, appalled her: her education had been expensive, but chiefly ornamental; she had studied to become elegant, rather than intellectual or useful. But now, another ambition seemed to have taken possession of her heart, a new impulse to have animated the energies of her mind: henceforward, her improvement in those departments of knowledge which she had before almost neglected, was surprising. Her companions wondered, her instructors ap-

plauded, her guardians were delighted; but the motive power by which she was actuated remained a secret to them all. And in what did this power consist? She did not confess unreservedly, even to herself, that the destiny which she thought awaited her, now appeared the most desirable that could have been prepared for her on earth,—or that the resolution to become worthy of it imparted vigor to every faculty of her mind:—yet this was true, and in this truth was involved the only secret of her heart.

Our pretty, playful Agnes gradually assumed another and loftier character; and before three years had passed away, was merged, entirely, in the gifted, highly cultivated, but still modest Miss Vreland. From letters which had been regularly received by her uncle, during those years, it appeared that Frederick Wilbur had passed most of his time in travelling. Once, and once only, he had called at Mr. Vreland's; but Agnes was absent, and at a distance, and did not see him. The father's letters signified that the scheme of marriage remained valid,—but the son was, apparently, too much absorbed in other pursuits, to bestow on it any attention. Agnes visited, for the first time, her father's sister, Mrs. Lee,—whose residence was within a few miles of the town in which Mr. Wilbur lived. A few days after her arrival, Mrs. Wilbur called to invite Mrs. Lee to attend the wedding of her daughter. In courtesy to her friend, she extended her invitation to Agnes, with whom she seemed much pleased,—though ignorant that in her she saw the promised wife of her son,—for Mrs. Lee had called her Miss Mervin. Agnes could frame no excuse for declining the invitation, and, with a palpitating heart, accompanied her aunt, on the appointed evening, to the house of Mr. Wilbur. They were announced, and mingled in the assembled company. As Agnes was confident of being known only as the niece of Mrs. Lee, she was soon quite at ease, and, though Frederick Wilbur was before her, improved in every manly grace,—her countenance betrayed no discomposure. Mrs. Wilbur, who was particularly interested by her appearance and manner, seated herself beside her, and commenced a conversation. Agnes sustained her part well, until Mrs. Wilbur, after alluding, with great apparent satisfaction to her daughter's prospects, proceeded to say—

“We did hope to celebrate our son's marriage before his sister's. He has been some time engaged—but, for some reason which he does not impart—prefers remaining, for the present, with his parents.”

Poor Agnes!—these words, so innocently uttered, fell on her heart as the knell of her long cherished, though secret visions, of happiness. What could she infer from them, but that he for whose sake she had turned a deaf ear to every expression of regard from others,—toiling diligently, day by day and year by year, that she might render herself worthy of his esteem,—contemplated their union with indifference—perhaps with aversion. He had not yet observed her, as one whom he had ever seen before, and she now hoped that he might not; she wished that she could, that moment, leave his presence, and never see his face again; but this was not permitted her; he turned to look for his mother, and his eyes met those of Agnes. A smile of recognition instantly lighted up his fine features, and he advanced to greet her with an appearance of real pleasure.

"We have been speaking of you," said his mother, when the usual compliments had been exchanged: "I was giving Miss Mervin some idea of your strangely perverse temper;—you see I am resolved to punish your obstinacy. Your father is looking for me, I perceive, and I shall leave you to confess or acquit yourself, as your conscience may direct."

The young man smiled as the lady withdrew, but looked disturbed, and was silent a moment, before observing—

"Miss Mervin will, I hope, do me the justice to listen to an explanation of what she has heard. I am less culpable, perhaps, than my mother has represented me. The night is remarkably fine," he continued, "the open air will be more agreeable than the atmosphere of these crowded rooms: will you venture a moonlight promenade?"

Agnes felt that her destiny was about to be revealed to her, and nerved herself to meet it without shrinking: they left the house, and took their way, by a broad gravel walk, through the beautiful grounds that surrounded the mansion. Agnes listened, as they walked, to a narration which I cannot undertake to repeat, though I will try to give you its amount. To gratify his parents, Frederick Wilbur had, some years before, pledged himself to give his hand to a young lady whom he had never seen; but of whom rumor spoke so well, that, for a time, his engagement, far from being a source of uneasiness, was the ground-work of many pleasant anticipations. He had once called at Mr. Vreland's, but was disappointed in meet-

ing the young lady ; if he could have seen her then,—before—but regrets were useless. The die was cast—he was bound in honor to consummate their union ; he believed Miss Vreland to be both good and beautiful, and her happiness should be his study ; but, for her own sake, he could wish her a more worthy fate, than to be wedded to one who must ever be, in a measure, insensible to her virtues.

“Then you love another,” said Agnes, determined to elicit the whole truth. This truth was acknowledged, without equivocation.

“There was another—he had met her, first, as the idol of wealth and fashion,—but it was not then—not until misfortune upon misfortune, loss upon loss, had reduced her to poverty, and almost to orphanage,—for her father was dead, and her mother was now dying,—not until he had witnessed her cheerful endurance of these reverses, her noble efforts to console and sustain her parents, her entire devotion to them and disregard of herself, that he realized that he loved her—loved her as, he feared, he could never love another.”

They reached a gate, passed though it, and Agnes saw that they were approaching a small house, through one of the rose-covered windows of which a light was gleaming out on tree and flower. This window was open ; Agnes glanced in as they moved before it, and paused in involuntary admiration—so much of what the heart loves to contemplate, did that single glance discover. The room within was small, but neat and tasteful in its arrangements. The side opposite the window was occupied by a bed ; and there, in death-like repose, was extended a figure, whose emaciated face seemed whiter than the pillow on which it rested. A work-stand, on which a carefully shaded lamp was burning, stood near the bed : by the light of that lamp a young girl was sewing busily : she was beautiful, to a marvel ; and as her dark eyes wandered from her rapid fingers, and sought for a moment the pallid face of the invalid, their subdued light revealed, more plainly than words could have expressed them, a love that never tired—a solicitude that never slumbered. A whispered tribute of irrepressible feeling broke from Agnes’s lips.

“We will go in,” said her companion ; and he drew her arm further within his : “I must make you better acquainted.”

“Not now,” said Agnes, hastily withdrawing her arm ; “to-mor-

row, perhaps—some other time, at least—but not now: it would be cruel to arouse that almost lifeless sleeper: it would be unpardonable to intrude on the holy vigils of the daughter.”

She turned from the window; Wilbur followed, wondering at her agitation. As they retraced their steps, he confirmed what Agnes already understood. The young lady whom they had seen, was she of whom Wilbur had spoken: the invalid was her mother, in whose waning life the daughter cherished all that remained to her of earth's treasures. And when that life was done the once brilliant, the tenderly nurtured child of prosperity, must brave alone “the pitiless storm of poverty's cold wind and crushing rain.” Agnes listened, almost without response; but, long before they reached the house, she had “resolved what to do.” She joined the glittering throng; smiled when others smiled, and conversed, during the remainder of the evening, with more ease and cheerfulness than before. Before she slept, she indited a letter to the mother of Frederick Wilbur, informing her who she was, informing her, also, of her son's secret attachment, and pleading his cause, and that of the sweet girl whom he loved, with all the earnestness of a young and generous heart. I have no time to describe the resistance which Agnes encountered: I will only say that she persevered through it all, to the full accomplishment of her purpose. She remained to see Frederick Wilbur married, a few days before the death of his Louisa's mother; to hear that mother, in her last moments, bless God that she was not leaving her child to the desolate lot of an unprotected orphan; to know that Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur had received their son's bride with parental kindness; and then returned to her village home, happy in the thought of the happiness she had created. Her first trial over, she anticipated a life of tranquility; but Heaven had yet many sorrows in store for her. She, too, was called to meet reverses of fortune, and loss of friends by death; to follow to the grave, by turns, both the beloved relations who had been to her as parents. She was now an orphan, indeed, but not, as had been expected, the heiress of abundant wealth. By the failure of certain mercantile projects, Mr. Vreland's fortune had been so greatly diminished, that, when all was settled, his niece found herself in possession of only a moderate competence; but she had learned the valuable lessons of self-government and submission to the dispen-

sations of Providence, and was satisfied. Among those who had smiled and flattered in the days of her prosperity, some, of course, proved to have been mere sunshine friends; but there were many who loved her for those qualities which wealth cannot purchase; and she was still the delight and ornament of society. Friendship, the most devoted, was ardently returned by her, but love—I mean such love as would have led to an occasion like the present,—was never encouraged. This peculiarity of conduct was, for a time, a fruitful topic of remark among her acquaintances; but we all felt that our “best and most beautiful” could ill be spared from among us, and at length ceased to annoy her by any allusion to the subject.

Frederick Wilbur left the United States for Europe, soon after his marriage: his wife accompanied him, and never returned. Five years have elapsed since her death, and one since Wilbur's return to his native country. I cannot say with what motive he took this village in his route from the sea-shore to his father's residence; but it is certain that we all feel indebted to Agnes for his visit. I have no reason to believe he ever suspected the sacrifice by which she had promoted his former marriage: he probably thought that she, like himself, regretted their early engagement, and wished for the change which she exerted herself so zealously to obtain. How much of her carefully hidden secret she has since permitted him to read, I do not know; but I do know, that, if the liveliest emotions of “love and hope, and all the warmest feelings of the heart,” may be inferred from the most delicate and respectful attentions, her unselfish and long subdued affection is now fully reciprocated. And never was stepmother received with more enthusiastic joy, than that with which our sweet bride—for you must have felt, long ago, that I was speaking of her,—is greeted by Wilbur's only child. There she is, at her father's side, that beautiful girl of fourteen, with the dark flashing eyes, and the bright but fitful rose-tint in her cheek; both proclaiming, too loudly, that, with her mother's beauty, she inherits also her mother's tendency to early decline. Agnes will cherish her, as a precious and delicate exotic; but—I will fling gloomy forebodings to the winds, for the present. Have I now accounted to your satisfaction for my friend's protracted single blessedness?”

THE LIFE TO COME.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

In that Eden clime
Do not affection's flowers bloom on, unchilled by time!

E. J. E.

In the still watches of the mystic night—

Now, while the stars their burning vigils keep,

And the deep soul illumines with solemn light,

My spirit's pinion would the grave o'ersweep,

And take its flight even to that shore unknown,

That viewless shore, unfound of human thought:

There, by deep-seeing eyes, would I be shown

That Future World, with which my dreams are fraught.

Fain would I know the nature of the Life

They lead, who in those starry mansions dwell;

With what capacities their souls are rife—

By what mysterious, and all-sovereign spell,

The subtle senses are etherealized

To faculties harmoniously divine—

This mystic change, how is it realized?

O, would the Eternal Secret once were mine!

Fain would I question of their high employ,

Whose feet have left the weary shores of Time:

If friend with friend may commune and enjoy,

In the sweet valleys of that Sabbath clime?

Fain would I know if human memories live

'Mid the new joys of yon immortal sphere?

If in that home of glory they may give

A thought to those who were on earth so dear?

How live—how move—how have they being there?

With what strange glories stand they face to face?

Still mount they upward in more heavenly air,

On wings of triumph, through the shining space?

Drink they the music of the starry spheres—

The seraph's song in that divine abode?

Onward, and on, through the unending years,

Holding converse with angels and with God?

Fain would I know but *this*—if Human Love
 Still weaveth links for intercourse, in Heaven—
 As here we know, shall we be known above ?
 O, that some voice in answer might be given !
 But vain, as wild the 'wildering thoughts that sweep
 Like lights and shadows to that world unseen :
 None may return to say if *there* they keep
 Remembrance of aught that here hath been !

Yet *thou* art there ! oh ! dearly loved and lost !
 My soul's companion ! my chosen friend !
 Who loved me *here*, oh ! still I love thee most—
 And well believe that there our thoughts must blend !
 Hope so persuades me—Heaven would be no Heaven
 To me, if thou didst recognize me not !
 One deep, undying part to us is given,
 A *perfect love*—never to be forgot.

So let me dream—while thou dost nightly come,
 And through my soul's illumined chambers float ;—
 In the soft whispers of thy happier home,
 Still speak to me of Love that changeth not !
 So let me take from thy celestial mien
 This sweetest hope—that thou didst bear above
 Thy thoughts of me ; and through each changing scene
 O'ershadowest me with an Eternal Love !

QUAMOCLIT—CONVOLVULUS.

See Flower Plate.

GEN. CHAR. : Sepals five, mostly mucronate ; corolla tubular-cylindric ; stamens exserted ; style one ; stigma two-lobed ; ovary four-celled, cells one-seeded.

SPEC. CHAR. : Leaves cordate, acuminate, entire or angular at base ; peduncles elongated, about five-flowered ; calyx awned.

This flower is a native of the Southern States, although naturalized in the Western, and is frequently cultivated. It is a climbing plant, and, when properly trained, forms a delicate and beautiful shade. The flowers vary in color, from yellow, to blue, purple, rose-color and scarlet. It is the emblem of *Extinguished Hopes*.

MEREDITH, N. H.

See Engraving.

Reader, is it not exquisitely lovely, this fine engraving to which we would direct your attention the present month? It is from the burin of Osborne, the skilful engraver, whose finished productions have so often added interest and beauty to our magazine, and presents a picture on which the eye loves to linger. The beautiful town of Meredith is situated between the lakes Winipiseogee and Sullivan, surrounded by a landscape of luxuriant rural loveliness, and hemmed in by lofty mountains, while its fertility of soil, and the healthfulness of its climate, render it a most attractive residence. The lake Winipiseogee communicates, by the river of the same name, with the Merrimac river, and is nearly five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It was in the neighborhood of Meredith that, in 1697, a party of Indians attacked the house of Mr. Dustan, whose wife, with an infant of a week old, was taken captive, and compelled to follow her savage conductors into the wilderness, on foot, partially clad, and in a season when the earth was covered alternately with snow and deep mud. The sufferings of the infant were short—it was an incumbrance, and an Indian caught it from the mother's arms, and dashed out its brains against a tree. Faint, sick, and despairing, still the mother survived the perils of the journey, and having in company with two fellow captives killed ten of the twelve Indians appointed to guard them, made her escape, and arrived safely in Boston, where the legislature presented her a handsome reward for her heroism.

REASON AND FANCY.

REASON is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting; fancy, a meteor of bright, but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.—*Prince of Abyssinia.*

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Double Laurel Rose & Philica



CHILDREN.—A FAMILY SCENE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Mother."

"As I was saying ——

"Mother!"

"Miss Jones wore a white figured satin ——

"Oh! mother!"

"With short sleeves ——

"Mother! mother!"

"Looped up with a small rose bud ——

"I say! mother! mother!"

The child now caught hold of her mother's arm, and shook it violently, in her effort to gain the attention she desired, while her voice, which at first was low, had become loud and impatient.— Mrs. Elder, no longer able to continue her account of the manner in which Miss Jones appeared at a recent ball, turned angrily toward little Mary, whose importunities had sadly annoyed her, and seizing her by the arm, took her to the door and thrust her roughly from the room, without any enquiry as to what she wanted. The child screamed for a while at the door, and then went crying up stairs.

"Do what you will," said Mrs. Elder, fretfully, "you cannot teach children manners. I've talked to Mary a hundred times about interrupting me when I'm engaged in conversation with any one."

"It's line upon line and precept upon precept," remarked the visiter. "Children are children, and we mustn't expect too much from them."

"But I see other people's children sit down quietly and behave themselves when there is company."

"All children are not alike," said the visiter. "Some are more restless and impetuous than others. We have to consult their dispositions and pay regard thereto, or it will be impossible to manage them rightly. I find a great difference among my own children."

Some are orderly, and others disorderly. Some have a strong sense of propriety, and others no sense of propriety at all."

"It's a great responsibility; is it not, Mrs. Peters?"

"Very great."

"It makes me really unhappy. I am sometimes tempted to wish them all in heaven; and then I would be sure they were well off and well taken care of. Some people appear to get along with their children so easy. I don't know how it is. I can't."

Mrs. Peters could have given her friend a useful hint or two on the subject of managing children, if she had felt that she dared do so. But she knew Mrs. Elder to be exceedingly sensitive, and therefore she thought it best not to say any thing that might offend her.

There was a quiet looking old gentleman in the room where the two ladies sat conversing. He had a book in his hand and seemed to be reading; though, in fact, he was observing all that was said and done. He had not designed to do this, but the interruption of little Mary threw his mind off his book, and his thoughts entered a new element. This person was a brother of Mrs. Elder, and had recently become domesticated in her family. He was a bachelor.

After the visiter had retired, Mrs. Elder sat down to her work-table in the same room where she had received her company, and resumed her sewing operations, which the call had suspended. She had not been thus engaged long, before Mary came back into the room, looking sad enough. Instead of going to her mother, she went up to the old gentleman, and looking into his face with her yet tearful eyes, said—

"Uncle William?"

"What, dear?" was returned in a kind voice.

"Something sticks my neck. Won't you see what it is?"

Uncle William laid down his book, and turning down the neck of Mary's frock, found that the point of a pin was fretting her body. There was at least a dozen little scratches, and an inflamed spot the size of a dollar.

"Poor child!" he said, tenderly, as he removed the pin. "There now! It feels better, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it feels better; thank you, dear uncle!" and Mary put up her sweet lips and kissed him. The old gentleman was doubly repaid for his trouble. Mary ran lightly away, and he resumed his book.

In about ten minutes, the child opened the door and came in pulling the dredging box, to which she had tied a string, along the floor, and marking the progress she made by a track of white meal.

"You little torment!" exclaimed the mother, springing up, and jerking the string and box angrily from Mary's hand. "It is too bad! you know well enough that you had no business to touch this. Just see what a condition the floor is in. Oh dear! Will I never teach the child any thing?"

Mrs. Elder took the dredging box out into the kitchen, and gave the cook a sound scolding for permitting the child to have it. When she got back, Mary had her work-basket on the floor rummaging through it for buttons and spools of cotton.

"Now just see that!" she exclaimed again. "There now!"—And little Mary's ears buzzed for half an hour afterwards from the sound box she received.

After the child was thrust from the room, Mrs. Elder said, fretfully, "I'm out of all heart! I never saw such children. They seem ever bent on doing something wrong. Hark! what's that?"

There was the crash of something falling over head, followed by a loud scream.

Uncle William and Mrs. Elder both started from the room and ran up stairs. Here they found Henry, a boy two years older than Mary, who was between three and four, lying on the carpet with a bureau drawer upon him, which he had, while turning topsy turvy after something or other, accidentally pulled out upon him. He was more frightened than hurt, by a great deal.

"Now just look at that!" ejaculated the outraged mother when the cause of alarm became apparent. "Just look at that, will you? Isn't it beyond all endurance! Hav'n't I told you a hundred times not to go near my drawers, ha? No matter if you'd been half killed! There, march out of the room as quick as you can go." And she seized Henry by the arm with a strong grip, and fairly threw him, in her anger, from the chamber.

While she was yet storming, fretting and fuming over the drawer, Uncle William retired from the apartment and went down stairs again. On entering the room he had left but a few minutes before, he found Mary at her mother's work-basket again, notwithstanding the box she had received only a short time before for the same fault.

"Mary," said Uncle William to the child, in a calm, earnest, yet kind voice.

The child took its hands from the basket and came up to her uncle.

"Mary, didn't your mother tell you not to go to her basket?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mary, looking steadily into her uncle's face.

"Then why did you go?"

"I don't know."

"It was very wrong." Uncle William spoke seriously, and the child's face assumed a serious expression.

"Will you do it any more?"

"No, sir." Mary shrunk close to her uncle, and her reply was in a whisper.

"Be sure and not forget, Mary. Mother sews with her spools of cotton, and uses her scissors to make little Mary frocks and aprons, and if Mary takes any thing out of her work-basket, she can't do her sewing good. Will you remember?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now don't forget."

"No, sir."

"And just see, Mary, how you have soiled the carpet with the dredge box. Didn't you know the flour would come out and be scattered all over the floor?"

"No, sir."

"But now you know it."

"Yes, sir."

"You won't get the dredging box any more?"

"No, sir."

While this conversation was going on, Mrs. Elder came down, still feeling much excited. After Uncle William had said what he considered enough to Mary, he took up his book and commenced reading. The child stood leaning against him for five or ten minutes, and then ran out of the room.

"How long do you suppose she will remember what you said?" remarked Mrs. Elder, with a lightness of tone that showed her contempt for all such measures of reform.

"Much longer than she will remember your box on the ear," was the blunt reply.

"I doubt it. Words make no impression on children."

"Harsh words make very little impression, I admit. For these

close up, instead of entering the avenues to the mind. Kind words, and reasons for things, go a great ways even with children. How long did Mary remember and profit by your sound rating and box on the ear (still red with the blow) into the bargain? Not over ten minutes; for when I came down stairs, she had both hands into your basket again."

"The little huzzy! It's well for her that I did not catch her at it."

"It is well indeed, Sarah, for you would, by your angry and unjust punishment, have done the little creature a serious injury.—Did you ever explain to her the use of your work-basket and the various things in it, and make her comprehend how necessary it was to you to have every thing in order there, just as you placed it?"

"Gracious, William! Do you think I hav'n't something else to do besides wasting time in explaining to children the use of every thing in my work-basket? What good would it do, I wonder?"

"It would do a great deal of good, Sarah, you may rely upon it; and be a great saving of time into the bargain; for if you made your children properly comprehend the use of every thing around them, and how their meddling with certain things was wrong, because it would incommode you, you would find them far less disposed than now to put their hands into wrong places. Try it."

"Nonsense! I wonder if I hav'n't been trying all my life to make them understand that they were not to meddle with things that didn't belong to them? And what good has it done?"

"Very little, I must own; for I never saw children who had less regard to what their mother says than yours have."

This touched Mrs. Elder a little. She didn't mind animadverting upon the defects of her children, but was ready to stand up in their defence whenever any one else found fault with them.

"I reckon they are not the worse children in the world," she replied, rather warmly.

"I should be sorry if they were. But they are not the best either, by a long way, although naturally as good children as are seen any where. It is your bad management that is spoiling them."

"My management!"

"Frankly, Sarah, I am compelled to affirm that it is. I have been in your house, now, for three or four months, and must say that I am surprised that your children are as good as they are.—Don't be angry! Don't be fretted with me as you are with every

thing in them that doesn't please you. I am old enough to hear reason as well as to talk reason. Let us go back to a point on which I wished to fix your attention, but from which we digressed. In trying to correct Mary's habit of rummaging in your work-basket, you boxed her ears, and stormed at her in a most unmotherly way. Did it do any good? No; for in ten minutes she was at the same work again. For this I talked to her kindly, and endeavored to make her sensible that it was wrong to disturb your basket."

"And much good it will do!" Mrs. Elder did not feel very amiable.

"We shall see," said Uncle William, in his calm way. "Now I propose that we both go out of this room, and let Mary come into it, and be here alone for half an hour. My word for it, she doesn't touch your work-basket."

"And my word for it, she goes to it the first thing."

"Notwithstanding you boxed her ears for the same fault so recently?"

"Yes, and notwithstanding you reasoned with her, and talked to her so softly but a few moments since."

"Very well. The experiment is worth making—not to see who is right, but to see if a gentler mode of government than the one you have adopted, will not be much better for your children. I am sure that it will."

As proposed, the mother and Uncle William left the room, and Mary was allowed to go into it, and remain there alone for half an hour. Long before this time had expired, Mrs. Elder's excited feelings had cooled off, and been succeeded by a more sober and reflective state of mind. At the end of the proposed period, Uncle William came down, and joining his sister, said—

"Now, Sarah, let us go and see what Mary has been doing.—But before we enter the room, let me beg of you not to show angry displeasure, nor to speak a harsh or loud word to Mary, no matter what she may have been about; for it will do no good, but harm. You have tried it long enough; and its ill effects call upon you to make a new experiment."

Mrs. Elder, who was in a better state than she was half an hour before, readily agreed to this. They then went together into the room. As they entered, Mary looked up at them from the floor

where she was sitting, her face bright with smiles at seeing them.

"You lit——"

Uncle William grasped quickly the hand of his sister to remind her that she was not to speak harshly to Mary, no matter what she was doing, and was thus able to check the storm of angry reproof that was about to break upon the head of the child, who had been up to the book-case and taken therefrom two rows of books, with which she was playing on the floor.

"What are you doing, dear?" asked Uncle William, kindly.

"Building a house," replied the child, the smiles that the sudden change in the mother's countenance had driven from her face, coming back and lighting up her beautiful young brow. "See here, what a pretty house I have, uncle. And here is the fence, and these are trees."

"So it is, a very pretty house," replied the uncle, while the mother could scarcely repress her indignation at the outrage Mary had committed upon the book-case.

The uncle glanced toward the table, upon which the work-basket remained undisturbed. He then sat down, and said—

"Come here, love."

Mary got up and ran quickly to him.

"You didn't touch mother's work-basket?" he said.

"No, sir," replied Mary.

"Why?"

Mary thought a moment, and then said—

"You told me not to do it any more."

"Why not?"

"Because if I take the cotton and scissors, mother can't make aprons and frocks for Mary."

"And if you go into her work-basket you disturb every thing and make her a great deal of trouble. You won't do it any more?"

"No, sir." And the child shook her head earnestly.

"Didn't you know that it was also wrong to take the books out of the book-case? It not only hurts the books, but throws the room and the book-case into disorder."

"I wanted to build a house," said Mary.

"But books are to read, not to build houses with."

"Won't you ask papa to buy me a box of blocks, like Hetty Green's, to build houses with?"

"I'll buy them for you myself the next time I go out," replied Uncle William.

"Oh, will you?" And Mary clapped her hands joyfully together.

"But you must never disturb the books in the book-case any more."

"No, sir," the child replied earnestly.

Mrs. Elder felt rebuked. To hide what was too plainly exhibited in her countenance, she stooped to the floor and commenced taking up the books and replacing them in the book-case.

"Now go up into my room, Mary, and wait there until I come. I want to tell you something.

The child went singing up stairs as happy as she could be.

"You see, Sarah, that kind words are more effective than harsh names with children. Mary didn't touch your work-basket."

"But she went to the book-case, which was just as bad. Children must be in some mischief."

"Not so bad, Sarah. For she had been made to comprehend why it was wrong to go to your basket, but not so of the book-case."

"I'm sure I've scolded her about taking down the books, fifty times, and still, every chance she can get, she's at them again."

"You may have scolded her. But scolding a child, and making it comprehend its error are two things. Scolding darkens the mind by arousing evil passions, instead of enlightening it with clear perceptions of right and wrong. *No child is ever improved by scolding, but always injured.*"

"There are few children who are not injured then. I should like to see a mother get along with a parcel of children without scolding them."

"It is a sad truth, as you say, that there are but few children who are not injured by scolding. No cause is so active for evil among children as their mother's impatience, which shows itself from the first, and acts upon them through the whole period in which their minds are taking impressions and hardening into permanent forms. Like you, Sarah, our own mother had but little patience among her children, and you can look back and remember, as well as I, many instances in which this impatience led her into hasty and ill-judged acts and expressions that did us harm rather than good."

"It's an easy thing to talk, William. An easy thing to say, Have patience."

"I know it is, Sarah ; and a very hard thing to compel ourselves to have patience. But, if a mother's love for her children be not strong enough to induce her to govern herself for their sakes, who shall seek their good ? Who will make any sacrifice for them ?"

"Are you not afraid to trust Mary up in your room ?" said Mrs. Elder, recollecting at the moment that Mary was alone there for a longer time than she felt to be prudent.

"No. She will not trouble any thing."

"I'd be afraid to trust her. She's a thoughtless, impulsive child, and might do some damage."

"No danger. She understands perfectly what may be and what may not be touched in my room, and so do all the children in the house. I would'nt be afraid to leave them all there for an hour."

"You'd be afraid afterwards, I guess, if you were to try the experiment."

"I am willing to try it."

"You are welcome."

"Henry ! William !" Uncle William went to the door and called the children.

Two boys came romping into the room.

"Boys," he said, "Mary is up in my room, and I want you to go up and stay with her until I come."

Away scampered the little fellows as merry as crickets.

"They'll make sad work in your room, brother ; and if they do, you must'nt blame me for it."

"Oh, no, I shall not blame you, nor scold them, but endeavor to apply some corrective that will make them think, and determine never to do so again. However, I am pretty well satisfied that nothing will be disturbed."

In less than an hour Mrs. Elder and her brother went up to see what the children were about. They found them seated on the floor, with two or three loose packs of plain cards about them, out of which they were forming various figures by laying them together upon the floor.

"Why, children ! How could you take your uncle's cards ?" said Mrs. Elder, reprovingly.

"He lets us play with them, mother," replied the oldest boy, turning to his uncle with an appealing look.

"You hav'nt touched any thing else ?" said Uncle William.

"No, sir, nothing else. We found Mary playing with the cards when we came up, and we've been playing with them ever since. You don't care, do you, Uncle William?"

"No; for I've told you, you remember, that you might play with the cards whenever you wanted to."

"Can't we play with them longer, Uncle William?" asked Mary.

"Yes, my dear, you can play with them as long as you choose."

Mrs. Elder and her brother turned away and went down stairs.

"I don't know how it is, William, that they behave themselves so well in your room, and act like so many young Vandals in every other part of the house."

"It is plain enough, Sarah," replied her brother. "I never scold them, and never push them aside when they come to me, no matter what I'm engaged in doing. I never think a little time taken from other employments thrown away when devoted to children; and, therefore, I generally hear what they have to say, let them come to me when they will. Sometimes I am engaged in such a way that I must not be interrupted, and then I lock my door. I have explained this to them, and now the children, when they find my door locked, immediately go away. On admitting them into my room at first, I was very careful to tell them that such and such things must on no account be touched, and explain the reason why; at the same time I gave them free permission to play with other things that could sustain no serious injury. Only once or twice has any of them ventured to trespass on forbidden ground. But, instead of scolding, or even administering a reprimand, I forbade the one who had done wrong coming to my room for a certain time. In no case have I had to repeat the interdiction. If I can thus govern them in my room, I am sure you can do it in the whole house, if you go the right way about it."

"You say that you always attend to them when they come to you?" said Mrs. Elder.

"Yes. I try to do so, no matter how much I am engaged."

"If I were to do that, I would be attending to them all the time. I could't sit a moment with a visiter, nor say three words to any body. You saw how it was this morning. The moment I sat down to talk with Mrs. Peters, Mary came and commenced interrupting me at every word, until I was forced to put her from the room."

"Yes, I saw it," replied the brother in a voice that plainly enough betrayed his disapproval of his sister's conduct in that particular instance.

"And you think I ought to have neglected my visiter to attend to an ill-mannered child?"

"I think, when Mary came to you, as she did, that you should have attended to her at once. If you had done so, you would have relieved her from pain, and saved yourself and visiter from a serious annoyance."

"How do you mean?"

"Don't you know what Mary wanted?"

"No."

"Is it possible! I thought you learned it when she came to me after Mrs. Peters had left."

"No, I didn't know. What was the matter with her?"

The brother stepped to the door and called for Mary, who presently came running down stairs.

"What do you want, uncle?" she said, as she came up to him and lifted her sparkling blue eyes to his face.

"What were you going to ask your mother to do for you when Mrs. Peters was here this morning?"

"A pin stuck me," replied the child, artlessly. "Don't you know that you took it out?"

"Yes, so I did. Let me look at the place," and he turned down Mary's frock so that her mother could see the scratched and inflamed spot upon her neck.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Elder, the tears springing to her eyes as she stooped down and kissed the wounded place.

"Are you playing with the cards yet, dear?" asked Uncle William.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to play more?"

"Yes, sir."

"Run along then." And Mary tripped lightly away.

"When the child first spoke to you, Sarah, if you had paused to see what she wanted, all would have been right in a few minutes. Even if her request had been frivolous, by attending to it you would have satisfied her, and been in a much better frame of mind to entertain your friend."

Mrs. Elder was silent. There was conviction in Mary's inflamed neck not to be resisted; and the conviction went to her heart.

"We," said the old gentleman, "who have attained to the age of reason, expect children who do not reflect, to act with all the propriety of men and women, and that too, without mild and correct instruction as to their duties. Are we not most to blame? They must regard our times, seasons, and conveniences, and we will attend to their ever active wants, when our leisure will best permit us to do so. Is it any wonder, under such a system, that children are troublesome? Would it not be a greater wonder, were they otherwise? We must first learn self-government and self-denial before we can rightly govern children. After that, the task will be an easy one."

Mrs. Elder staid to hear no more, but rising abruptly, went up into her chamber to think. When she re-appeared in her family, her countenance was subdued, and when she spoke, her voice was lower and more earnest. It was remarkable to see how readily her children minded when she spoke to them, and how affectionately they drew around her. Uncle William was delighted. In a few days, however, old habits returned, and then her brother came to her aid, and by timely uttered counsel, gave her new strength. It was wonderful to see what an improvement three months made, and at the end of a year no more loving and orderly household could be found. It took much of Mrs. Elder's time, and occupied almost constantly her thoughts; but the result well paid for all.

Thinking that this every-day incident in the history of a friend would appeal strongly to some mother who has not yet learned to govern herself, or properly regard the welfare of her children, we have sketched it hastily, and send it forth in the hope that it may do good.

SUSPICION.

"He that suffers by imposture has too often his virtue more impaired by it than his fortune. Though we should never invite treachery by supineness, still we ought never to repress tenderness by suspicion. It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than to be always suspicious."

HYMNS FOR A MOTHER.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

II. — THE BABE'S WELCOME IN HEAVEN.

Mother, mourning for thy child,
Let thy heart be reconciled;
Saints redeemed, and spirits blest,
Call thy lost one into rest.

Hark! upon the air along,
Melts a low, melodious song,
Blending its diviner sound
With the tones which float around
In the perfumed atmosphere
Heard not by the common ear.
Now it trembles o'er the blue
Indistinctly shivering through,
Like the last notes, from afar,
Of a silver-strung guitar,—
Now its chime is faintly heard
Like the carols of a bird.

"Welcome, welcome to another,—
From the world a ransomed Brother,
Pluck'd before the frosts of wo
Laid his budding beauties low,
Or the stain of earthly crime
Marr'd the guileless spirit's prime;—
Called away to be at rest,
On the dear Redeemer's breast!

"Welcome from a world of sin;
Little Brother, welcome in,
Where the loving, and the pure,
And the holy will endure;
And the ransomed of the earth—
Children of the better Birth,
From the withered son of old
To the babe in swaddlings roll'd—
Stir the Heaven's serenest calm
With a rapture-breathing psalm.

"Rosy children many a score
Who have blest the world before,
Cheering with their heavenly smile
Mother-hearts a little while,

Here they join in radiant bands,
 Here they clap their infant hands,
 And their songs of simple praise
 To the blessed Jesus raise,
 Who of old unto his breast
 Meekly folded them and bless'd.

"Come and join them, little brother,
 Linking hands with one another.
 Come, and as you bound along
 Sing aloud the holy song,—
 Sung by all the hosts above—
 Praises of Redeeming Love.

"Come unto the arms of Him
 In whose light the sun is dim,
 He was once a little child,
 Human, and yet undefiled.
 Long ago he went to bless
 Yonder world of wretchedness,
 Of whose darkness, sin, and wo,
 It has not been thine to know :
 There he bore the load of Life,
 With its stern and earnest strife,
 Teaching man the loving faith
 Which will blunt the sting of Death ;
 There He lived, and there He died,
 Hunted, scourged, and crucified,
 That a stubborn world might bow,
 And become like such as thou.

"Come and meet thy Elder Brother,
 Him, like whom there is no other ;
 He will make thy lips to know
 Where the purest waters flow,
 And the sweetest fruits divine
 In their golden clusters shine ;
 Guide thy wandering feet and eyes,
 Down the vales of Paradise,
 Where the richest meadows bloom—
 Hushed beneath their own perfume,
 And the Sabbath air is fanned
 By the holiest cherub-band.
 He will teach thy infant tongue
 How to hymn the Eternal Song,
 And within His loving heart
 Fold thee never to depart.

"Come——" but oh, the blessed tone
 Of the Spirit-choir is gone !

And the vision melts away
Like the beams of dying day.
Yet its holy light hath given
To the soul a hue of heaven,
As the sunset, on its track,
Flings a cloud of glory back;
And the song's melodious chime
Cheers the heavy heart of time,
From a world of varied bliss
Faintly echoing in this.

Let the stricken spirit now
With its grief no longer bow,
But in newer, clearer Faith,
Mount triumphant over death,
And the fear which palls the tomb
In the sable garb of gloom;
So on earth there shall be given
Glimpses of the upper Heaven;
And a Life which prophecies
Of the Eternal Paradise,
Where the dear departed Boy
Sweetly hymns a Hymn of Joy.

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SPRING'S FIRST FLOWER.—BY ELLA.

THE first-born of the race of flowers, lifts upward toward the sky its answering blue, before the trees renew their vernal dress, or the dew descends in liquid showers. Sweet bud of hope! Thou art born of the sun's first genial kiss—a nameless bliss thrills through the heart as it hails thy birth!

I sometimes find thee blooming beside the cold white snow, far in the depth of the leafless wood. Not one sweet warbler is near to cheer thee with its melody; but in its stead, thou art surrounded by the glistening ice and the pure snow-flake. Sweet flower! thy existence was ordained, and thy soft blue eye painted, by the same power that fixed this mighty earth in space, and hung its quenchless lamps on high.

The workmanship of that hand which fashioned the spheres in their majestic beauty, I trace in each tiny cup, each leaf unfolded upon thy mossy stem. Yet thou art frail—ere spring shall dress the green wood bower with verdure, thy life of bloom and beauty will be past.

## THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

VARIOUS are the estimates of men in relation to the character and importance of the Bible. Some regard it as a gigantic fable, designed to impose upon the weak and the credulous, which should be utterly discarded by the philosophic and the wise.—Others view it with more lenity, as containing a system of morals worthy the consideration of the thoughtful and the good, but still, possessing no claims to inspiration, and consequently not to be received as authoritative and divine. Others again value it as the richest gift of Heaven to earth, as a divine communication, and as such to be received with meekness and docility. None, we venture the assertion, sufficiently appreciate its claims or give it the place in their affections which its high importance demands.

Our object then is to exalt the Bible, and throw around it the sanction of inspiration, that we may listen to its teachings as to an unerring oracle.

Our position is, that it is God's book, and that it is *the* book for mankind.

It is reasonable to suppose that God having created moral and accountable beings, endowed them with high powers of thought and intelligence, and sent them into this world of perils and probation, would furnish them with adequate means of instruction, would provide for them moral and spiritual necessities—in other words, that he would give a book to the world revealing his will, the duties which man owes to his fellow man, to himself, and to his Maker. Where is that book? Is it the volume of nature? Does she furnish, in all her voices, in all her wonderful adaptations and harmonies, the ample instruction which man in his ignorance needs? She points out many truths—she reveals the existence and character of the universal Father—she speaks doubtfully in relation to man's duties and destiny; but in relation to other truths intimately connected with his highest weal, she is utterly silent. When this oracle is consulted in reference to the pardon of

sin, or to the long after period of man's being, it utters no satisfactory responses. It sheds no light over the mysteries of the sepulchre. It hangs no lamp over the path to immortality. Its voice is feeble—its teachings unsatisfactory and uncertain. It is an insufficient guide.

The Bible possesses those evidences external and internal, which mark and determine the authenticity of any book. It secures an end which no other pretended revelation does or can. If then it answers God's purpose—meets man's wants, elevates him from his deep degradation, and plants him a redeemed intelligence beside the throne—if it does all this, I ask, is it not God's book?

Now our position is that it does this. Man is a sinner. I will not pause to prove this—his own consciousness, nature, revelation, history, confirm this. As such, he has forfeited his highest good, which consisted in being in a state of justification, sanctification, and adoption. These were his original birthright. The law was his guardian and smiled upon him. He had direct access to God, and sympathized with the whole fraternity of angels in calling him Father. But sin has brought him under the threatened penalty—has left its deep stain upon his soul—has alienated him from his Father's heart and family. How shall he be restored, *justified, sanctified, and fitted for heaven*? Now if any book will afford him the necessary instruction on these fundamental points, that is the book he needs—it is God's book; and it should be scattered as far and as wide as the reign of sin has extended. The Bible alone meets man's great emergencies. It points to Christ as the way, the truth, and the life. It brings to view the scheme of redemption, and shows how God can be just and justify all who believe on his Son. The cross is the only means of man's rescue from the pains and pollutions of sin, and this cross is the ornament and characteristic glory of the Bible. Other books claiming to be revelations from the spirit world, may have been learned and eloquent, but they were powerless to justify, because there was no cross in them. A religion without a cross, is like a world without a sun, *cold, dark, and cheerless*. But justification is not all that man needs—this only changes his legal relations, and does not necessarily prepare him for the holiness of heaven. Sin-spots are upon his soul; how shall they be washed out? his heart is depraved; how shall it be sanctified?

The Bible is the only effectual instrumentality—this breaks the bondage of sin, achieves the mastery over lust and passion, weakens the power of the king of terrors, and enables man, as a redeemed sinner, to shout with the apostle, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" If then the Bible is doing all this—if it is regenerating man's fallen nature, and restoring him to his forfeited immortality, is it not God's book? We receive it, we honor it, we bow to it as such. It is authoritative, it is final with us. We can allow of no appeal from its declarations of doctrine or duty. When we have ascertained what it teaches, we stand in reverence before the mind and will of God. We do not indeed sacrifice our reason on the altar of faith; for the highest reason is manifested in receiving the Bible as the book of God; and we are willing to submit our reason to its teachings and guidance. We do not close our ear to the voice of wisdom, or turn away from the light of science; but amidst the past, we see one light brighter than all the rest—we hear one voice clearer than all others, and that light we know was kindled by God's own hand, and to that voice we hearken as to the voice of God himself.

How wonderful were its triumphs during the first century. The literature, the philosophy, the habits, the *religion* of the people were opposed to its pure and self-denying doctrines. To the Jews it was a stumbling block, and to the Greeks, *foolishness*. They persecuted and despised its Author, and at last hung him upon a cross. Its early advocates were weak and illiterate fishermen, and all but one, died by the hand of violence. But in spite of the rage of men and the malice of devils, the Bible lived, gathering strength from opposition, calling auxiliaries from all quarters of the earth and from every point of the heavens, clothing the weakest instruments with omnipotence, and by the truth of its doctrines, subduing the nations to its mild sceptre, and erecting its broad standard upon the very frontiers of satan's dominions. Now, why was this? I answer, because it is God's book, and possessed of an energy irresistible and *divine*.

What was it again, after the lapse of centuries, that awakened the slumbering energies of the young monk of Erfurth, enabled him to emerge from his cloister as a moral hero, throw off the trammels of superstition, and achieve victories absolutely sublime? He found in his convent a Bible, fastened by a chain. He had

constant recourse to this chained Bible, and it started his mind off upon a new career of intellectual and moral glory. It became the radiating point of light and truth. It scattered the darkness that had been piled cloud on cloud in Europe, emancipated the human intellect, upturned those massive systems of Papal error, and hung out, as in the light of day, the central and saving truth of *justification by faith alone*. And what is it, at the present hour, that is kindling a moral volcano beneath the grinding despotisms of the Old World, and heaving to the winds the fragmentary elements of hereditary and kingly power, and driving the human mind on to the safe and satisfactory goal of a protestant and republican government? These are the workings of the Bible, and they are all illustrative of our grand position, that it is the book of God, and destined to multiply its trophies, until the world shall bow to its mandates and acknowledge its divine supremacy. The shadows of a dark eclipse are now resting upon a large portion of our race—Infidelity, Paganism, Mohamedanism, and every form of false religion are prevalent. For the removal of these huge masses of error, the Bible is our only hope. It is the world's great reformer, and we look with distrust upon any system for the removal of social or political evils, which does not recognize the agency and authority of the Bible. Reformers may descant, and descant justly and eloquently too, upon the evils that now afflict our race—upon the frauds and oppressions and wars that sadden and desolate the earth. They may desire to remodel society, and introduce a new order of things. They may prophecy of a golden age, when equal and alternate responses shall go from heart to heart, and mankind shall dwell together in the bonds of a loving brotherhood; but their hopes will never be realized unless the Bible is honored as the principal instrumentality. With this, the world is to be regenerated, its evils removed, its day of promised and prevalent glory to be introduced. This is the hope of the church, the object of her prayers, the end of her labors. Then shall this earth be redeemed from the effects of a dreadful curse, and man shall be restored to a paradise more sunny than Eden, and the tree of life shall be transplanted, and the river of life shall flow clear as crystal. Then shall nature sympathize with the voice of universal praise—the mountains shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Old ocean shall lift up his multitudin-

ous music in concert with the winds of heaven, and the stars shall peal notes of congratulations from their spheres, and men shall join in the grand jubilee with trump and cornet and the voice of psalms; while the vaulted sky, like a high temple-roof, shall re-echo the mighty chorus of salvation. Then shall the full and finished triumphs of the Bible be celebrated, and the praises of the Bible be sung, and the universal shout shall ascend—"The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

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### THE PRAYER OF THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

Low on my pillow lying,  
Fever's red flushing o'er my brow and cheek,  
Amid the restless heart's deep sighing,  
Hear the poor words my feeble lips would speak;  
Thou who regardest earth with pitying eye,  
Bow down Thy patient ear, and list a suppliant's cry.

Daylight is o'er the hills,  
Through the long night how have I watched its coming,  
Dreaming I lay beside the gushing rills,  
Hearing their low soft music, and the humming  
Of bees among the heath-blooms, where the dew  
Lies, thickly jewelling its many flowers of blue.

Sweet fantasies! farewell  
To the green earth, its streams, its myriad flowers,  
Oh! take me in a fairer world to dwell!  
A holier home!—the amaranthine bowers  
That fade not in the breath of mortal sighs,  
Are blooming ever there, 'neath pure unclouded skies.

A stricken heart I bring,  
A broken, care-worn spirit unto Thee,  
I am but young to die, yet life's gay spring  
Bears not a hope of summer hours to me,  
Time hath too rudely shaken the bright sands  
They run so swift a race, thro' his dark, withering hands.



Father, thou know'st it all !  
 How cold the heart, that idly turned away  
 From Thee in its fresh morning, at the call  
 Of syren voices, and went forth to stray  
 With the world's idol, Pleasure, till there came  
 A startling tone which told, 'twas but a fleeting name.

For at a human shrine,  
 That heart was bowed in fond idolatry ;  
 Oh, God ! forgive, forgive—its fetters twine  
 Too closely still, and yet how fearfully  
 I turn to its remembrance—to the scars  
 Of that sweet captive chain, the dying vot'ress bears.

Thou know'st the burning tears  
 That have been mine, the soul's deep agony—  
 The shame of love neglected—lengthened years  
 Methinks, could not efface such misery  
 From the o'ershadowed spirit—Friend divine,  
 An earthly faith hath failed—let me repose on Thine !

Yet will I pray for him,  
 Pray, that when death his spirit shall release ;  
 When the pulse flutters and the eye is dim,  
 Thy gentle accents yet may whisper "peace ;"  
 Peace and forgiveness—oh ! forget the Past,  
 Remembering but Thy love, Thy mercy at the last !

And take Thou me to dwell  
 Where the storm beats not—where the weary heart,  
 Sick with distrust, may never love too well,  
 Nor weep a faithless one, nor grieve to part  
 With its poor crumbling idols. Heavenly Friend,  
 Breathe o'er my panting soul, and wings immortal lend.

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## PATIENCE.

—— When overtaken at length  
 Both Love and Hope beneath life's load give way,  
 Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,  
 Stands the mute sister Patience, nothing loath,  
 And both supporting, does the work of both."

## DIGNITY OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF SILVIO PELLICO.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

HAPPY art thou, whosoever thou mayest be, if thou shalt never love ardently any other than her, whom thou art willing and able to select as the companion of thy whole life !

Guard thy heart carefully from every emotion of love, rather than give it in keeping to a woman of ignoble sentiments. A man of low understanding might be happy with such an one—thou canst not be so. Thou hast need, either of entire freedom, or of a companion who can sympathize with thine own generous ideas of humanity, and especially of her own sex. Choose one of those elevated souls, which shall understand clearly, and love sincerely the duties of religion and of love. But beware of making her such only in thine own imagination, when in fact she is altogether the reverse. If thou shalt find such an one—if thou seest her burning with unfeigned love to God—full of noble enthusiasm in the cause of virtue—intent on doing all the good in her power—if thou seest her the uncompromising enemy of every species of vice—if she join to these virtues a cultivated intellect, without the ambition of displaying it, while with so much genius she is the most humble of women—if all her words and actions breathe goodness, natural elegance, elevation of sentiment and strength of purpose—then love such an one with all thine heart, with a love worthy of her ! She will be to thee almost a guardian angel—almost a living expression of the divine command to depart from all evil, and to aspire after all goodness. In all thy undertakings, merit her approval, and be careful to honor her, not only before men, that is of small import, but before the omnipresent eyes of God.

If thou shalt find a companion of soul so noble, so pious, fear not that thy strong love for her will become idolatry. Thou wilt love her in exact proportion as her will shall be in harmony with that of God, so that in loving the one, thou wilt love the other, or rather it will be the Divine excellence which thou dost admire. Thus,

were it possible that her will should become contrary to that of God, all her charms would vanish—thou wouldst soon cease to love her.

This exalted and pure affection is regarded as a chimera by all vulgar souls—by those who have no belief in the elevation of woman. Let us pity their injurious mistake. Women of pure and noble souls—the friends and inspirers of virtue, are to be found, though too rarely. And men ought always to say—“*either such an one, or none.*”



### THE NARROWS FROM FORT HAMILTON

SEE ENGRAVING.

In presenting to our readers the beautiful engraving of the Narrows, or entrance to the Bay of New-York, with which our pages are enriched the present month, we would gladly, did our limits permit, accompany it with the account given by Hendrick Hudson of his first view of this lovely scene, two hundred years ago. We have room only for a short extract :

“On the sixth day, we had fair weather, and our master sent John Colman with four others in our boate over to the north side, to sound the other river—the Narrows.) They found very good riding for ships, and a narrow river to the westward, (probably the passage between Bergen Neck and Staten Island), between two Islands. The lands, they told us, were as pleasant, with grasse and flowers, and goodly trees, as ever they had seen, and very sweet smells came from them. The night grew so darke, that the men could not find the shippe that night, but lay still on their oars.”

Two days afterward, the bold adventurer got under weigh, passed the Narrows, and by slow degrees made his way up the noble river which still bears his name. Fort Hamilton, from which the view is taken, is a favorite resort of our citizens during the summer months, commanding a noble view of the ocean, with the freshest of all sea breezes, together with the minor but important advantage of superior accommodations for the pleasure seekers who throng this fashionable retreat.

## THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

### A TEACHER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

"O'er wayward childhood would'st thou hold firm rule,  
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,—  
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,  
And in thy own heart let them first keep school.  
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places  
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it—so  
Do these uphold the little world below  
Of Education—Patience, Love and Hope."

W. H. BOWLER.

It was a dark, dull day in November—I had just commenced my labors in the midst of a rather unpromising district, and my school room presented an uninviting aspect both to teacher and pupils, when I was aroused in the midst of a reverie on the pleasures of instruction in the abstract, by a soft voice at my elbow: "School ma'am, a woman is at the door, waiting to see you." I stepped out into the little passage-way, in which the children were wont to deposit their bonnets, coats and dinner-baskets, and found there a man of extremely rough and repulsive appearance, who growled out as he pushed a little child toward me—"If as I take it, you're the mistress, here's a girl for ye," and then without one look or gesture of courtesy, departed, shutting the door violently after him. The child thus strangely introduced, stood staring in my face with an expression of stupid wonder, which never once varied, while I assisted her in taking off her hood and cloak, and led her to a seat by my side. She was apparently ten years of age, with small and regular features, fair complexion, a profusion of sunny hair, and large blue eyes which, had they "mirror'd a soul," might have been deemed beautiful. But there was no "speculation" in them, and their cold, hard brightness was so oppressive, that I turned my own away while I inquired as gently as possible—"What is your name, my little girl?" The question was twice repeated before she seemed to think an answer necessary—and then, without the smile and

courtesy which usually accompany the reply in such cases, she simply said—"Jessie Muir," in a voice whose tones expressed nothing but hopeless vacuity. It was in vain that I attempted to learn the extent of her acquirements, that I might know in which class to place her—she was either obstinately silent, or muttered something which it was impossible to understand. In short, I could make nothing of her, and should certainly have believed her almost an idiot, had I not once during the day observed her eye flash, and her whole face lighten up as if by magic, at some trifling incident which occurred in school. The change was only momentary, but it was enough to satisfy me completely on the score of mental imbecility. There was a soul locked up in that tiny form—that was evident—whatever it might be that had thus fettered it, there it was, waiting the Promethean touch which should rouse its latent faculties, and waken its dormant energies, to sleep no more forever. From that moment, Jessie Muir became to me an object of deep interest, and though for many succeeding days I made no apparent progress with her, those gleams of intelligence that ever and anon flitted across her face, like rays of sunshine over a wintry landscape, gave me courage to persevere. Sometimes, it is true, I was tempted to despair, as I found her not only ignorant of the first rudiments of learning, but determinately resisting all my efforts to teach her, and my heart was ready to respond to the petulant remark of the older scholars—"She is a stupid, obstinate thing, not worth the trouble you take with her." But Love pleaded—"She is a creature of immortality, one for whom Jesus died"—while Hope whispered—"try a little longer, she is certainly becoming more humanized, and may in time learn to love and confide in you, and then you know, you can do any thing with her." "Yes," I said mentally, "Love and Hope and Patience shall counsel me in this thing, and then if I fail, I shall not at least have the reproaches of my own heart added to the pain of disappointment."

It was some three months after Jessie's entrance into school, that having for two days missed her from her accustomed place, I started, after dismissing my little flock, to seek her at her home; hoping to discover the influences by which she was surrounded there, that I might thus be enabled to understand her character more perfectly. There had been a slight fall of snow the day previous, but the south wind was rapidly wasting it, and the little streamlet at

my side, which danced so gaily in the summer sunshine, now rushed by, swollen and turbid, bearing on its surface, decaying leaves and broken pieces of drift-wood, to pour its little tribute into the bosom of the beautiful Connecticut. In spite of the miry and uneven path along which I was picking my way, I began to moralize, and was already lost in thought, when the cry of "help—help," broke upon my ear, putting my meditations instantly to flight. The house, or rather hovel, of Mr. Muir was in sight, on the side of a hill, at the foot of which was a morass, converted by the autumnal rains into a pool of stagnant water. The cry evidently came from that direction, and it was the work of a moment to cross the intervening fields and reach the edge of the morass.—Never shall I forget the spectacle that there met my eye. A man was lying upon his face, with his head nearly immersed in the green and slimy water, either already dead, or in the stupor of intoxication, and at his side stood a little girl up to her waist in the water, vainly endeavoring with her slight strength to extricate him from his dreadful position. It was Jessie, and she looked up with an expression of intense anxiety, as, without relaxing her own efforts, she said in a tone that thrilled every nerve—"it is my father, do save him." The poor child was herself in a most perilous situation, and without assistance must have been lost, but she seemed wholly insensible to her own danger, as she besought me again and again to save her father. I ran back a few steps, and finding a long board, and a pole, cautiously laid down the former, and bidding Jessie take hold of the pole which I held as firmly as possible, soon had the happiness of seeing her in safety—but I knew not how to attempt the rescue of the miserable man who lay in his helplessness at my feet. "Will you not try to drag him out, ma'am?" said the pleading voice of Jessie—"he is all I have in the world." The appeal was irresistible, and stationing the child on one end of the board to steady it, I cautiously crept out to the other, and endeavored to raise the head of the drowning man from the water. His feet and limbs were on comparatively firm ground, but his weight was such, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could support the head long enough to place it on the board at his side. At length, after repeated efforts, I succeeded in dragging the head and shoulders upon the board, and then for the first time since the commencement of my attempt, Jessie spoke, and in a tremulous

voice whispered—"Will he live?" "I hope so," was my cheerful answer, but in my heart I greatly feared that life was utterly extinct. By the united strength of Jessie and myself, we managed to place his whole body upon the board, and then to draw it farther from the water, after which I proceeded to try all the methods in my power for restoring suspended animation. Jessie brought spirits from the house, with which I chafed his breast and hands, and our labors were soon rewarded by symptoms of returning life and consciousness. The joy of the child, when he opened his eyes and knew her, was beyond all expression. She cried and laughed by turns—covered his face and neck with kisses, fondly smoothed his tangled hair with her little hand, and then looked into his face as though by that means only she could tell him all the gladness with which her heart was filled. Tears came to my own eyes as I saw this girl, hitherto so sullen, intractable, and apparently soulless, so strongly moved; but night was advancing, and finding my patient able to rise, I turned to leave the place, forgetting, in the excitement of the scene, the motive that had brought me there. "*She* dragged you out, father, and me too," said Jessie, pointing to me; but he only replied with a brutal oath—"it's all selfishness some way, I dare say, I don't know as I thank her for it." Poor Jessie! I no longer wondered at the traits of character exhibited by her, for I had learned before leaving home, that she had neither mother, brother nor sister, but lived alone with her wretched father, who was a confirmed and habitual drunkard. That she was capable of feeling, strongly and ardently, I could no longer doubt; and the occasional flashing of her eye had long since betrayed the existence of intellect also—but how could I gain access to that fettered heart and mind, so as to unlock their hidden treasures and bring them to the light of day? This question occupied me during my homeward walk, and I entered school the next day, full of plans for winning the confidence of this singular child, who seemed like one apart from all her species. But Jessie was not there, and fearing she might be ill from her exposure the night before, I dismissed school earlier than usual, and again sought her humble home. She was alone when I entered, lying on a low bed of straw, with the flush of fever on her cheek, and its wild restlessness in her eye. A few small brands were burning on the hearth—the unfurnished apartment was all in disorder, and the November wind found its

way through large crevices in the walls and roof of the miserable tenement. Every thing looked like squalid poverty and wretchedness—but as I approached the bed, Jessie turned towards me with a smile, (the first I had ever seen on that young face,) so beautiful, that I could think of nothing else. It soon faded away, however, and she said, almost in her ordinary manner—"I thought perhaps you would come to-day."

"Did you wish me to come?" I enquired.

"I don't know," she replied—"you look kind, and last night you acted so, but father says folks are all alike—that they don't care for us, and we mustn't care for them." This was the longest speech I had ever heard from her lips, and I rejoiced to gain even this insight into her feelings. Very gently I told her of One above who loved his enemies even unto death, and endeavored to explain to her that his followers learn from him to love one another, and to do good to all without regard to selfish interests or feelings.—She heard me with evident interest, but when I ended asked with great simplicity—

"But where are these good people? I have never seen any of them—unless," she added, coloring as she spoke—"it was that, which made you try so hard to save father last night from drowning." I had a long and interesting conversation with the little girl, and had gained so far upon her, that when I left, she placed her hand on mine, and said earnestly—"I wish you would come again—I love to hear you talk."

I did indeed "come again," and that frequently, during the illness which followed, and was enabled, through the kindness of friends, to make her situation more comfortable. Every succeeding interview interested me more deeply in the poor child whose young affections had been chilled and crusted over by neglect and unkindness, until there was only one being on the wide earth for whom she felt an emotion of tenderness, and he by his vices had rendered himself wholly unworthy of her love. Now, the rock had been smitten as by the hand of God himself, and the waters gushed out, beautifying the moral desert where hitherto all had been a bleak and sterile waste. Mr. Muir was seldom present during my visits to his child—and with a delicacy of feeling which I little expected to find in her, she always avoided any allusion to him, but I discovered from her artless remarks, that since the death of her



mother, which took place when she was but three years old, they had led a wandering, miserable life, avoiding, as far as possible, all intercourse with others, and becoming every year more utterly estranged from God and man. The father had emigrated in early life from Scotland, where he had enjoyed the advantages of a common school, and in a moment of relenting, as he looked on his ignorant and neglected child, determined to send her for one winter, with the other children of the district; but so great was her dislike of the restraints of school, that she had prevailed upon him to let her stay away, when the accident occurred of which I have spoken. Now, however, she seemed only anxious to recover that she might again attend school, and testify her affection for me by strict attention to all her duties.

"Is it wrong," said she to me one day, "for me to love you so much? It is so sweet to have some thing to love dearly, and I never had any thing before. I always loved my poor father, but somehow my heart all the time grew narrower and harder, but since I began to love you, my heart grows large, so that I want to love every body else too. How very, very kind it was in the Savior to die for his enemies. Do you think, ma'am, he cares any thing about a poor child like me?"

"I am sure he does," was my reply—"it was his love and care that led me to you that dreadful night, and that makes me and others feel for you now. You must thank Him for it all, Jessie."

She looked up in my face—(oh, how unlike their former stony gaze, was now the soft light of those tearful eyes!) as she answered—"I do try to thank Him, but you know, ma'am, how ignorant and wicked I am, and it seems as though He could not care for my thanks or my love. But it is no matter"—she added with sudden energy—"I cannot help loving Him if He never knows it, for what you have read and told me about Him is so beautiful, that it makes my heart burn as I lie here alone, to think about it."

Was this Jessie Muir? Was this expressive face, which now revealed every emotion of the heart, the one on which I had looked so hopelessly but six short weeks before? My heart was too full for words, and as I bent down and kissed the forehead of the little invalid, I could only praise Him whose power and grace had wrought the wondrous transformation. A few days after this, Jessie was again in her place at school, but not as before, listless,

indifferent, and unyielding. She was now all energy, all activity, and her progress was truly astonishing. She seemed to learn almost by intuition, and soon outstripped in reading, spelling, and writing, many who had been for years in school. When I once expressed surprise at her proficiency, she answered with a smile—"It is my heart which helps me on, ma'am. I love you so much, that I think I could learn any thing in the world, if you wished it." At her earnest request, I obtained the consent of her father to her joining my class in the Sabbath school, and some of my sweetest moments were spent in listening to her simple, but striking comments on the truths of God's word as explained and enforced in the midst of my little pupils. Her deeply serious manner, her sweet face, so full of earnestness and feeling, and her intelligent replies, made her an object of interest to all who visited the school. In a word, before the close of that short, but happy winter, Jessie Muir was felt and acknowledged by all, both in the weekly and the Sabbath School, to be the "flower of the flock;" and to me, she was dearer than words can express. For her sake mainly, I consented, at the request of the district committee, to continue my labors through the summer and the ensuing winter, and never once did I regret that the silent pleading of her eye, decided me in the affirmative. How delightful were our summer rambles, when, after gathering a variety of flowers and grasses, we seated ourselves in some shady nook, to examine and classify our floral treasures.—Her perception and love of the beautiful exceeded any thing I have ever seen in one so young, and her mind, always thirsting for knowledge, opened to receive it, as the forest flower unfolds to receive the dews of heaven, like that too, bending in meek humility beneath its grateful burden, and reflecting only the pure light of the skies in its tiny cup. She was full of the spirit of poetry, though wholly ignorant of its drapery, and as she questioned me about the wonders of astronomy, or of the unseen world, her thoughts were so beautiful and so original, that on one occasion I could not refrain from asking her—"Where do you get such ideas, my dear child?" She answered with modest simplicity—"I do not know, but it seems to me that the flowers and birds, and the water, and the stars, all talk with me when I am alone, and they tell me so many sweet things, that my heart feels sometimes as though it would burst." When winter came again, with its sleet

and frost and snow, my little Undine, as I playfully termed her, became an inmate of the same house, as my kind hostess offered to board her in consideration of the trifling services she could render between the hours of school. Every day served still more to endear her to us all, and I had formed a thousand plans for the future training of my beloved protegee, when that terrible scourge, the scarlet fever, suddenly made its appearance in the school. The first one attacked by it, was a little girl, a particular favorite with Jessie, who came to me with tears in her eyes, saying that little Amy was very sick, and begged permission to lead her home to her mother. I trembled, on learning the next day, the nature of her disease; and when a few days after, Jessie complained of violent headache, I went to my school-room with a vague foreboding of evil that weighed like a mountain of ice upon my heart. I found her on my return suffering greatly—with violent fever and occasional delirium, during which she called constantly for me, and refused to take her medicine from any hand but mine. "Jessie," said I, as I approached the bed—"will you not do as I wish, while you are sick?" She opened her eyes, made an effort to collect her thoughts, and then answered—"Oh yes—it is Miss R. I hope I have not been cross to you, have I?" She took from me all that the physician ordered, and though she had a bad and restless night, my presence seemed to soothe her, and once during the night she said—"Please sing to me, and then I shall forget my headache, and dream about bright and happy things, such as you told me of, last summer, under the trees." Dear child! Even in delirium her mind was always filled with images of brightness and beauty, and I often wept as I listened to her unconscious utterance of thoughts and feelings that seemed to assimilate her with the angels among whom she was so soon to shine. On the third day of her illness, she begged earnestly to see her father, and he was immediately summoned, but the wretched man was too much intoxicated to come to the bed-side of his dying child. Some plausible excuse was made to her, but I think she suspected the truth, for her eyes filled and her lip quivered as she said to me—"Dear, dear teacher, you will not forget my poor father when I am gone, will you? You had so much patience with me, a poor ignorant, wicked child, that I think you would not get tired of trying to do him good. Oh, if he could but learn the way to heaven!" She stopped, overcome

with her emotions, and for worlds I could not have spoken. At length she said, again addressing me, though with difficulty, for the state of her throat rendered it almost impossible for her to converse—"Perhaps, if I have wings like the little angels you once showed me, God will let me fly down and look at you, and whisper to you about heaven, when you are sad—it would make me so glad to comfort you. Yes," she continued, with startling energy—raising herself as she spoke—"you have been every thing to me, and I love and bless you for it. I was a stone, and you first made me think and feel. You told me of Jesus, and taught me the way to his feet, and now I am going to live with Him and praise Him forever." She sank back exhausted, and the silence of death reigned throughout the room. As soon as I could command my voice, I said to her—"But are you not willing to stay with us, love? Do you not wish to live?" "To live?" she repeated, while an unearthly brightness irradiated her countenance—"why, do you not know I am just going to live? Oh—if you could see what I see—those beautiful angels with their shining wings, and hear their sweet music, you would wish to die too, that you might live with them." The thrilling eloquence of look, and tone, and manner, with which all this was said, is indescribable, but the impression will live forever in my heart. She lay quietly for some time, sinking rapidly, but apparently free from pain, when suddenly opening her eyes and raising her finger, she exclaimed, while a seraphic smile played upon her pale lips—"Hark! hark! they are coming—I hear the rustling of their wings—it is light—light—all light"—and then with a long, tremulous sigh, the happy spirit fled, leaving the impress of its beatitude upon the unconscious clay. A plain marble slab, with the simple inscription—"Jessie," marks the spot where we laid the "flower of our flock" to rest—but though no kindred hands conveyed her to the grave, the tear of affection has often fallen upon it, and her memory is still green in the hearts of a few who loved her here, and hope to meet her again, where "sorrow and parting are sounds unknown."

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John C. 1871

George H. 1871



*Campanula Americana.*  
Bell-flower.





## MY FIRST VOYAGE.

FROM THE DIARY OF A STUDENT.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

I REMEMBER as though it were yesterday, the morning on which I first stepped on board the good ship B—, bound out on a three years' whaling voyage, round the Cape of Good Hope. I was a thoroughly "raw hand," and had never been out sight of land, when I entered the B. as a common sailor, to serve out my time as I best might, before the mast. All was new and strange to me, and when I looked up to the tall, slender spars, and saw the men fearless in climbing to the very top, among the rigging, my brain turned round, and a sickening sensation came over me, so much like fear, that I walked to the side of the vessel, and hid my face for very shame. It was well for me that I had a kind and considerate captain, who understood just how to make allowance for my ignorance and inexperience, so that if I had to endure many a practical joke from my shipmates on account of my awkwardness, I was always sure of an encouraging word or look from him. On the whole, I got along far more comfortably than I expected, though when I thought of home, and the mother who was there weeping and praying for her sailor boy, my heart would melt, and threaten to overflow at my eyes.

In truth, it was no enthusiastic love of glory, no strong passion for the sea, which had tempted me from my home and friends. I had a father who possessed wealth and influence; whose education, talents and general character, secured for him an elevated standing in society. I had a mother, (heaven bless her memory,) who seemed to my young heart the very embodiment of my ideas of angelic sweetness and excellence, and *I was her only child*.—What then had I to do in my present situation? Why had I left the lap of ease and indulgence, for the hardships and exposures of a whaling voyage? Alas, the answer is soon given. Prosperity and unbounded indulgence, had produced on me their usual ill

effects, and so wild and wayward had I become, that I spurned the control of my father, and could even resist the tender entreaties of my angel mother, until my obstinacy was past even their endurance. Long and patiently they tried every method to reclaim their erring but still beloved boy, and very slowly did they admit the conviction to their aching hearts, that no ordinary means could avail to win me back to virtue. For myself, I look back on that part of my life, as a frightful dream. I was reckless and hardened, resolved to have my own way, and to indulge to the utmost all the desires of my evil heart, and the cold severity of my justly incensed father, increased, if possible, the strength of my determination. But when I saw the pale and care-worn, though still mild countenance of my mother—when I witnessed her streaming tears as she prayed in secret for her wayward child, or met her tender, yet reproachful glance, my hardihood all vanished, my spirit was subdued, and I longed to throw myself a weeping penitent, on the bosom where I had so often lain in my happy infancy and childhood. A false shame at such moments, held me back, and I should undoubtedly have made my own destruction sure, had not my mad career been stopped in an unexpected manner.

As we lived in a village far inland, I had scarcely ever thought of a sea-faring life, and certainly never in connection with myself. How great then was my astonishment, when my father informed me, he had decided as a last resort, on sending me to sea, for a three years' voyage in a whale ship, adding, that we were to leave home for New Bedford the following morning. I knew from his manner that remonstrance would be useless, and was not yet so far gone in sin, as to determine on open disobedience; so in silence and sadness I prepared to obey his directions, in making ready for our departure. I saw but little of my mother during the remainder of the day, though continually reminded of her, by a thousand little preparations for my comfort, which only a mother's heart would have suggested.

But after I had retired at night, with the bitter consciousness that it was the last time for years, and possibly forever, that I should sleep under a roof, from which my own folly had driven me, my mother came to my bed-side, and with a tremulous voice, laid open before me, her loving, but lacerated heart. She uttered no words of reproach, and spoke of the past, only as furnishing motives for a

better improvement of the time to come. Of my future prospects, she spoke cheerfully and with hope, should the reformation so much desired, be effected—otherwise she warned me most solemnly of the consequences of continuing in my present state of impenitence and sin. She told me of the snares that would be spread for my feet in my new situation, and depicted in glowing colors the dangers to which the poor sailors are exposed on shore, from the avarice and wickedness of those who live on his hard-earned wages, and lie in wait at every corner to deceive and destroy him. In the strong accents of maternal love, she bade me beware of companionship with her “whose steps take hold on hell,” whose ways lead down to eternal death. “Among your clothes,” she said in conclusion, “you will find a Bible, the parting gift of a mother who loves you, and would gladly shelter you with her life from every evil. Take it, my son, as your chosen friend—the man of your counsel, a lamp to guide safely and surely your inexperienced feet. If you believe, love and obey its blessed precepts, we shall meet in peace again, if not here, yet surely in that better world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” After praying with me, she withdrew, leaving me in a state of self-condemnation and wretchedness such as I had never before experienced. During the silent watches of that long night, my whole past life came up in review before me, and I clearly saw how madly and wilfully I had squandered the rich blessings of Providence, stabbed my parents to the heart, and thrown away the most brilliant prospects—all for what? For the wages which Satan always gives his deluded followers—disappointment and misery.

At length the morning came, and after our early meal had been sent away untasted, and we had knelt for the last time together around the domestic altar, the moment of our departure had arrived. When I received the parting embrace of my beloved mother, when I felt her warm tears on my cheek, and heard her solemnly-pronounced blessing on the youthful exile, I longed to give vent to my feelings, and weep like a very child. But the pride of manhood was strong within me, so choking down the sobs that swelled my bosom almost to suffocation, I followed my father to the carriage, hastily and in silence.

During that sad, and as it seemed to me, tedious journey, my father's manner was kind though serious, and for the first time I

was compelled, day after day, to commune with my own heart, and to listen to its upbraidings. Before we reached New Bedford, my spirit was greatly subdued, and as I received my father's parting admonitions, and his tender farewell, I mentally resolved to retrace my steps, and atone as far as possible for my faults, by a strict attention to all the duties of my new situation. This resolution, though formed in a blind dependence on my own strength, which is perfect weakness, God graciously enabled me in some degree to keep, so that I soon gained the confidence of my superiors, and was regarded by my shipmates as a "good-hearted fellow," though too much of a "land-lubber" to command their unqualified approbation. There was one among them, however, to whom I became strongly attached, and who exerted an influence over me, for which I shall bless God to all eternity.

This was the boat-steerer, a "regular old salt," to whom the ocean, in its wildest moods, was a play-thing, and his ship his only home. Always first on hand in any stirring service, true as steel to his commander and his duty, and brave as a lion, he was the favorite of all the crew, and I learned to admire his seaman-like qualities, before I knew or suspected that beneath his rough exterior was concealed one of the warmest and kindest hearts that ever beat in a sailor's bosom. How often, during the first months of my life on ship-board, was I indebted to his quick wit and ready hand, for my escape from the ridicule of my messmates, and the displeasure of my superiors. I cannot think even now, without tears of gratitude, of his repeated interpositions in my behalf, when ignorance would otherwise have subjected me to certain punishment. His influence in the fore-castle was greater than that of any other man on board, and even in the cabin, he was evidently respected and beloved. It was not long, before I discovered the secret of my shipmate's excellence. "Long Tom," as he was familiarly called, from his great height, was a sincere Christian. He went daily to his Bible, to take orders from the great Captain of his salvation, and from that Chart, he learned how to steer his course, so as to avoid those fatal rocks and quicksands on which so many a poor sailor has made shipwreck both for time and eternity.

Many months had passed since I left my home, and though the image of my mother was continually present with me, I had never once breathed her name to my companions, and felt as if it would

be profanation to speak that sacred name among those who knew nothing of her worth, and could not appreciate the love and veneration which had become a part of my very being." But, one moonlight night, while cruising off the Cape, I chanced to be on watch with Long Tom, and we were beguiling the time by admiring the splendor of the constellations, which, in those southern latitudes, are indescribably beautiful.

"It is a curious fancy," said my companion, "and may be only a superstition of the brain, but there is one star in that Southern Cross, which is always associated in my mind with the memory of my dear old mother. I could almost believe when I gaze upon it, that her blessed spirit now inhabits it, and is looking down on me with eyes of love. Boy," he added with startling earnestness, "have you a mother?" My heart was full to overflowing before he addressed me, for there was something in the deep stillness of the night, the calm grandeur of the boundless ocean, and the quiet beauty of the holy stars that were set as watchers in the azure firmament above us, which subdued my soul to the tenderness of infancy. Moved by an impulse I could not resist, I threw myself on the deck, and gave full vent to my emotions. Long and bitterly I wept, before I could answer the simple question of Long Tom, and then I told him all my story of sin and shame, without one attempt at extenuation or concealment. I poured out the burning thoughts of my mother, of her love, and tenderness, and goodness, while as I did so, I saw tears quietly stealing down the bronzed and furrowed cheeks of my companion. I told him too of my fixed determination to lead a new life, and to atone to my parents, if spared to see them again, for all the grief I had occasioned them. Long Tom heard me patiently and attentively, and when I had ended, took occasion to remind me of the deceitful nature of my own heart, and my absolute need of divine grace to enable me to keep my good resolutions.

"Listen to me," he said, "and though it may be somewhat of a long yarn, I will tell you what God has done for my soul. I was the only son of my mother, and she was a widow. My father, who was the owner and commander of a small fishing smack, was lost while I was yet in my mother's arms, in one of those gales which annually destroy so many lives on the eastern coast of old Massachusetts, leaving his widow with two children, dependent on

her own industry for daily bread. But though we were poor, there was no want in our humble dwelling, and my sister and myself grew up as busy as bees, and as happy as the lark which goes soaring up in the glad sunshine, as if to get nearer to God, while praising him for his goodness. My mother worked hard to provide us with decent clothing, and to send us to school; but she was always cheerful, and made us feel that we had a Father in heaven, who, if we were good children, would love us, and be better to us than all the fathers on earth. Those were bright days, when I loved my mother, and loved my Bible, my school, and the whole world, and feared to do any thing wrong, lest I should offend my Father in heaven.

But as I grew older, other thoughts would come into my mind, in spite of all my attempts to keep them out. I had listened in my childhood to wild tales of the ocean, until my heart was so full of wonder and admiration, that it seemed almost bursting, and then I always exclaimed, 'I too will be a sailor.'

"The childish purpose grew stronger as I advanced in years, though my poor mother's sorrowful look, when I mentioned it before her, made me confine it to my own bosom. After some years of delay, of urgent entreaties on my part, and of repeated refusals on hers, she was at last forced to consent, and I entered the merchant ship *Juno*, bound to Havre, as cabin boy. How my mother wept as she bade me farewell, and begged the captain to watch over my morals, and guard me from sin. Alas, she little knew what a school of vice her son was entering. At that time there were no floating Bethels—none who cared for the soul of the poor sailor, who escaped the dangers of the sea, only to go to pieces on worse rocks the moment he touched the shore.

At first, I was greatly shocked at the profanity and wickedness of my shipmates, but I soon found that morality was quite out of place among them, and learned to relish an oath, or an indecent and low song, as well as the best, or rather the worst of them. I was indeed an apt scholar—so that when after two years, I visited my poor mother, though I tried hard to conceal the change, she saw enough to wring her heart with anguish. The restraints of home, the prayers and counsels of my mother, and the tears of my sister, became soon intolerable to me, and I left my native village with the fixed purpose of returning to it no more.

"Well, for ten long years I kept my wicked purpose, and never once saw the face of my mother, though a part of my wages was regularly sent to her, sufficient to supply her with the comforts of life. But it was not my money she wanted, and my sinfulness and neglect almost broke her heart. In the mean time, my sister, who was good and gentle as I was rebellious, faded away and died like a flower smitten by the frost, leaving my poor mother alone, with nothing to comfort her but her Bible, and the hope of a better world. But God heard her prayers for her wandering sailor boy, and in his own way answered them, when she had well nigh given me up in despair.

"I shall not try to give you any account of a life on which I cannot now look back without the deepest shame and self-abhorrence. It is enough to say, 'I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly.' The moment my foot touched the shore after a long voyage, I was surrounded by harpies in the shape of men, who professed great friendship for me, treated me to a glass of grog, and led me away as an ox to the slaughter, into one of those dens, called sailor boarding-houses, where I was caressed and flattered until my money was gone, and then I soon found myself turned adrift, without friends or credit, obliged to ship again immediately, or take up my lodging in the streets. Poor Jack has indeed been hardly treated in a Christian land; but, thank God, a brighter day is dawning on him, through the Christian kindness of some of the dear children of Jesus.

"But, shipmate, I shall weary your patience with my long yarn, so I will hasten to the time when God met me in my wicked career, and brought me to the knowledge of his dear Son, to whom be glory forever.

"It was in a southern port, and on a Sabbath day, that as I was carelessly strolling along the dock, I saw on a small schooner, a white flag flying at mast head, with the word Bethel inscribed in large characters upon it. Curiosity and the hope of finding some amusement, drew me towards it, but what was my astonishment on entering the cabin, to find myself in the midst of a religious assembly, all intently listening to the words of life as they fell from the lips of a clergyman who was standing on a raised platform, with an open Bible before him, from which he was reading. The novelty of the scene fixed my attention, and uncovering my head



in silence, I involuntarily knelt with the rest of the little congregation during the prayer which followed. After prayer and singing, the minister named his text, and though many long years have passed since that morning, I seem still to hear the solemn tone in which he asked the question—'How shall man be just with God?' In discoursing from these words, he first described the nature of sin, and drew the character of the sinner so exactly to the life, that I felt certain he meant me, and wondered who had been telling him all about my life, aye, and my very heart too. I dared not look up, for I thought all the people must know that the preacher was describing me, and there I sat, guilty and self-condemned, while the instructions of my youth, and the prayers and tears of my mother all came up before me with fearful distinctness. At length he spoke of Jesus, and as he described his love for sinners, and all he had done to save them, I thought I had never heard these good tidings before, though I had been told all about them a thousand times over from my cradle. The next Sabbath I went again to the Bethel ship, and before we sailed, made bold to go to Mr. B., the seamen's preacher, and tell him how much I desired an interest in his prayers, for my soul's salvation. During that voyage I continued low and unhappy, and whenever I could get a chance, read in the Bible which the good minister had given me at parting, with a strict charge not to neglect it for a single day. When next in port, my first care was to find out a Bethel flag, and very soon afterward, while the people of God were engaged in prayer for me, the Lord appeared for my deliverance. He took me out of the horrible pit and mirey clay, set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. He put a new song into my mouth, which I hope to sing forever—even praise to the Lamb. And now you may be sure I wanted to see my dear old mother, to whose prayers and faithfulness, I knew that under God, I owed my salvation. Accordingly having saved my hard earnings since I knocked off grog, and cards, and bad company, I started for the place where the happiest years of my life had been spent, and where my mother waited and watched for me so long. We were both greatly changed by time, and she did not at first recognize her long lost son, but when I made myself known, and above all when she heard what God had done for my soul, her joy and gratitude were almost too much for her feeble frame. Oh, what a meeting, and what a visit we had



together ! At the grave of my sister, I listened to the story of her short but useful and happy life and her triumphant death, while through her tears my mother exclaimed—' Blessed be God, if one dear child has been called away a little before me, another has been given back, whom I feared I had lost forever. Truly " this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." '

" I never saw my mother again, for she died soon after my departure, saying with her last breath—' Now, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation.' A few more rising and setting suns, a few more days of toil and trial, and I shall go to be with her, and that dear Savior who loved me and died for me for ever and ever ! I shall bid adieu to sin and sorrow and suffering, and stand in the presence of God where is fulness of joy, and at his right hand where there are pleasures for evermore. Shipmate, is not such a hope worth having ?"

Long Tom looked me full in the face as he ceased speaking, and his countenance actually shone with holy joy and triumph. The great truths of which he had spoken, were familiar to me as "household words," yet they now reached my heart for the first time.—The circumstances in which I was placed, and the novelty of hearing such truths from the lips of a sailor, one of a class who have been supposed far enough removed from religious influences, gave them a power I never before felt, and the blessed Spirit of God fastened them on my mind and conscience, so that I could not shake them off. The Bible given me by my beloved mother from that night became my constant companion, and I read its sacred pages with ever fresh delight, though many weeks passed away, before I was enabled to apply its precious promises to my own case, or to believe with the heart on Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

Ever after that memorable night, a strong bond of union existed between Long Tom and myself, and many were the pleasant hours we spent together in talking of the past, the present and the future. At the close of our long and successful voyage, when we reached our native land, I bade him farewell with feelings of the deepest affection and regret. Peace to the memory of an excellent and beloved brother ! He was not long after lost in a violent storm off the coast of Brazil, with his vessel and all her crew, but has found shelter, I doubt not, in the haven of everlasting rest, where his hopes had so long been anchored.

I had heard only once from my parents since leaving home, and my anxiety to learn their welfare was intense. What changes might have taken place in that little circle during the three years in which I had been absent! It was with a heart full of conflicting emotions, though joy and hope predominated, that I started out to find an old friend of my father, to whom I had been introduced previous to leaving New Bedford. Almost the first person I met in the streets, was the gentleman of whom I was in search, but when I eagerly accosted him, he turned on me a look of astonishment. He did not recognize in the sun-burnt sailor, with his checked shirt and tarpaulin, the smart young dandy who had three years before come to New Bedford to encounter the "rough and tumble" of a whaling voyage; but if the external man was altered, the internal one was I hope still more so, and when after warmly welcoming me back again, he said affectionately—"Well, C., I hope you are now willing to go home, and be a dutiful son, and carry comfort to the heart of your parents," my heart was on my lips as I answered with tears—"thank God, sir, I believe I am."

If the readers wish to know how the returning prodigal was received by those who gave him birth, I would refer them to the Gospel of Luke, 15th chapter, from the 20th to the 24th verse, where they will find the scene described much better than I could hope to do it. There was joy under that roof, in proportion to the sorrow that had gone before, and never did a warmer thanksgiving ascend to God, than went up from that family altar the evening after my return.

My first voyage was also my last, but though years have since passed away, its incidents are still fresh in my memory, and I know full well the heart of a sailor. I rejoice that the day star of hope has at length risen on this noble but neglected class of men, and that so much is doing for their elevation and salvation. May He, whose Spirit dictated these efforts, increase them an hundred fold, and guide them safely and speedily forward to a glorious consummation.\*

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\* This article was published some time since, without the author's name. It is inserted in the Wreath by special request.

## A TWILIGHT SCENE.

BY D. S. H.

Lo! the twilight veil is falling  
O'er the mountain's lofty brow;  
With "impressive silence" calling,  
From his toil the laborer now.  
But his face is darkly shaded,  
And he moves with heavy tread;  
As the day his strength hath faded—  
Weary droops his aching head:

And his brother half he chideth—  
Deems the spirit's love is dim,  
Who in plenty now abideth,  
Leaving want and toil for him.  
Not that labor he disdaineth,  
Or would meanly be a drone;  
But th' o'er taxed frame complaineth,  
Of the weight upon it thrown.

Hark! a sweet, glad cry is ringing  
On the quiet evening out;  
Richer than the wild-bird's singing—  
He can hear his children shout.  
"Father's coming!—Father's coming!"  
Lo! that darkened face grows bright;  
Soothing as the bee's soft humming,  
Is that happy sound to-night.

Now, those tiny footsteps guiding,  
He hath reached the cottage door;  
And his heart forgets her chiding  
'Neath the household trees once more:  
With his children round him twining—  
Gazing in her soul-lit eyes,  
Whose bright smile is meekly shining,  
Like the star in evening skies.

Holy Love! o'er vale and mountain,  
In the cottage and the hall;  
God himself thy deathless Fountain—  
Every where the poor man's all.  
Through life's shadows thou art streaming,  
Polar star to wand'ers given:  
On the weary spirit beaming—  
Pointing to the rest of Heaven.

## MATERNAL LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.—BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A YOUNG physician, Augustin by name, had received a commission from a lady, who had no children, to procure her a child of poor and honest parents, that she might adopt and educate it, as her own. Augustin informed his sister Regina of this, and she told him of a poor widow, who lived in a neighboring village, and who had five children.

"The mother has applied to us to obtain work in our garden," said Regina. "She is an active, cheerful woman, still quite pretty, and the children are the picture of health, and all like the mother."

As, upon inquiry, it was found that there was no hereditary disease in the family, towards evening on the following day, Augustin and Regina went to the village. They soon reached the cottage, which was situated at the extremity of the village, and was built upon a steep, grassy slope. The children were here playing beneath the fruit trees. The mother, who was preparing their evening meal, stood leaning against the door-post of the little kitchen, swinging, with grotesque gestures, the long spoon toward the youngest, who was sitting on the grass, and laughing loud at its mother's ludicrous grimaces. She ran into the house, and returned with a couple of wooden stools, which she placed upon the grass-plot for her visitors, and, with a few pieces of cake, which Augustin had brought with him, he soon collected the little band around him. The eldest was a little girl, about six years of age; the youngest was ten months old. When they were all busy eating their cake, even the youngest gnawing bravely upon his slice, Augustin observed to the mother, that she must find it quite a task to take care of so many little ones.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "it is hard indeed for a poor mother, who is obliged to go out to day's works. She cannot carry them with her, and strangers will not take good care of them, neither do they like to have them in the house. For that reason, I always try to get work in the neighborhood."

"If they were but older and larger," said Augustin.

But the woman shook her head, and replied—"Ah, sir, as children grow, trouble grows with them; it is not the mother's toil that diminishes, but her strength. And it seems as if heaven did not watch over them so carefully when they are grown, as it does when they are little. It is the same as with grand-parents, who usually fondle the youngest grand-children the most. You may have observed that children, although more exposed, meet with far fewer accidents than grown people. The reason is, that they still have their guardian angels; but the lads and lasses fall out too easily with the pure, good spirits, and then they leave them."

Augustin was pleased with the cheerful, resolute character of the woman. It was evident that she had been well educated for her sphere in life, and that she had not forgotten what she had been taught, but she mingled and interwove with it her own experience and observation, so that with much natural good sense, she expressed thoughts and opinions that were somewhat peculiar.—At last, Augustin informed her of the object of his visit.

"Although to be relieved of one child, out of the five, is not much," he said, "yet the good fortune of one, and its ability at some future day to help the others, is not to be slighted; it may smoothen their path through life, for the person who wishes to adopt it is rich and benevolent, and with her the child will receive a good and religious education."

The woman was surprised at Augustin's proposal, but, as it seemed, not disagreeably so. She nodded in assent to his remarks, and, at last, interrupted him with the words—"Oh, I know that, sir. Before I was married I lived at service with Madame N——. She had been an adopted child, and married a very rich man; she often rode in a carriage to see her parents, and took the most beautiful presents with her. Ah, she was an angel of a woman! One does not like to part with one's children, it is true; but if they could be so fortunate as she was——"

"All that remains to be done then, my good mother," said Augustin, "is to decide which of your children you will give up to my friend." And as he observed that the woman turned a little pale, he added—"The child can remain with you until the good lady comes to see you, and you can convince yourself what an excellent woman she is. In my opinion, your eldest is a pretty maiden, and would look nicely in long dresses."

"How! Margaret, doctor?" replied the woman, anxiously. "I can spare her least of all. She has to take care of the house, when I go out to work. And then, besides, she can help me in a great many ways."

"After all, perhaps the lady would prefer a boy," said Regina.

"Perhaps so. So then, Andrew! come here, my little fellow! Shake hands with me. Will you go with me, and have cake every day to eat?" The boy laughed in embarrassment, and looked towards his mother, who kept pulling and twitching restlessly at her apron.

"No, doctor," said the peasant woman, "I must keep Andrew. He fetches water from the spring yonder by the church. He does it finely, too; don't you, Andrew? Water, you know, doctor, we cannot do without an hour, and Andrew brings it."

Augustin replied with a smile. "Well, the third is a boy too.—His name is Conrad, is it not?"

"Yes, Conrad," replied the woman, with increasing anxiety, "and he helps Andrew bring water. The boys are as yet too small, and one must help the other, doctor."

"He cannot be spared, then?" said Augustin, endeavoring to repress a smile.

"No, not Conrad. He minds me the best of any, and has always given me the least trouble; have you not, Conrad?"

"Well, then," said Regina, smiling, "we must content ourselves with a girl. What is the name of the fourth, then?"

"We call her Nelly. Her god-mother's name is Margaret. But the pastor thought, as we already had one Margaret, he would baptize her by the name of her patron saint. That was the way she came by the name of Petronella, which sounds a little grand for us poor people. She has to take care of the baby, my little Dick, he can only creep; he cannot walk yet. And in that I can trust her entirely. She plays "pat a cake" with him, takes him under the arms, and leads him back and forth, and keeps a sharp eye upon him. I should be sadly at a loss with the little fellow, if I could not trust so completely to Petronella."

"We need not ask for Petronella, then, my good woman?"

"No, no, doctor, on account of the baby."

Augustin and Regina glanced at each other and smiled, while the woman wiped the sweat from her forehead.

"So then, we must relieve you of your smallest burden!" said Augustin. "It is true, my friend expects an older child, but at this age it will become more fond of her, and it will be dearer to her from the trouble she has with it. Am I not right?"

"My youngest? Ah, my good doctor, no, not my chubby little baby."

"But the child can be nothing but a trouble to you."

"But it is my baby, doctor. No, no, I must keep him; I cannot let my baby go," and she sprang after the child, caught it up, and ran, kissing and hugging it, into the house, as if to carry it to a place of safety.

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SONNET,

TO A VIOLET FOUND IN DECEMBER.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

ILL-FATED Violet! opening thy blue eye

In Winter's face, who treacherous smiles to see

So fair a child, of parent such as HE!

And didst thou think in his chill lap to lie

—Wrapt in the fallen mantle of the tree—

Secure as if Spring's bosom cherished thee?

Ah, little flower! thy doom must be to die

By thy own sire, like Saturn's progeny.

In vain do human gentleness and love,

And breathing beauty hope to melt the soul

Through which a holy influence never stole;

Tho' softening love the lion's heart may move,

It cannot make cold SELF itself forget,

Nor canst thou Winter change, sweet VIOLET.

## THE WORLD OF THOUGHT.

BY MRS. A. B. HYDE.

A WORLD of wonders is this world in which we live. The spirit which characterized a city of ancient renown, whose inhabitants spent their time in nothing else than to hear or to tell some new thing, may expatiate in ceaseless activity all the allotted term of human life, if directed to enquire out and rehearse the marvels crowded into our narrow dwelling place, our comparatively atom globe, and never exhaust its aliment. The time would fail if such were our purpose, to particularize one of a thousand of the paths in which these wonderful things may be searched for and found. We have but to look with an attentive and intelligent eye, and they meet us everywhere; in the innumerable forms of vegetable and animal life, of mineral organization, of atmospheric change. Those who have sought acquaintanceship with the feathered inhabitants of the ærial regions, with the races that walk the earth, with the insect tribes, or those that fill the mighty waters with the joy of life; have found in their several pursuits, not only materials for life-long labor, but a rich and ever-growing reward. Were the days of Methuselah ours, they would be too few to finish the examination of those works of our Creator which are now open to our research, and from the investigation of which, none need return empty. Shame on those to whom a summer's day is a weariness for want of agreeable occupation. Who need languish in ennui, with such varied entertainments inviting them on every side?

But though in passing, we would say, especially to the youthful reader, study nature, cultivate your intellect and your taste, and pleasure will come at your call wheresoever you may turn your steps; accustom yourself to observe and enjoy the unnumbered objects around you fitted to excite and gratify a rational curiosity, and you will thus be preserved not only from the misery of a vacant mind, but from many moral evils, yet our present design is to introduce you to a world more wonderful than this upon which you look, so full of beauty to your eye and music to your ear; a



world with which you are intimately connected, and to which, it may be, you are too much a stranger—the world of thought.

But at what point shall we approach our subject? Consider for a moment, the thoughts which have been passing through your own mind to-day. You will recollect them but imperfectly, and they may have been on trifling topics, such you deem not worth recalling. Perhaps you are scarcely willing to encounter the sorry figure the fugitives would make if gathered into a phalanx; but whatever their character, they have been numerous this day, and every day that you have lived. Suppose now that every thought you have ever had, were distinctly drawn out in writing—how long would be the scroll! But there are other minds around you, as busy as your own; that amazing process, the operation of the wonderful instrument which God has constructed with such exquisite skill, is constantly going on. What an incalculable multitude of thoughts are now stirring, more or less strongly, the breasts of the human race. Though in some individuals, intellect appears listless and almost dormant, in others it works with a restless and even fearful energy.

We take up a volume. It is the record of an individual mind, a sketch of a few of the thoughts, with some of their results in action, of a single person. But suppose the record were complete, covering the whole period of life, and expressing every thought in language: such a biography would be a formidable affair. We look over the historic page; the book sometimes appears forbidding from its magnitude; for instance, that which Macauley describes as containing two thousand closely printed pages, occupying fifteen hundred inches, cubic measure, and weighing sixty pounds avoirdupois.—The school girl has been heard to complain over her compends, that history was so tedious,—the riper student to lament amid his tomes, that life was so short. But if the entire history of mankind were to be delineated, the whole course of human events and their connexions, the remote as well as the proximate, covering of course the secret workings of mind, as they have actually existed, were set forth; we might indeed say that the world itself could not contain the books which should be written.

But these thoughts—the thoughts of the thousands of million of minds that have been upon this earth and that are yet to be; these thoughts that have been the moving springs of all the great ex-

plots that have been enacted upon the theatre of time ; these thoughts that have wrought out weal or wo, life or death, to each of the human family ; for "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he : " these thoughts, what becomes of them ? Have those which have passed through our own vanished as a vapor ? It may be that they have escaped our recollection ; they seem as though they had never been. But the morning mist, disappearing, is not extinct ; the dew drop exhaled is not lost, but garnered with God's treasures. And think you that the scintillations of immortal mind go out and perish ? No, it is not so, their record is made, graven as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, indestructible as the living soul. And how do we know but the spiritual nature of man is that book of God, from which this amazing record is to be read to more worlds than this, in the great and terrible day of the Lord ? How do we know but that every thought it originates, remains impressed upon the soul, to be made manifest by the circumstances of its future being ; like characters traced in sympathetic ink, and invisible till brought into contact with the revealing heat ?

What a depth of import may we hereafter see in the great lesson of the scriptures, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," when the results of our probation become the endless realities of our being, when the thoughts we have cherished here, are met again as the companions and the arbiters, the comforters or the tormentors of our unchanging state.

There are persons, and their number is not small, who have a great aversion to familiarity with that inner world at which we have been taking a glance. Any thing and every thing is welcome to occupy their time and attention, if they can thus avoid self-acquaintance, and shut out the unwelcome thought of God and accountability. They find many facilities for keeping these topics from intruding upon their minds, and greedily avail themselves of all that offer. But a period is coming when their condition in this respect will be greatly changed. The outward and visible, that which addresses itself to the senses, will be excluded ; and the soul driven back upon itself ; for it will live only in the world of thought. Sad then must be the state of such as in this life have shunned or neglected the serious consideration of those things in which they were most of all concerned.

There are in the universe other intelligent minds than those

which dwell in these tabernacles of clay—minds of immeasurably greater activity and compass; but how numerous, or of how many grades, we may not even conjecture. To Him who sits upon the throne, every thought of every one of these minds lies open as in a perfect transparency, and it is over *mind* especially that His government is exercised. All the magnificence of His wide creation, overpowering to thought, unspeakably above and beyond our comprehension, the whole vast frame-work of the material and invisible, is in His sight of less value than one of these undying minds. What a world, then, is the world of thought! Over what a domain does the Almighty extend his sceptre!

It is but a little that we, creatures of yesterday, can know of this world of surpassing wonder, this great and heaving sea of intellect. But is it not a most worthy and inviting theme of contemplation? Will it not lead to juster views of the objects and destinies of our being? May it not awaken reflections tending to quiet the agitations of passion, to ennoble our own characters, and to elevate our conceptions of the Infinite Mind?

The vestibule of this inner sanctuary of the great temple of the universe, is no other than our own minds; to know ourselves is the first step in discovering the grand and solemn marvels it enfolds, and in cherishing the spirit appropriate to the worship of its Divine Architect.

In these pages we have but touched our theme; to do even this, seems almost temerity in beings so little. Yet through the mercy of our Father in heaven, we may hope, when the veil of flesh is removed to look into this sanctuary with purified and stronger vision, and with enlarged capacity, and holier devotion, for ever to admire and adore the Great King in His supremacy of unerring wisdom and infinite love, as illustrated by the astonishing developments in the empire of mind—the *world of thought*.

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#### CAMPANULA—OR, BELL-FLOWER.

GEN. CHAR.—Calyx mostly five-cleft—corolla campanulate, five lobed—stigma three-fifth cleft—capsule three-fifth celled—opening by lateral pores. SPEC. CHAR.—Stem erect—leaves ovate-lanceolate, serrate—flowers axillary—style exsert. A tall, erect species, found in fields, hills, &c., in Western New-York and Pennsylvania to Illinois, also cultivated in gardens. Flowers in August.

## HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

### A CURE FOR LOW SPIRITS.

BY MARY S. GRAHAM.

FROM some cause, real or imaginary, I felt low spirited. There was a cloud upon my feelings, and I could not smile as usual, nor speak in a tone of cheerfulness. As a natural result, the light of my countenance being gone, all things around me were in shadow. My husband was sober, and had little to say; the children would look strangely at me when I answered their questions, or spoke to them for any purpose, and my domestics moved about in a quiet manner, and when they addressed me, did so in a tone more subdued than usual.

This re-action upon my state, only made darker the clouds that veiled my spirits. I was conscious of this, and was conscious that the original cause of my depression was entirely inadequate, in itself, to produce the result which had followed. Under this feeling, I made an effort to rally myself, but in vain; and sank lower from the very struggle to rise above the gloom that overshadowed me.

When my husband came home at dinner time, I tried to meet him with a smile; but I felt that the light upon my countenance was feeble, and of brief duration. He looked at me earnestly, and, in his kind and gentle way, enquired if I felt no better, affecting to believe that my ailment was one of the body instead of the mind. But I scarcely answered him, and I could see that he felt hurt.—How much more wretched did I become at this. Could I have then retired to my chamber, and, alone, give my full heart vent in a passion of tears, I might have obtained relief to my feelings. But, I could not do this.

While I sat at the table, forcing a little food into my mouth for appearance sake, my husband said—

“You remember the fine lad who has been for some time in our store?”

I nodded my head, but the question did not awaken in my mind the slightest interest.

"He has not made his appearance for several days : and I learned this morning, on sending to the house of his mother, that he was very ill."

"Ah !" was my indifferent response. Had I spoken what was in my mind, I would have said—"I'm sorry, but I can't help it." I did not, at the moment, feel the smallest interest in the lad.

"Yes," added my husband, "and the person who called to let me know about it, expressed his fears that Edward would not get up again."

"What ails him ?" I enquired.

"I did not clearly understand. But he has fever of some kind. You remember his mother very well ?"

"Oh, yes. You know she has worked for me. Edward is her only child, I believe."

"Yes. And his loss to her will be almost every thing."

"Is he so dangerous ?" I enquired, a feeling of interest beginning to stir in my heart.

"He is not expected to live."

"Poor woman ! How distressed she must be ! I wonder what her circumstances are just at this time. She seemed very poor when she worked for me."

"And she is very poor still, I doubt not. She has herself been sick, and during the time it is more than probable that Edward's wages were all her income. I am afraid she has suffered, and that she has not, now, the means of procuring for her sick boy things necessary for his comfort. Could you not go around there this afternoon, and see how they are ?"

I shook my head, instantly, at this proposition, for sympathy for others was not yet strong enough to expel my selfish despondency of mind.

"Then I must step around," replied my husband, "before I go back to the store, although we are very busy to-day, and I am much wanted there. It would not be right to neglect the lad and his mother under present circumstances."

I felt rebuked at these words ; and, with a forced effort, said—

"I will go."

"It will be much better for you to see them than for me," returned my husband, "for you can understand their wants better, and minister to them more effectually. If they need any comforts, I would like you to see them supplied."

It still cost me an effort to get ready, but as I had promised that I would do as my husband wished, the effort had to be made. By the time I was prepared to go out, I felt something better. The exertion I was required to make, tended to disperse, slightly, the clouds that hung over me, and, as they began, gradually, to move, my thoughts turned, with an awakening interest, toward the object of my husband's solicitude.

All was silent within the humble abode to which my errand led me. I knocked lightly, and in a few moments the mother of Edward opened the door. She looked pale and anxious.

"How is your son, Mrs. Ellis?" I enquired, as I stepped in.

"He is very low, ma'am," she replied.

"Not dangerous, I hope?"

"The fever has left him, but he is as weak as an infant. All his strength is gone."

"But proper nourishment will restore him, if the disease is broken."

"So the doctor says. But I'm afraid it is too late. He seems to be sinking every hour. Will you walk up and see him, ma'am?"

I followed Mrs. Ellis up stairs, and into the chamber where the sick boy lay. I was not surprised at the fear she had expressed, when I saw Edward's pale, sunken face, and hollow, almost expressionless eyes. He scarcely noticed my entrance.

"Poor boy!" sighed his mother. "He has had a very sick spell." My liveliest interest was at once awakened.

"He has been sick indeed!" I replied, as I laid my hand upon his white forehead. I found that his skin was cold and damp.—The fever had nearly burned out the vital energies of his system.

"Do you give him much nourishment?"

"He takes a little barley water."

"Has not the doctor ordered wine?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mrs. Ellis, but she spoke with an air of hesitation. "He says a spoonful of good wine, three or four times a day, would be very good for him."

"And you have not given him any?"

"No, ma'am."

"We have some very pure wine, that we always keep for sickness. If you will step over to our house, and tell Alice to give you a bottle of it, I will stay with Edward until you return."

How brightly glowed that poor woman's face, as my words fell upon her ears!

"Oh, ma'am, you are very kind!" said she. "But it will be asking too much of you to stay here!"

"You didn't ask it, Mrs. Ellis," I smilingly replied. "I have offered to stay; so do you go for the wine as quickly as you can, for Edward needs it very much."

I was not required to say more. In a few minutes I was alone with the sick boy, who lay almost as still as if death were resting upon his half closed eye-lids. To some extent, in the half hour I remained thus in that hushed chamber, did I realize the condition and feelings of the poor mother whose only son lay gasping at the very door of death, and all my sympathies were, in consequence, awakened.

As soon as Mrs. Ellis returned with the wine, about a tea spoonful of it was diluted, and the glass containing it placed to the sick lad's lips. The moment its flavor touched his palate, a thrill seemed to pass through his frame, and he swallowed eagerly.

"It does him good!" said I, speaking warmly, and from an impulse of pleasure that made my heart glow.

We sat and looked with silent interest upon the boy's face, and we did not look in vain, for something like warmth came upon his wan cheeks, and when I placed my hand again upon his forehead, the coldness and dampness was gone. The wine had quickened his languid pulses. I staid an hour longer, and then another spoonful of the generous wine was given. Its effect was as marked as at first. I then withdrew from the humble home of the widow and her only child, promising to see them again in the morning.

When I regained the street, and my thoughts, for a moment, reverted to myself, how did I find all changed. The clouds had been dispersed—the heavy hand raised from my bosom. I walked with a freer step. Sympathy for others, and active efforts to do others good, had expelled the evil spirits from my heart; and now serene peace had there again her quiet habitation. There was light in every part of my dwelling when I re-entered it, and I sung cheerfully, as I prepared with my own hands a basket of provisions for the poor widow.

When my husband returned in the evening, he found me at work, cheerfully, in my family, and all bright and smiling again. The effort to do good to others had driven away the darkness from my spirit, and the sunshine was again upon my countenance, and reflected from every member of my household.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

Miss M——S—— met with a severe accident last summer, which has confined her ever since to her couch. While the cold mantle of winter lay spread upon the beautiful earth, and the cheerful fire brightened her chamber, she seemed to have no desires for any thing beyond its walls. But when the bright spring came, clothing the earth again with beauty, then her heart yearned with irrepressible longings to go forth and bathe in the glad sunlight. It was in that bitter hour that the Angel of Mercy comforted her.

It was the first warm day of spring,  
And all the earth was bright,  
And every plant and living thing  
Looked upward to the light;  
When a fair maiden, gazing forth  
Upon the clear blue sky,  
And then upon the gladsome earth,  
Heav'd from her heart a sigh.

"In vain for me all nature wears  
A bright and happy smile,"  
The maiden said, (and burning tears  
Ran down her cheeks the while!)  
"I have no strength to wander free  
Among earth's joyous things,  
And list her wild-harp's minstrelay,  
From its ten thousand strings.  
I've heard it said that every child  
A guardian angel had;  
O where was mine, that cruel day  
When I became so sad?"

A rustling sound the maiden heard  
Yet saw no creature near;  
It ceased—and then a gentle word  
Broke on her startled ear:  
"Fair maiden—weep not—I am nigh  
To hear thy lightest call,  
And none was nearer thee than I,  
The day of thy sad fall.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I could have borne thy gentle form  
In safety on mine arm,  
As the light leaf the winged storm,  
And kept thee from all harm.

"But He who rules both thee and me,  
Saw best that thou should'st fall;  
We should not question His decree,  
Or into judgment call  
The Sov'reign purpose of our God;  
Perhaps He wished that thou  
Should'st early feel His chast'ning rod,  
That thou may'st learn to bow  
Submissive at His feet, and own  
Thy strength can come from Him alone.

"Perhaps some greater danger hovered  
Around thy pathway there;  
Some evil from thy foresight covered,  
Which God with tender care  
Prevented by this sudden stroke,—  
Some dark delusive dream,  
From which thou never had'st awoke,  
But for this mercy-gleam!

"Thy lot is not all dark—look up!  
There is no cause for wailing;  
'Tis not all bitter in thy cup,  
His mercy is unfailing.  
Around thy heart are many friends  
Who mourn thy present sorrow;  
God sends the night—but also sends  
The glad sun on the morrow!"

The Angel ceased—and Heaven's own calm  
Came o'er that maiden's heart:  
His words proved like a healing balm,  
To cure grief's inward smart.  
She felt no more all sad and lone,  
But knew that God was near;  
She smiled His mercy thus to own,  
And dried the falling tear.

*Philadelphia, June 1st, 1848.*

## THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

PHYSICAL education has reference simply to the body, and is designed to promote good health, and to invigorate the corporeal constitution. Its importance will not be questioned, if we remember that without health and strength, life must be comparatively useless, as well as miserable. The body is the organ of the spirit, which through its different senses, finds access to the external world—through its ear, it drinks in the tones and voices of loving friends, and the varied melody of nature—the eye and the senses are all avenues leading from the bright and the beautiful without, to the intelligent and immortal dweller within. If the body be neglected—if it fail to receive a healthy and harmonious development, the mind is trammelled and embarrassed in its earthly mission, and can never reach the high goal of sublime and superior attainment. If it be enfeebled, the subject of disease and pain, the spirits will become depressed—life will assume a sombre hue, and selfishness and misanthropy will be likely to gain the ascendancy over the character. To anticipate and prevent this, parents in training their children, should study the laws of health, and studiously employ those means that are best adapted to impart vigor to the physical constitution. The seeds of disease and premature decay, are frequently sown in youth, and that too by the negligence or indulgence of parents. Visit the families of the rich, and too often you find the children pale, effeminate, and feeble, as the result of fashion and refinement—too much stimulation, unhealthy diet, and indolent habits. Go to some of our large manufacturing villages, and in many instances you will find children and youth forced to an amount of labor and confinement which their physical system is unable to bear. They are worn out, and their constitution broken, before the period of manhood.

A suitable degree of exercise, industry, and temperance, is essential to good health, and should therefore be included in the physical education of the young. Where these are omitted, we may expect the rising generation to be infirm, and sickly, physically unfitted

for the responsible offices of life, a burden to themselves, and a tax upon their friends and the world.

We feel that we are speaking of a subject eminently practical, as well as important. How often do we see young men emerging from their preparatory or professional studies, garlanded with literary honors, panting for distinction, but with bodies feeble and trembling with disease, disqualified to execute the high purposes of the mind, or realize its splendid and fondly cherished hopes.—There is an error somewhere, and it has its origin in the family circle, and is perpetuated through the whole course of intellectual training. The casket is broken and wasted before the gem is polished to sparkle with its own appropriate lustre, and in its destined place. This is an ominous and almost universal evil. The short-lived and effeminate race now upon the stage are not to be compared, in point of vigor, to the men of sturdier times and simpler habits. Our Puritan ancestors were men of muscular energy, educated for their times, capable of hardships and heroic achievements. So of the revolutionary patriots and of the men that constituted the first congress. Their very appearance inspired respect, and they were physically, as well as mentally, qualified for the high duties and responsibilities to which they were called. Men of feebler frame and less nerve would have wilted under the burdens, which they carried with dignified and manly ease.

National prosperity, refinement, and popular prejudice, have introduced luxurious, indolent, and hurtful habits, and we are in danger of degenerating into a nation of pigmies. We need some voice of warning, authoritative as the fiat of God, to startle us from our guilty intoxication—our criminal indifference to health and the harmonious development of our physical being. Is it asked, What can be done? Let our system of education be remodeled somewhat, and the body educated conjointly with the mind. Let children have frequent exercise amid the free and refreshing winds, over the green fields, beneath the bright and bending heavens; or if they must be confined to the heat, dust and smoke of a crowded city, let frequent bathing and gymnastic exercise be practiced—let intemperance in eating and drinking be carefully avoided—let the early morning air be inhaled, sweet and fragrant as if wafted from a land of spices.—Let parents teach their children to abjure those

pleasures that stimulate to excess, and leave the mind and body paralyzed and enfeebled—to shun the foetid atmosphere of the theatre and of the midnight saloon as they would a land infested with the plague. Let them know that the only way of safety is distance—resist the first inclinations of the heart—and away with that cruelty of parental dalliance which allows the infatuation ever to commence!

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THE SHIPWRECK.—SEE ENGRAVING.

How often, in looking over the marine list of a daily or weekly paper, do we see a notice like the following—"The schooner *Noyes*, Hatch, master, was fallen in with by the *Erromanga*, for Greenock, under these circumstances: the *E.* fell in with the wreck of the *Noyes*, with only the master clinging to it, the rest of the crew, six in number, having perished some days previous, took him on board in a very exhausted state, he having been nine days on the wreck, without any thing to drink, and almost nothing to eat."

How little do we reckon, as we read this short sentence, of the concentrated agony contained in the brief record! Who that has not felt it, can realize the first terrible bursts of the tempest, over the devoted vessel—the fierce but hopeless struggle for life—or the wild shriek that is borne on the wing of the whirlwind, as the good ship and her gallant crew go down, down to the depths of the fathomless ocean, to rest there in its coral caves till at the voice of the archangel the sea shall give up her dead. Or if, perchance, one may escape the doom of his companions, and left alone on the solitary deep, look eagerly over the waste of waters in search of succor; ah! who can estimate the torture of hope deferred, of alternate expectation and despair, of delirious thirst and raging hunger, as for nine long days and nights he clings in his anguish to the spars that sustain his sinking frame—until at length, as the torpor of death steals over him, human voices are in his ear—human hands are carefully raising him, and his wild dream of hope is a reality—he is saved—he is saved! The engraving in this No. represents the shipwrecked mariner, while still alone, ere yet the wished-for relief has reached him. His faithful dog is at his side, sharing his sufferings, and so far as sympathy may avail alleviating them by his mute caresses.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

**THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.**—With an Introduction by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Two volumes octavo. New-York: M. W. Dodd.

In giving to the public, this most beautiful edition of the Works of Charlotte Elizabeth, the publisher has conferred a favor on the numerous admirers of this gifted writer, that will undoubtedly be properly appreciated. The work is got up in superior style, splendidly bound, and embellished with several very fine engravings, among which, is a portrait of the author, which is alone worth the price of the volumes. Of the value of the works thus republished, we have often before spoken. Many of them have long since taken their places among the standard publications of the day, and all of them are replete with interest and instruction. We trust the demand for this valuable edition of the writings of Mrs. Tonna, will correspond with its beauty and worth.

**"LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS."** Vol. 3d. Harper & Brothers.

The interest that has been gradually accumulating through the preceding volumes of this work is concentrated in the third, which forms in fact, a series of graphic pictures of the terrific scenes of the first French revolution, drawn by one whose habits of thought and feeling, well qualified him to analyze its conflicting elements. The character of Robespierre as given by Lamartine, is so new to us, that we are hardly prepared to express an opinion in regard to its correctness. One thing is certain—if Lamartine has done no more than justice to this singular man, contemporary annalists have done him far less, for no two human beings could be more unlike, than the Robespierre of Lamartine, and the blood-stained wretch whose very name is among the most fearful of our childish reminiscences. We commend the entire work to all our readers.

**"KINGS AND QUEENS—OR LIFE IN THE PALACE."** By John S. C. Abbott. Harper & Brothers.

These sketches of the most distinguished personages of Europe, are drawn by a master hand, and with the life-like distinctness, which characterizes all the works of the popular author. In many respects too, the portraits are undoubtedly correct—though we cannot but think the *prestige* of royalty has thrown around some of them, a charm exceeding the reality. This seems to us especially the case in regard to Louis Philippe, his father, the infamous *Egalité*, and Maria Louisa, whose Italian subjects regard her as very far removed from the amiable though indolent being described in this work. Our youthful readers will find this work full of romantic interest, while at the same time its perusal will enable them better to understand the present state of Europe, and of the crowned heads who form an essential part of its shifting pageantry.

**"CHARMS AND COUNTER CHARMS."**—By Maria J. McIntosh. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

An admirable book full of valuable lessons for the young, and abounding in scenes of thrilling interest and beauty. One thing, however, in this and the preceding work of the same author, strikes us as a fault. Her pattern characters are too tame—they want the vigor, the *vitality*, if we may so express ourselves, of the more faulty ones. This is a species of high treason against virtue, by compelling our sympathies, in spite of our reason, to range themselves on the side of moral weakness, to give it no stronger name. The character of Mrs. Mabury is finely imagined, and well sustained, and calculated to leave a salutary impression on the minds of all who read the work.

**"GRANTLEY MANOR."**—A Tale—By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. D. Appleton & Co.

As a tale, the work before us is not only well conceived and written, but the lesson it inculcates in reference to the duties and dangers of life, are of great value and importance, and were it not for the decided leaning manifested by the noble writer, toward what we regard as the fatal error of Romanism, we should give it our unqualified commendation. As it is, we should hesitate, before placing in the hands of the young, false doctrine in a form so attractive as that of *Ginevra Leslie*.

**"THE LIFE OF MRS. GODOLPHIN."**—By John Evelyn of Wootton, Esq. D. Appleton & Co.

This book is a perfect gem, rare, unique, and precious, not only as a simple and truthful delineation of female excellence, but as one of the finest specimens of the quaint style of the 17th century. Margaret Godolphin lived in the reign of Charles Second, in a court where vice and profligacy flourished in rank luxuriance, overshadowing and blighting almost every thing lovely and of good report—yet in the midst of all this wickedness, some living witnesses for truth and holiness were found—some who "passed their vexed days among the orgies of that crew, as unstained by its evils, as is the clear sun-beam, by the corruption of a loathsome atmosphere." The subject of this memoir was such an one, and rarely or never under the most favorable circumstances has a character been formed, of more perfect symmetry, and matchless beauty, in whatever station or relation of life we may consider her. We cordially recommend this little work to our readers of all ages and conditions.

Original.

# THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' WREATH BY C. L. BARNES.

1. Why do I weep to leave thee, sis - ter! we have

2. I leave thee, sis - ter! we have

vine Whose clusters o'er me bend, The myrtle—  
play'd Thro' many a joy - ous hour, When the silvery

yet, O, call it mine! The flow'rs I love to tend:  
green of the ol-ive shade Hung dim o'er the fount and the bower!

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one flat). The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment in G major. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

A thousand thoughts of all things dear, Like shadows  
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore, In song, in

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

o'er me sweep, I leave my sunny childhood  
prayer, in sleep, Have been as we may be no

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The lyrics conclude below the vocal staff.

here, Oh, therefore, let me weep! I leave my sunny  
more Sweet sis - ter let me weep! Have been as we may

**AD LIB**  
childhood here, Oh, therefore let me weep.  
be no more Sweet sis - ter, let me weep.

## 3.

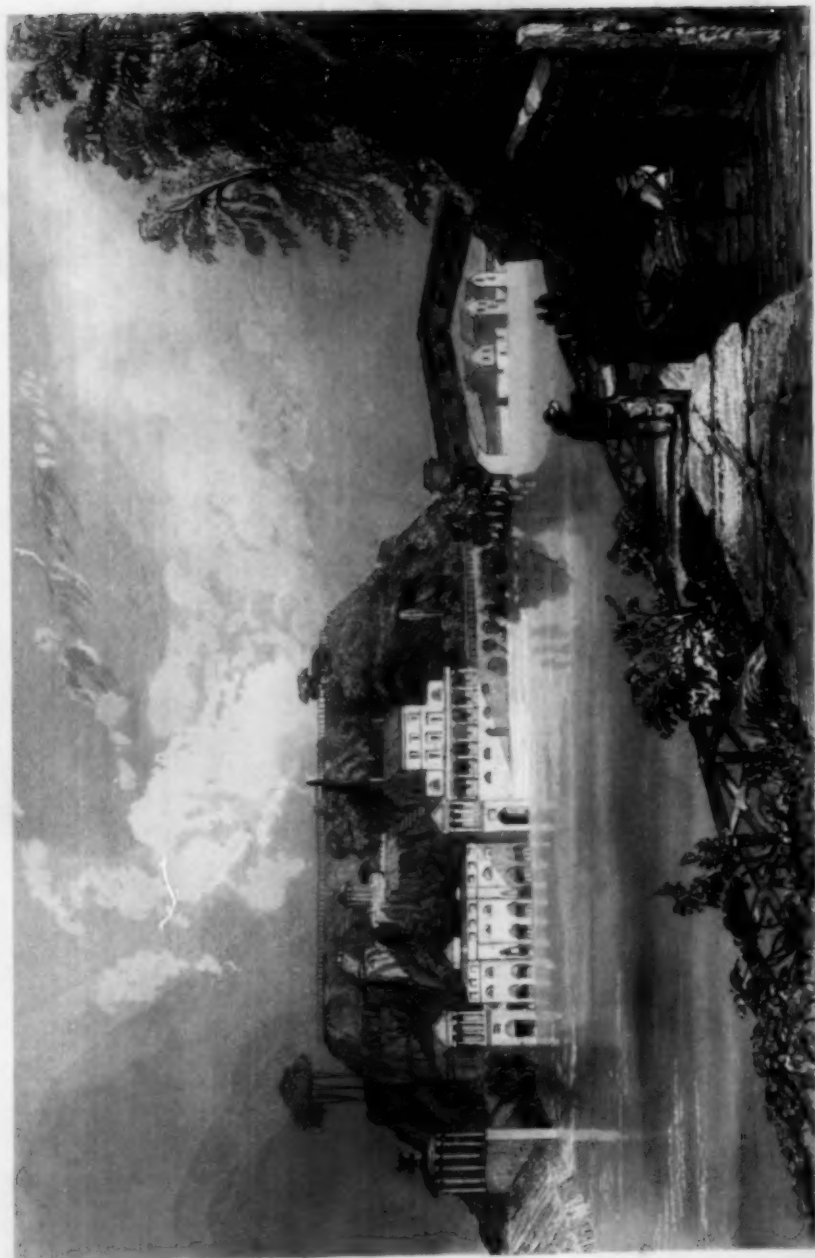
I leave thee, father!—Eve's bright moon  
Must now light other feet,  
With the gather'd grapes and lyre in tune  
Thy homeward steps to greet!  
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,  
Lay tones o' love so deep,  
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,  
I leave thee! let me weep!

## 4.

Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast  
Pouring out joy and woe,  
I have found that holy place of rest  
Still changeless—yet I go!  
Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,  
Eyes that have watch'd my sleep!  
Will earth give love like yours again?  
Kind mother! let me weep!









*White Camelia.*

*Camelia Alba.*



## THE HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP.

It must, I think, be set down among the faults of the women of this country, that they do not take sufficient care of their health. There is evidently a great falling off in this particular within one generation. The women that are now going off the stage, are certainly a very different race of beings from those who are coming on. When I see the fragile and diminutive forms of the women of our times, and compare them with the women whom I recollect as the partners of the men of the revolution, it seems to me that if the men of that age had had such mothers, we never should have had any revolution at all.

However sublimated may be our ideas of woman, she still belongs to this earth, and is still subjected to the laws of organized and animated nature. Those laws go on to their fulfilment, regardless of sentiment, of fashion, and the usages of society. Health is the result of obedience to those laws, and they cannot be infringed in the least degree, without a corresponding injury. Health is the result of simple food, abstinence from stimulants, seasonable hours of repose, regular employment, much exercise in the open air, proper clothing and a tranquil mind. Any transgression of any one of these laws is sure to be followed by suffering, by impaired health, an enfeebled constitution, disordered nerves, wretchedness, and dejection. Now let us see if one single law of all these I have enumerated, is observed in this country, especially among the higher classes. The progress of luxury among us, the freedom of communication among all nations, has loaded the tables of the more affluent classes with the delicacies of all lands. It is as much as the most considerate and abstinent can do to restrain themselves amid so many thousand temptations, within the bounds of healthful moderation. But what shall I say of the sumptuous entertainments which fashion has made necessary to those who mingle in general society? After having been compelled, by ill health, to make myself scientifically acquainted with this subject, when I see

the feasts to which I am invited by the generous hospitality of my nearest and dearest friends, I confess I am appalled. When I see the variety and richness of one course after another as it comes on, I am filled with astonishment, and marvel, not why there are so many invalids among us, but how we live at all.

This mode of living will possibly do for men, who exercise much in the open air, and whose constitutions are more robust. It might even do for women who are active housekeepers, or who consider it a sacred duty to take a long walk every day. But to those who do neither, but sit in warm apartments, and busy themselves in reading or needlework, it is absolute destruction. When we add to this, late hours, crowded saloons, thin dressing, and hardly an apology for shoes, how should it be otherwise, than that our women, the most beautiful the sun has ever shone upon, should be the earliest to fade? At that period of life when the European woman is in the meridian of matronly beauty, full of energy, life and cheerfulness, the American woman has shrunk into the withered proportions of advanced life. I consider this to be one of the most melancholy features of our state of society. And are the daughters of this land, who thus trifle with themselves, aware of the full import of the term, bad health? Those who have never experienced it, have no idea of the length and breadth, the height and depth of its sad significance. It means in the first place, the loss of all personal charms. It means a faded complexion, early wrinkles, and gray hairs. It means the decay of all the susceptibilities of enjoyment. It means a deadness to all that is cheerful and pleasant in life. It means a distressing sense of burden and oppression under the most common and easy duties, which are otherwise the source of satisfaction and alacrity. It means a sick room, with all its horrible and loathsome paraphernalia of medicines, and drugs, and potions, at the very thought of which, the soul sickens and revolts. If there be one woman among my readers, who possesses firm health and a sound constitution, I entreat her, if she have any regard for her own happiness, if she do not wish to strip this life of every charm, to make it her religious duty to preserve so invaluable a blessing.

She will do this the rather, as I shall go on to show, that her happiness depends upon it in more ways than she may at first be aware. It is impossible for ill health and a serene temper to go

together. Ill health is almost always attended by weakness and excitability of the nervous system. Things that we can bear calmly when we are in health, become the causes of insupportable vexation when we are sick. Disagreeable thoughts then become almost as painful as cuts and bruises when we are in health. The female constitution is at all times much more liable to impression than that of the other sex. In ill health this is greatly aggravated, and she must be a saint indeed, who in perpetual ill health, and the derangement of domestic affairs which is almost sure to ensue, can always keep her temper serene.

A serene temper is perhaps the first requisite to domestic happiness. Any failure here, strikes at the root of all enjoyment. Our sources of happiness are more spiritual than is generally conceived. The world at large is apt to judge by externals, and when they see wealth and splendor, they imagine there must be happiness of course. But nothing can be more mistaken. Happiness resides in the mind, and the upholsterer can do very little to procure it. It consists in a consciousness of harmony, of esteem, and attachment, more than in anything else. Wherever there is entire confidence, and a consciousness of true attachment, there is the very material of satisfaction. Existence under such circumstances, is happiness. We breathe it like the very atmosphere that surrounds us. Any interruption of this feeling is not so much a remote cause of unhappiness, as it is itself wretchedness and misery. There is no other way to live happily then, but to gain entire mastery over the temper. And this difficulty is vastly increased by the irritability of ill health.

America is beyond dispute, the Paradise of woman. In Spain, in France, in Italy, and sometimes in England, females are compelled to labor in the same fields, and labor upon the same public works with men, and in consequence become coarse in their persons, and still coarser in their sentiments and manners, but nothing of the kind is seen in our own country. Can any American woman forbear to thank the kind Disposer of her lot, when she sees a colony of the peasantry of the old world pass through our streets, the women bearing in their persons, defrauded of every grace and every charm, the marks of the oppression and servitude of many generations? Where, among the women of our own happy country, can there be found any counterpart to this!

As woman is no where so worthy of respect as in this country, so is she no where treated with so much. A female traveller from England, who certainly ought to be a competent judge, remarks—"The degree of consideration shown to woman is, in my opinion, greater than is rational, or good for either party. Where, as in this country, the consideration with which our sex is treated, is carried to excess, we suffer for it in the end, by the feebleness, effeminacy, helplessness, and bad health which it induces." For my own part, I must confess that I fully agree with the writer whom I have quoted, in the opinion thus expressed. However important may be the sphere which woman was created to fill, however true it is that she ministers at the very fountain of life and happiness, and that her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power ever at work to purify and refine society, and to adorn and embellish life, still the truth remains the same, that ill health puts it entirely out of her power, either to enjoy herself, or to minister to the happiness and well being of others.

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## THE LAST SCENE.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

Oh God! it is an awful thing to die!  
 The heroes of the world may rush on death,  
 In the wild tumult of the battle field,  
 Fearless and thoughtless; or the stoic fold  
 His robe about him and resign his breath  
 Calmly and proudly, to the gaze of men;  
 But still, it is an awful thing to die!—  
 To quit this conscious being at a bound—  
 The ties, the sympathies, the treasured things  
 So interwoven with whate'er we know  
 Of happiness and hope—The gay green world,  
 The sun, the bright broad sky, the landscape, all  
 Familiar scenes, and thought, and joyous sounds—  
 To quit the long companionship of friends  
 And human faces—And to go, alone,  
 To all we know not of—to other worlds,  
 And other scenes, we know not where or what,  
 Or how revealed, or how to be enjoyed.



But, while I tread the pathways of the world,  
I shall remember *one* such dying scene  
As seldom eye hath witnessed.

To her home—  
Her childhood's home—her old familiar haunts—  
The play place of her happy infancy—  
Her father's house, she came, in summer's prime,  
When the green fields were sprinkled o'er with flowers,  
And nature smiled as sweetly as the hopes  
That erst had beckoned her young heart away,  
A fair, fond girl—but wife and mother now.

Her's was a harp most exquisitely tuned  
To nature's music. In her dwelt sweet thoughts  
And beautiful. Genius had deck'd  
Her spirit's plumage with the rarest gems—  
And those who knew her best, best knew how vied  
The varied beauties of her form and mind.  
But she was bow'd, and faint, and faded now—  
A frail and feeble child of suffering.  
The fever spot was on her fair young cheek—  
The canker of disease was at her heart,  
Eating her life away. Oh! it seems sad,  
In life's bright morning, thus to fade and fall!  
And leave its flowers ungathered while their breath  
Of early freshness breathes about our way!

Calm as an infant, in that quiet home  
She gently laid her down. No wandering cloud  
Obscured the brightness of her intellect,  
Which, from amid the wreck of her fair form,  
Shone like the steady ray of a lone star  
Beneath whose sphere the storms had spent their force.  
She knew that she must die—and that the king  
Of terrors stood prepared—and only paused  
His brief appointed time. She sought no aid  
From cold Philosophy. She put no trust  
In courage of her own—for she was weak;  
The buoyancy of heart and hand was gone,  
As well her wasted form and strength revealed.

"Is the time near?" she softly said, "fear not  
To tell me all the truth." And when one said  
She might survive the summer—sad she seemed,  
And turned her face away—and musing spoke:  
"Oh who would long to linger in the world,  
When such a sweet, bright home lies just beyond?"

Weary and wasting days and nights passed on.  
The vesper music of the lulling breeze—  
The matin song of the fair plumaged bird—  
Nor cooled her brow, nor waked anew her hopes—  
Yet Patience, like an angel watcher, stood

And smoothed the pillow of her severed cheek.

At last the dew of death's cold evening fell  
Upon her brow—and tremulous and faint  
Her pulses came. She noted well the touch  
Of that far-reaching and invisible hand  
That cuts all cords asunder. Then she called  
Her dearest friends around her, and with voice  
Untrembling, while all other voices failed,  
"I tread the vale of death"—she calmly said—  
"But not alone—my Savior's with me now!  
"Come death! come life! I live henceforth in Christ!  
"Farewell! farewell!"

All other fears had fled  
But one. The instincts of her nature shrunk  
From the last stroke of the destroyer's knife  
That cut's life's heart strings off.—Her pale lips moved  
As if in prayer that this last stroke might fall  
Gently and softly. Other prayers went up—  
And prayer was heard, and answered visibly!  
Her bright full eye turned, sudden, to a voice  
Heard only by her spirit!—to a sight  
Of glory just revealed to her alone!  
And as she gazed, with interest intense,  
That spoke in silence to the looker on—  
"Behold!—heaven opens!—Glory to the Lamb!"—  
Her spirit passed—and Death forgot his office.  
There lay her form, as waiting for the stroke—  
Breathless and lifeless, like a child asleep.

She dwells in glory! But her memory,  
Like a sweet star, that, on the horizon's verge,  
Lingers at evening o'er our distant home,  
Will light our footsteps through life's evening waste,  
And guide us onward to her home in heaven.

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## THE HUMAN VOICE.

"O how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only; as God revealed himself to the prophet of old in the still small voice; and in a voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!"

"HYPERION."

## LIFE IN ITALY,

OR THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CARALI.

"Oh, Mary, when I left the shore,  
The distant shore that gave me birth;  
I hardly thought to grieve once more,  
To quit another spot on earth."

I LANDED at Porto Longone, in the beautiful island of Elba, the 22d of July, 184—. Porto Longone is a small and delightful village, surrounded by picturesque hills, and inhabited by an industrious population. Two ancient fortresses still tower over it, as memorials of the dark ages of despotism, as well as of the internal wars of the Elbanian people. As I was one of the few travellers who passed through this small town on their way to the place of exile of Napoleon, I was received with much consideration by the inhabitants, who evidently thought me a distinguished personage. There was no hotel in Longone but the small inn of Donna Mariuccia, an old damsel of seventy, who regarded with a jealous eye the young and pretty of her own sex, and particularly eschewed the happy state of marriage blessedness. Her name in Longone, was nearly as popular as that of the Imperial exile. She devoutly believed in all the superstitions of her church, in ghosts, in evil spirits, and in supernatural revelations; could foretell the future lot of every one, the fatal destiny of a lovely bride, or the direful consequences of some happy marriage. As her poor diseased body was a kind of barometer, through the influence of rheumatism or gout, she could predict rain, snow, or hail—in a word, the poor inhabitants, as simple as those of Monte Cristo, believed that their old damsel was a wonderful astronomer and prophet. I was directed to Donna Mariuccia's inn, and as I had the good fortune to be a bachelor, received from her the greatest kindness and attention.—She honored me with her own bed-room as the best one in the house. Some hundred pictures of saints, martyrs, and angels, decorated the smoky walls of my lodging, and my hostess said, that

with such a company of heavenly images, Satan would never enter my room to disturb my peaceful dreams with any diabolical visions. Yet in spite of the vicinity of those red saints, I was not less troubled during the night with some hundred score of vermin, who seemed determined to drain every drop of my heart's blood. While I was engaged without lantern or moonlight, in making war upon them, I heard sounds of voices and instruments approaching the house. At first I thought myself transported to another world, as I heard the enchanting melody of those sounds; but I soon found that I was honored with a serenade, given me by the kind people of Longone. Besides a numerous band, there was a chorus of young girls all dressed in white, and bearing in their hands lighted torches, and singing the most popular Italian canzonettas. Among those almost celestial voices, there was one which seemed determined to sing out of tune,—and this was my old hostess, Mariuccia, who carrying a lantern, and dressed in a white frock of the sixteenth century, seemed the ghost of Diogenes, looking for a righteous person.

Thanks to Mariuccia, my arrival had been announced all over Longone, and the next day telegraphed throughout Elba. She was so much pleased with my person, so charmed with my manners and with my state of single-blessedness, that had she been but seventeen instead of seventy, her heart would certainly have been given to the youthful traveller. I soon became acquainted with all the dignitaries of the village, namely, the priest, the physician, the apothecary, and the judge, all the persons necessary to send a poor individual to his eternal sleep. Through the influence of my hostess, I became the lion of the young girls of the place, all whom contended for my notice, and boasted of my exclusive attentions. I verily thought I had discovered a world in the moon, or found one spot of unalloyed happiness. Two weeks after my arrival I announced to Donna Mariuccia my intention of paying a visit to Porto Ferrajo, where Napoleon remained for ten months in exile. I had brought with me from Florence, a letter of introduction to the governor of the island. Mariuccia insisted that I should carry to his excellency, a note from her, written in hieroglyphics, which was considered by the old lady, as a royal despatch coming from the queen of Longone. Two copper medals were also hung by her about my neck, to preserve me, as she said, from all danger, and

also from suffering hunger and thirst, which would perhaps have been useful in travelling through the deserts of Arabia. In three hours, with the living carcass of Mariuccia's horse, I arrived at Porto Ferrajo, which is but eight miles from Longone. This city is regarded as the Gibraltar of Elba, lying upon a hill, from which the city descends into the form of an amphitheatre. The streets are kept clean by those unfortunate ones condemned to the galleys. Dressed in a shameful costume, with their crime written on their shoulders—fastened two by two by a heavy chain, they are condemned to the most disgusting and painful labor, in the city, and the salt works near the gulf of Porto Ferrajo. They are fed upon beans and brown bread, and lodged in the most filthy and horrible dungeons. Cut off from all hope of escape, by the water with which they are surrounded, death is often their only deliverer, and those who outlive the term of imprisonment, return to their old haunts, far more depraved than before.

I was invited to dinner at the governor's palace, situated in the highest part of the town. Here I saw Napoleon's room, just as he left it when he escaped from the island. The same table, chairs, and candlesticks are still here, with a pair of boots with the Imperial Eagle upon them, left by him under the bed in the hurry of the moment. These things are preserved by the governor as sacred relics, and memorials of that wonderful man. I saw also his garden, cultivated by himself, and which is the most delicious spot in the island, containing the rarest trees and flowers.

The same evening, I returned to Longone, with the violent fever of the country upon me, and my arrival in this state, threw my hostess into a state of despair. She had forgotten to advise me not to travel in the night, and believed herself the cause of my illness and probable death. Mariuccia despatched all her servants for help for the amiable young traveller, and in a short time, my room was crowded with persons of both sexes, and all ages, so that I suffered more from the suffocating heat, than from the slight feverish attack. "Poor giovinetto!" Mariuccia would exclaim—so young, so good, and so handsome! Oh, wretched that I am! God will punish me for not having warned the young Signore." She called all the souls of purgatory to my help, but they were deaf to her cries—the fever increased constantly, and my situation soon became alarming. That I might not die without going through

all the proper forms, the priest, the notary, and the apothecary were called in, to smooth my passage to the other world. The notary had his folios, his pen, ink and paper, the priest his rosary and holy water, and the physician his boxes of bilious pills, and his lancets. I was sprinkled with holy water by the old father, and my fevered face was probably more benefitted by it, than my soul. Poor Mariuccia was turned out of the room, and the door shut in her face, as the notary said, women always speak too much to be present on such occasions. I have reason to think, however, that she did not go further than the key-hole of the door.

After her departure, a tirade of hard words past between my good friends on the subject of my expected inheritance. The curate insisted that the church was the nearest heir—while the apothecary and notary declared, that the first to be paid *ante mortem*, should be the pills, lancet, and the law, that *post mortem*, Mariuccia as my lady hostess had the best right to my old clothes—that Mary, a young brunette who had been very kind to me, should have my portrait, hair, etc.—in *ultimis*, it belonged to the church to take possession of my poor body, and to bury me in such a manner as my funds would admit. During this interesting conversation, I pretended to be asleep, that my presence might not embarrass my kind friends, and that I might learn the consequence of their consultation. At length the physician approached my bed, and asked in a pitiful tone if I was ready. "Ready! for what?" I said, setting up in the bed—"what do you mean? Ready to depart from this life?" "No—no," replied the confessor—"but you know we are all mortal, and must leave behind us all we possess. It is best for you, Signor, to make your will, that you may be at peace with the world, and with your God. Remember the church, my son." "And Mariuccia"—said a rough voice coming through the key-hole. "But the church," continued the priest, "is before all." After a paternal exhortation, the poor old padre began with a furious jargon, calling on all his gods and goddesses, to find me a good place in Purgatory—to incline me to turn my thoughts from earth, and to fix them on eternity, and to dispose of my fortune for the benefit of the church—amen."

Then the notary began to write, at my dictation—"In anno Domini, &c. &c.—I leave—to Mary, the good brunette, my portrait and my heart—to my physician—the history of the *true physick* in

six volumes in the Arabic language—with the life of Mahommed. To my apothecary, the empty boxes of pills, and a treatise on the art of cheating the world. To the curate, I leave my body to be preserved from the rats and other vermin, and to say some gratuitous masses for my soul. To my worthy friend, Donna Mariuccia, I leave my trunk sealed and locked, not to be opened for thirty years, on penalty of a nightly visit from my ghost." This poor lady was now seventy years of age, but she hoped to live to see a whole century. Thus began and ended my first and last will, made more in a sportive humor, than from any disposition to oblige the dignitaries who evidently expected me to die.

Mary, the Elbanian girl, was to me, during my illness, like an angel of mercy. She was always near my bed, waiting upon me with the care and love of a sister to her only brother. She advised me not to take any more medicine, nor to listen to the humbugs of the physician. She hated the class of medical men, whom she considered a scourge to humanity. Poor Mary, how good and kind I found her! She spent a part of her time in reading to me amusing or religious books, in talking about the people of Elba, and about her relations and friends. She loved me, she said, because I was an exile, an orphan, and alone in a foreign country. Often it happened, that entering into my room, and finding me asleep, she knelt before a crucifix or a Madonna, to pray for her beloved exile, that I might recover my health, and see once more my native shores. After having been confined for a month, at last the fever disappeared. I was able in a short time to go out of the house, and breathe the pure air of the neighboring hills. Without my knowledge, the amiable Mary had made a vow to the Madonna of Monserrato, that should I be spared from death, she would go with me to the sanctuary of the Madonna, to pray before her blessed image and to carry some wax candles for the church. I could not refuse such a favor to my protectress; so we went early one morning on our pilgrimage, accompanied by Donna Mariuccia, who was a great favorite of the hermit employed at the cave of the holy sanctuary. On our way, we passed before a cemetery: there Mariuccia and Mary remained for some time, praying at the gates of the enclosure. The old damsel, as one might expect, had buried her parents, and some hundred friends, but her eyes were dry; but Mary, while praying for some departed one, wept and sighed.

She prayed for her mother and one brother, whose memory recalled to the heart of the young Albanian the sad day when they were swept away from her side forever. What purity, what candor, and nobility of thought, were concealed in that lovely creature, born among simple and ignorant people. Having received from her parents a good education, endowed by nature with a generous and philanthropic disposition, she passed her days near the sick and dying, in consoling the unfortunate, or educating the children of her village.

The road to the sanctuary of the Madonna, which is but two miles from Longone, is all the way adorned with chestnut trees, and vines, with many beautiful cottages, and many modern monuments erected by Napoleon himself. The sanctuary affords a most enchanting view. There are seven high mountains, in the form of pyramids, and the church is situated on the highest of them, with a small house, the refuge of the hermit who has spent there fifty years of his life. We all remained for a long time in that church, before the Madonna, and after a blessing from the venerable hermit, we partook with him of a rustic repast, of pure vegetables and fruits, as our hermit never tasted meat. On going home, Mary and I were amused by different stories from our Mariuccia concerning the Emperor Bonaparte, who, she said, had been a very intimate friend of hers.

"I was once," said she, "at the vintage, and alone in that field," pointing out to us a beautiful valley, "where are two granite reservoirs, which by the people are thought to be the baths of the Emperor *Barbarossa*—there," continued Mariuccia, "while I was gathering the grapes, a Signor passed over the hedge, and coming towards me, he asked of me some grapes; but not satisfied with them, he wished from me a kiss! Oh, I shall always remember that day! Madonna and the souls of Purgatory have pity upon me! I refused, of course, but he was stronger than I—he kissed several times my blushing cheeks. It was the first kiss, but also the last—it was an Imperial kiss, and few or no one in our island have had such an honor—to be kissed by Napoleon! The Signor was Bonaparte himself, dressed as a hunter, going round our neighborhood, I discovered after, by a large decoration he had concealed under his coat."

During my stay in Longone, I learned many facts and stories



about Napoleon, which are not to be found in any history. He has done great good to that island, made large and beautiful roads, built bridges and splendid monuments, and all the improvements of that country, as well in agriculture as in the working of the iron mines, are due to Bonaparte alone. On the day of my departure, Mary wrote to me a letter—a letter of love! She had never dared to expose her feelings before, but had suffered and sighed in secret, hoping that I would leave Elba no more. “As you go,” she said, I may ask from you, as a favor, to remember me, and when on the sea, you pass at a distance from our island, think that here is one who makes constant vows for you. Remember our evening excursions along the shore of the sea, by the light of the silver moon, or our visits to the cemetery at the hour of the Ave Maria! Remember that

“Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! ’tis the hour of love!”

You may find in the world, richer damsels than I, but you will never find a heart equal to mine in love for you.” I separated from her, with as much grief as when I left for the first time my native place, and promised her to return to Elba, after two years. My promise was kept sacredly, but, alas! Mary was no more in Longone. She had become a sister of charity, and was employed in the hospital of Porto Ferrajo. As for Mariuccia, she was still living, and to my great surprise, I found that tired of the state of single-blessedness, she had married a man forty years younger than herself. *Oh tempora! oh mores!*

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## MENTAL SHADOWS.

“The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us. And the morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into the night, and mingle with the coming darkness.”

“HYPERION.”

## THE PAST.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

"This common field, this little brook—  
What is there hidden in these two,  
That I so often on them look,  
Oftener than on the heaven's own blue?  
No beauty lies upon the field;  
Small music doth the river yield;  
And yet I look, and look again,  
With something of a pleasant pain.

'Tis thirty—can't be thirty years,  
Since last I stood upon this plank,  
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,  
And watch'd the pebbles as they sank?  
How white the stream! I still remember  
Its margin glossed by hoar December,  
And how the sun fell on the snow,  
Ah! can it be so long ago?

It cometh back;—so blythe, so bright,  
It hurries to my eager ken,  
As though but one short winter's night  
Had darkened o'er the world since then.  
It is the same clear dazzling scene;—  
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;  
Perhaps the river's troubled voice  
Doth not so plainly say "Rejoice."

Yet nature surely never ranges,  
Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown;  
But, ever joyful, merely changes  
The primrose for the thistle down.  
'Tis we alone, who, waxing old,  
Look on her with an aspect cold,  
Dissolve her in our burning tears,  
Or clothe her with the mists of years.

Then, why should not the grass be green?  
And why should not the river's song  
Be merry,—as they both have been,  
When I was here an urchin strong?  
Ah true—too true! I see the sun  
Through thirty winter years hath run,  
For grave eyes, mirror'd in the brook,  
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!

So be it! I have lost, and won!  
For once, the past was poor to me,—  
The future dim; and though the sun  
Shed life and strength, and I was free,  
I felt not,—knew no grateful pleasure;  
All seemed but as the common measure;  
But now—the experienced spirit old  
Turns all the leaden past to gold!"

## A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"Do I repent loving my brother so well? I wish it had been possible to love him better. These warm affections of the heart are among the sweetest relics of a lost Eden."

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

EVERY day's observation strengthens a conviction which I have long entertained, that few sisters are aware of their power to determine, in some degree, their brothers' future career. I am aware that appeals on this subject, from the wise and gifted of our day, are neither "few" nor "far between,"—but I would make yet another to the youthful members of those family circles in which the "Wreath," at measured intervals, scatters gems of fancy and truth, more precious, if garnered as they deserve to be, "than treasures of silver or gold." The treasury, though abundantly supplied by the gifts of other and richer minds, is, perhaps, still open, and I also would cast in thither "two mites."

Permit me, my young friends, to offer you the advice which may be conveyed in these few words,—first after your duty to your parents, consider your duty to your brothers. You cannot, it is true, accompany them in their out of door pursuits, but of this you may rest assured—those pursuits, as far as they are voluntary, will be, in a great measure, the result of the frame of mind in which your brothers leave home for the day, or, if circumstances are so ordered, for a longer period. The temptations of the world may allure, may sometimes fascinate for a brief season; but if the young man's fireside associations have been what they should be,—if the germs of filial and fraternal affection which existed native in his heart, have been cultivated as they ought to be,—he will, in almost every instance, revert to the loved ones who cluster around his mother's hearth, and exclaim, with yearning heart,

"A stranger's joys, however enchanting,  
To me can never be like home."

I once heard a gentleman of high respectability affirm that, but for the influence which an only sister exercised over him, at a

critical period of his life, he believed that he should now have been an outcast from society. While yet a youth, he became intimate with a company of dissipated young men, who, as his uncommon powers of amusing rendered him an agreeable accession to their number, spared no pains to make permanent the ascendancy which they acquired over him. He suffered himself to be drawn into the vortex, and for a time went hand in hand with his associates, in their dangerous and degrading course. His sister was, at first, ignorant of her brother's dereliction from the path of virtue; but it was at length revealed to her, aggravated by the highest coloring which such a truth was capable of receiving. And what course, you will ask, did she adopt? You shall hear. When Edward came in, at his usual hour, to partake of the evening meal, he did not find his sister in the parlor: he inquired if she had gone out. His mother replied "that she feared Caroline was not well, as she had seemed in low spirits nearly all day, and, after preparing tea, had complained of weariness, and withdrawn to her own room." Edward proceeded thither immediately, and was alarmed at seeing his sister in tears, with an open letter before her.

"What has happened to distress you, dear Carry?" he asked, anxiously; and placed his hand on the letter. Caroline hesitated,—she doubted the prudence of allowing him to read it, but could frame no rational excuse for refusing, and resigned it to him. To his astonishment, it presented an unmitigated statement of his own misconduct. He perused it, with mingled feelings of mortification and resentment, and was about to give expression to those emotions, but his sister's voice stayed the torrent of angry words before it had escaped from his lips.

"I fear," she commenced, with a look and tone which have never been forgotten by her auditor,—“I know—that for the last few months I have done little to make home pleasant to you. I have suffered my time and thoughts to be engrossed by pursuits in which you could have no share, and compelled you, in a manner, to look abroad for amusement. This letter has aroused me to a sense of my negligence. I feel that I am to blame for what is here revealed to me. You will forgive me, I am sure, dear Edward; I promise reformation, and we will be to each other as we used to be, will we not?”

"It is impossible," said Mr. —, when relating the circumstance

many years after its occurrence, "to describe the effect of these words. I had expected—not reproaches, it is true, from the gentle girl, but what I dreaded much more, a burst of overwhelming sorrow. How beautifully her meek, forbearing affection disappointed me, and to how much better purpose. A reproachful word would have aggravated my anger,—a display of lavish grief would have awakened no better feeling—I should probably have called it affectation. But to hear my guileless sister accuse herself of having caused my faults! It subdued me at once—called into action every nobler impulse of my nature,—and the resolutions which I then formed have, by the blessing of God, resulted in a course of life, which, I hope, has not been altogether useless, and conducted me to my present position among my fellow men."

In contrast with this instance of a sister's love and discretion, I have in my mind another circumstance, which, I think, exemplifies with equal force, the importance of rendering the fire-side "where sisters dwell and brothers meet," a place of enjoyment when they are gathered around it,—a bright spot to which every heart will turn with regret when they are separated,—a common centre of affection and hope.

Theodore S. was an only son, and the brother of two sisters. His parents were, in a strictly literal sense, thriving people,—people who devoted every energy of body and mind to the pursuit of a single object—wealth. Their children, as soon as they had attained sufficient size and strength to answer such a purpose, were used as instruments for procuring money. At a proper age, Theodore was apprenticed to a mechanic: on his first visit to his parents after entering on his new vocation, he informed them, with boyish delight, that his employer was willing he should eat and sleep at home; and would pay to his parents, weekly, the sum of two dollars, for his board. To his astonishment and grief, this proposal was rejected. Two dollars a week, he was told, would afford little or no profit to the family, and the work which his residence among them would cause, would occupy time that his sisters could devote to much more lucrative employment. Theodore appealed to his sisters, urging them to entreat for him; but they, too, had learned to bow to the household god, money. They could earn more, they said, than his board would bring them, by making such articles as their mother sold in her fancy store; and, besides,

they were tired of so much housework,—they already felt the diminished family a relief. Farther entreaties proved equally fruitless : the selfish, calculating parents deliberately repulsed their only son, and, for the paltry consideration of a few dollars and cents, compelled him to absent himself, for years, from the paternal roof. Theodore was not of a nature to forget—he retains, to this hour, an indignant sense of the heartlessness manifested by his parents and sisters, on that occasion. Of a frank and social temper, and denied the gratification of a free exchange of thought and feeling with those who were nearest to him by the ties of nature, he sought communion with kindred spirits wherever they might be found, and the most precious sympathies of his young heart expanded among, and were shared by, strangers to his blood and name. Happily, he was fortunate in his choice of associates : in his intercourse with families whose education and habits were different from his own, he learned many a lesson of priceless worth. Time sped on ; Theodore completed his apprenticeship, and in a few years amassed sufficient capital to commence business for himself. He was prudent without being avaricious, and was prospered beyond all that he had ventured to hope. When his family saw him rising in the world's estimation, and rapidly becoming a man of wealth,—a character which commands their profound respect,—they endeavored to draw him again under their own influence ; but the time for this had passed. Their overtures were declined, and they were coldly reminded of the time and manner in which their son and brother had been exiled from his father's house. Theodore has recently been united in marriage to a young lady, whom a person acquainted with all parties would be apt to fancy that he had chosen for the sake of qualities directly opposite to those of his sisters. All his domestic arrangements warrant the supposition, that he has in view the foundation of a household as unlike the joyless home of his childhood, as his own improved ideas, and the taste of his refined and amiable wife will suffice to render it. I am by no means confident that he is justified in refusing, as he seems to have resolved, all communication with his faulty and narrow-souled relations ; I simply relate the circumstance, as affording a palpable illustration of the powerful bearing, for good or evil, of home impulses on the life and character of a young man. What sister, who may chance to read these pages, does not shrink from

contemplating the possibility, that "the spells of home," now so "holy and precious," may sometime lose their hold on her brother's heart. Strive then, young reader, while your brother is still within the golden circle of household love, to make more strong the ties that bind you together. Exert yourself to invest your home with every charm that you can command. Those embellishments which wealth only can procure, may not be within your reach: but the priceless treasure of a cheerful and affectionate spirit should always be yours, and to woman is given the magic influence of order, neatness, and taste. There is one class of ornaments, which, frequently as they are mentioned, cannot weary, and I will venture to name them, because they gratify our highest perceptions of beauty and grace, at less expense, and in greater variety and profusion than any other. I mean flowers. Few families are so poor that they cannot cultivate—few individuals are so destitute of taste as not to admire them. Your brother may not, it is true, manifest any peculiar pleasure on first seeing them, but do not let this discourage you; he must be unlike most rational beings, if he continue insensible to the air of refinement and elegance which they impart to the most humble dwelling, when permitted to bloom, either within its doors or without. The most thoughtless will learn to love the sight of things so beautiful and so graceful,—while to the reflective, and especially to the pious observer, a group of flowers soon becomes "a volume teeming with instruction, consolation and reproof." It is not my purpose to dictate a rule of action,—I am well aware that different circumstances render expedient very different modes of procedure; neither can I expect to advance a single idea that has not been already repeatedly presented, on the important subject to which I have alluded. These pages are addressed to the sister readers of the "Wreath," and my design in placing before them the preceding contrast is, simply, to invite their attention once more to the truth, that on them must depend, in no trifling measure, the character of their brothers' fire-side predilections or distastes. You cannot, if you would, my young friends, escape a degree of responsibility in this matter. The world will think of it, if you do not—your brothers themselves will not forget it; and, in later life, the names and forms of the sisters of their youth will be blended, either happily or otherwise, with all their reminiscences of "the days of other years." I am persuaded

that I cannot close this appeal more appropriately, than by introducing a quotation from an author, who, beyond all dispute, thought and felt as he wrote.

"A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold in its chilling contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment, as some incident awakens within him the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influence which has moved him in his earlier years."

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SCHUYLKILL WATER WORKS.—SEE ENGRAVING.

THE water-works at Fairmount, just on the outskirts of the city of Philadelphia, rank among the noblest public undertakings of the world. The reservoir covers the top of the hill seen in the background of the engraving, and is higher than the tops of the highest houses of the city, like our own beneficent Croton, so that water can be made to spring as by a magic touch in the highest chamber of every citizen. The Schuylkill opposite Philadelphia is nine hundred feet in breadth, with an average depth of thirty feet at high water. "It was necessary to back up the river about six miles, and a dam was then erected by cribs and masonry, running diagonally across, with several ingenious contrivances to prevent damage by ice and spring freshets. An overfall of one thousand two hundred and four feet, forming a beautiful feature of the scenery, is thus made, and a water power upon the wheels sufficient to raise eleven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours. The water is of a deliciously soft and pleasant quality, and those long accustomed to it, are spoiled for the less agreeable lavations afforded by other towns in America."

Fairmount is a spot of great beauty, and forms a prominent and agreeable object of view from the river, along which its *facades* and galleries extend. The elegant engraving which we give our readers this month, is from the burin of Osborne, and the *coup d'œil* presented by the reservoir with the buildings belonging to it—the bridge below it, and the noble river itself, is one of the finest imaginable.



## AN HOUR AT TWILIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERBACH.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

MOST people, to whom it is vouchsafed to pass their days in the dear domestic circle, love to enjoy the hour of twilight, in stillness. Children grow restless, and uneasy about this time, but grown people like to draw their chairs, silently, nearer together; they utter a few, heart-felt words, or each one retires within himself, and from the depths of his own soul, the most refreshing draught is poured out to him in crystal vessels. They hesitate to scare away the coming gloom, by lighting the tapers, for each one is, unconsciously, impressed by the thought of that holy power of nature, which, often, scarcely heeded, spreads out before us the great miracle of light and darkness; no one ventures, heedlessly, to interfere therewith with human will, and spread abroad the artificial light.

And how pleasant is it to discourse thus in the twilight! We behold each other in indistinct outlines, and to the words which are spoken, we listen with two-fold attention; the eye is, as it were, soothed, for the mind is not distracted, by a crowd of objects, from that which is offered thus dimly to the glance. A word, then, often sounds like sweet music, to which we listen with closed eyes, and which, long after, echoes in the soul!

Thus sat the peasant Hagenmayer, one evening, with his wife, his son and his son's young bride, in the common sitting room.—The marriage of the young pair had been celebrated but the day before, and the tones of joy still echoed in every soul. No one uttered a word, and yet all were, in heart, drawn closely to each other. Young Hagenmayer held the hand of his wife, who sat beside him.

Perhaps the old man felt a consciousness of the happiness which stirred in the bosom of his son, for he now spoke, and it was as if a spirit spoke; he sat in a corner, veiled in the gloom; no one saw him, and still they heard the words—

“Yes, my children! it is easy to say—‘I love thee with all my

heart, and I will devote my whole life to thee!" but when the time comes that one must yield to the other, or change this or that about his habits, then it is often hard, and then, mere words will not suffice. There are hours, when one, to prove his love for the other, could, so to speak, tear up trees by the roots; but to drink, without murmuring or reproach, a cup of coffee, which has grown cold from the other's fault—ah, that is a different thing! You see how harmoniously your mother and I live together, but do not think that this has been brought about without a contest; I especially, was somewhat self-willed, as before our marriage I had led a free and independent life.

I will relate to you two scenes, from the history of our early married life, from which you can, and ought to learn a lesson.—How delighted I was, on the first Sunday, when I was to accompany your mother to church! We chatted together somewhat too long in the morning and now the word was—"Quick! quick! get ready! that we may be there in time." My wife shut herself up in her chamber to dress, and I had been long ready, and was waiting for her, but still she found something to improve and to alter. I begged her, at first with kind words and with jests, to hasten; then came urgent entreaties and prayers, then admonitions and warnings. I struck fire, and lighted my pipe, at least three times, but as often let it go out, in listening, and I preached a true admonitory sermon before her chamber door. In such moments of suspense, one stands upon coals, one grows heated and restless, so that nothing goes right. The blood had already risen to my head, when, at last, after a long while, she came. I could not now speak a single kind word to her, and we left the house in silence.

We had proceeded but a few steps, when suddenly, she bethought herself that she had forgotten something. All the keys must now be hunted up, and all the closets and drawers opened. I remained without, and it seemed an age until she came again. I would have gone on alone to church, but I was ashamed; and as she appeared, a second time, with a cheerful, smiling face, and wished to arrange my shirt collar which was somewhat awry, I turned from her, full of vexation and anger, and said—

"Trim and prink yourself for seven hours long, but let me alone!" and so we went together to the church without speaking a word.

I entered the door with my cheeks glowing with anger, and then

again, I was filled with vexation against myself. My wife went to her seat, and I could not tell whether she had looked around after me or not; I leaned against a pillar, and stood as stiff as the stone column beside me. At times, I listened to the pastor, then, forgot him again, contemplated the structure of the church, and thought what a high, cool building it was. This had never entered into my head before, and I was vexed at myself for being so absent minded, and for paying so little attention to the sermon.

It now occurred to me, that all this resulted from my quarrel with my wife; how could I now, take the words which I heard, to heart? I would gladly have made all up with her again, and glanced around towards her, but she did not look up, and that irritated me anew. Was it not she who was in the wrong? Should she not ask my forgiveness? Was not her lingering, and dallying, enough to drive me to desperation?

See, my children, thus it is with a man when he gives way to passion, and wishes to delude himself concerning his own obstinacy. I was angry at her, that she could join in prayer thus calmly when she had so deeply offended me, and thus I grievously sinned both before church and in the church, and embittered those hours of my life, which should have been the happiest. Perhaps our misunderstanding would soon have been made up, if I could have clasped my wife's hand, and spoken a kind word in her ear; but here in the church we were separated, and I felt as if the quarrel which we had had, would divide our hearts forever."

The wife here wished to interrupt her husband, but he said—"Let me finish! I have presently another story to relate, then you can give the sequel. After all, children, you can imagine that we were soon reconciled, for your mother was, in her young days, a merry creature, and when I tried to be cross, she would laugh in my face, and I could not help laughing with her. Then I could no longer understand why I had been so angry. It seemed to me now like a trifle, not worth mentioning, but when the blood boils in the veins, we see nothing in its true light.

But now for the other story; it relates to a similar scene, a similar quarter of an hour's temptation. Our cousin at L—— was to be married; we were invited to the wedding, and wished to be there at the appointed hour. It was high time that we should set out, and not a moment was to be lost. I had harnessed the old

roan, and cracked my whip, again and again, before the door, but still your mother would not come. I sent all the women, that passed by, up to her, to help her, although I knew that she did not like this, and I did it for that very reason; for why did she keep me waiting?

And when, at last, she came, I began to scold and to rail, and muttered many unkind and sinful words. Your mother stepped into the wagon with quivering lips, and held her handkerchief to her eyes, all the way through the village, while I lashed the roan, so that it reared and plunged most furiously. When we were out of the village, your mother began to weep aloud, and said—

‘How can you act thus, and disgrace us both, before the whole village?’ This went to my heart like a knife; I thought of the walk to church, and now, I had my wife near me. I placed the whip beside me, and let the reins fall upon the roan’s neck; it was I who needed reining in. I can truly say that I sincerely repented of my anger. But you can perceive how, from such trifles, a man can discover whether the true light burns in his heart. These hours of waiting, were hours of temptation to me, and I can say, that from that time I have learned to submit and adapt myself to the ways of another. Remember this, when temptation assails you.”

“Now comes the sequel,” said the mother. “You have forgotten to say, that from that time I never kept you waiting, but was always ready before you. But now, let us light the lamp; we have long enough kept blind man’s holiday!”

The lamp was lighted; cheerful faces, beaming with the best resolves, looked kindly upon each other.

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#### CAMELLIA JAPONICA.—SEE FLOWER PLATE.

GEN. CHAR.—Sepals imbricated, the inner ones larger—petals sometimes adhering at base, filaments 00, shorter than the corolla, united at base—styles united, stigmas 3-5, acute.

SPEC. CHAR.—*Japonica*.—Leaves ovate acuminate, glabrous and shining on both sides, coriaceous and firm, on short petioles; flowers terminal and mostly solitary—petals obovate, of a firm texture; stamens about 50, mostly changed to petals in cultivation—stigmas 3-5, unequally five cleft. This splendid shrub is a native of China and Japan, where it grows to the height of a lofty tree. It is of difficult cultivation, requiring great care, and constant protection. The flowers vary from white to red, resembling the rose, but lacking its fragrance.

## HYMNS FOR A MOTHER.

BY R. C. MERRIGATE.

### III.—THE FIRST BORN.

MYSTERY ! Mystery !  
Holy and strange ;  
What a life-history,  
Fruitful of change,  
And endless of range,  
Is folded here, sweet within sweet like a blossom.  
Darling of Paradise,  
Pure as its dew,  
Drop't from the starry skies,  
With their rich hue  
In thine eyes' blue—  
O dearer than life is thy weight on my bosom.

Beauty, how simple,  
Yet holy and grand,  
Curis every dimple  
On white cheek and hand,  
As eddies, breeze-fann'd,  
Are curled on a lakelet of full-budded lilies ;  
White as the moon is  
Thy slumberous lid,  
Bright as the noon is  
The glance by it hid,  
And as potent to bid  
New bloom to a heart where unlove with its chill is.

Darling and treasure !  
O, not for the rose,  
Lily and azure,  
That deck thy repose—  
Or gleam when it goes,  
Call I thee Darling—O God-lent and hallowed,—  
But for the wonder, which  
Weds thee to Him,  
Deep-folded under each  
Feature and limb,  
And seeming to swim  
In depths of thy bosom that heaves, many-billowed :—

## SORROW.

But for the suffering,  
 Out of whose fire  
 Rose the best offering  
 Of my desire,  
 And came the white sanctity of the Maternal;  
 For the deep thrilling  
 Of Hope and of Fear,  
 In the fulfilling  
 Of my divine sphere,  
 New-bound by thy life to the Father supernal.

Tenderly, tenderly,  
 Thee will I keep!  
 Purely to render thee,  
 In thy pure sleep,  
 To the angels who steep  
 Thy lids in repose and an earthly forgetting;  
 Leaving or living,  
 To yield when I must,  
 In a fit giving,  
 My beautiful trust,  
 As unstained with the dust  
 As spirit may be in a clay-moulded setting.

God keep and shield thee,  
 Sweet Baby mine!  
 Spirit-life yield thee  
 From his Divine,  
 In blue eyes to shine,  
 Serenely as stars through the azure night-arches;  
 Angels, with winglets  
 White and unseen,  
 Flutter thy ringlets  
 Made gold in the sheen  
 Of their eyes, starry keen,  
 As they guide thee, my Baby, in life's rugged marches.

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 SORROW.

"A deep and mighty shadow  
 Across my heart is thrown—  
 Like a cloud on a summer meadow,  
 Where the Thunder-wind hath blown!  
 The wild rose Fancy, dieth,  
 The wild bird Memory, flieth,  
 And leaveth me alone.  
 And over a shrill cry starteth,  
 From Hope, as she fast departeth,  
 "I go, and come not again."

PROCTOR.

## WOMAN'S SPHERE IN THE PAST.

BY REV. CLEMENT E. BABB.

THE wizard Romance has ever loved to cast his spells over the distant and the past, to cheat the eye and charm the heart with bright but unreal pictures of society. To woman he has always given a fairy life ; whether in the wild woods of the west, on the sunny plains of the east and south, or in the grey towns of feudal pride. And many yielding to the enchantment of so sweet a fancy, have imagined that woman's sphere has ever been one of influence and of splendor, and that in these latter days of rail-roads and of telegraphs, she is not so courted and admired as in the maiden's dream-land of knights and troubadours, or in those more distant ages when Cleopatra's and Helen's beauty summoned the world to arms. But if we look from the roseate clouds of fiction to those stern facts which form the landscape of history, we shall behold a far different scene. There has never been true social freedom except beneath the light of true religion. Gleams of rude virtue, masterpieces of genius, models of taste, and monuments of splendor, adorn the past. But the most gorgeous beams of its mythology, nay, even the moonlike radiance of its chivalry, illuminated no worthy sphere of female activity and influence. That was reserved for Christianity—for spiritual Christianity, whether primitive or reformed.

Barbarism ever implies the supremacy of brute force. Its only law is the law of might. Hence woman, with her inferior strength and gentler heart, is made the slave and drudge of the stern selfish warrior, man. Our tales of Indian life have tended to blind us to this dark and universal fact. The novelist must have a heroine, and he must clothe her with social and domestic influence, must throw a halo of power and freedom around her that she may move with becoming dignity through the scene. Heroic legends of the forest have filled our eyes and our hearts. And doubtless many a lady has dreamed in her romantic hours that she would love to wander like some maiden of the Iroquois or Delawares through the high arched forest, over the flowery plain, or glide in her bright

canoe along some noble river. But is that maiden free as fiction paints her, free as the fawn which bounds away startled by her footfall, free as the pheasant which whirs from the cover, or as the lark which floats on the cloud? No, she is born a slave. No smile greets her infancy, her birth awakens no joy in the wigwam. She is regarded as an unwelcome intruder—a useless burden—a curse rather than a blessing. A son is wanted, for he could be a hunter, a warrior, and a brave. Perhaps a parent's unnatural hands may stop that little heart in its earliest beatings, and hurry off the cold clay without a kiss or a tear. If her life is spared, it is only for degradation and sorrow. She grows up a timid and submissive girl, afraid of that painted tyrant who is called her father—crouches at his feet as humbly and less cared for than the hound which comes in with him from the chase. She plants and hoes his corn. She bears his burdens on her back. She lives, not knowing for what end, but to toil and to obey. At length she has grown to womanhood, and now will she be free? A chief, bold as the bear and wary as the panther, and fonder of blood than either, has looked on the maiden with admiring eyes. He has but two wives now, and having come from a war-path with many scalps upon his girdle, his bravery claims another bride. He asks her father—how can he refuse? He cares nothing for the girl, but much he cares to have a great chief for his son-in-law. He sends her to the warrior's lodge. No one asks her if she desires the change; and perhaps she never thinks whether she has a choice. She has been all her days in the dark school of slavery, and to do the bidding of the stern, without an answer or a murmur, is the only end of female life, that she has ever heard or dreamed of.—The change is made. She is a warrior's wife. Her master now is different, but her service still the same. And here again she comes as an intruder. The other wives regard her as a rival, and jealousy is added to toil and cruelty to enhance the wretchedness of her new home. She lives, she labors, she endures, and dies at last without a promise or a hope of any better world.

Poor Indian girl! there have broken now and then from thy crushed spirit gleams of loveliness and beauty! Thou hast twined in hours of sorrow and reverse, around the fierce warrior heart thou lovest, though it never sought or thanked thee for thy love, with a devotion far too noble for a slave. But while thy fairer



sisters admire thy few rude virtues and pity thy many sorrows, let them be grateful that they need not, like thee, labor without hope and without love, live without an aim, and die without a heaven.

The American Indians are the world's brightest picture of savage life. Their character, their customs, and their history, have awakened in us an interest bordering on enthusiasm. Much of this is just, and but a poor atonement for the many wrongs we have heaped upon them. Yet say what we will of their courage, their generosity and their eloquence, they knew nothing of those holy sympathies and those refined affections which cluster "around the hearth of home."

Should we go to Asia—to Africa, and to the Islands of the sea, our picture would darken at every step, until it grew too revolting for the eye to gaze upon. But barbarism in its best attire is bad enough. The female heart that studies it even as it was developed in the temperate zone, in the free forest, and amid the sublime scenery of the western world, will feel but little desire to exchange civilization for the wilderness—but little temptation to envy the Indian daughter, or the Indian wife.

Then let us advance to a brighter scene: let us visit the polished heathen, who had letters and arts, marble palaces and temples—who worshipped the majestic Juno and the graceful Venus. Here the ruggedness of barbarism is gone. Society is polished as the Parian marble by Grecian taste and genius. All that man can do, without the Bible, to elevate and refine, has here been done, and, as regards woman, what is the result? Has she a sphere of active usefulness, and an education to fit her for such a sphere? No, neither. All the energies of her mind, and all the sympathies of her heart, are barred within the narrow circle of her home, and blighted by degradation even there. There were indeed some rare exceptions. We read of Grecian mothers to whom heroes owed their greatness. We have fragments of one Grecian poetess. But these instances are like transient meteors in a dark sky. They were regarded as prodigies—as bold infractions of the broad and necessary law of man's supremacy in intellect and influence. The Greek had no idea of woman's true social position. The son was sent to the schools of letters, arts or arms. His mind and manners were cultivated with great care. The daughter was locked up in the interior of her home, seldom suffered to go abroad, and never

unguarded. She spent her days in dull monotony ; no society, no books, no pleasant memories of the past, no rainbow visions of the future to beguile the weary hours. Her religion tended not to calm or cheer her, but only to awaken wild longings and passionate desires. She is taught that goddesses are passing all the while in conscious power and beauty from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, gratifying every wish, every whim, floating in pleasure, flattered and feared, while she can only flutter as a caged bird against the bars which shut her in from free life and all its real and imaginary joys. But the hour of deliverance comes at last.—The dower is paid, the torches lighted, the procession formed, the choir are singing bridal hymns. She has long dreamed of this, and though she knows nothing of the new home to which they are conducting her, and almost nothing of its master and her own, no matter, the bondage of childhood is passed. She is a woman and a bride. The festival with its pomp is soon over, and then she finds herself again a prisoner and a solitary one. The house is not all hers, but only a retired and guarded part of it. She is considered her husband's property—a necessary appendage to his household, but not its mistress, not his equal and companion. They have no thoughts or sympathies in common. She is allowed no interest in his plans or cares, and but little even in the amusements of his leisure hours. She is not his confidant. She is not a magnet by his hearth-stone, drawing his heart from business or ambition ever fondly there. The Grecian merchant, statesman, or warrior, lived abroad. He came to his own house as to an inn—a mere resting place. His objects and his joys were in the forum and the senate hall. He toiled for his country and for himself. His whole existence was outward. He belonged to the state, and his family belonged to him. It was a cold relation of convenience and interest, not a linking of heart to heart in sweet affection. The face and the form of his Grecian bride are as faultless as those of the marble he adores, but her mind has been left uncultivated, and though reared in the land of genius, a few frivolous accomplishments are the only education custom will permit her to acquire. Hence her inferiority is unavoidable, since the means of improvement are denied her. And though she may dwell in splendor, have slaves to do her bidding, to adorn her person, to prepare for her the banquet, yet the walls of her prison are no less hateful because they

are tapestried in purple and gold. What is luxury without freedom? She envies the poor Helot wife who carries burdens in the open air. She has no object worth living and laboring for. Her mind is starving, her affections withering, and she is driven at length to weak or wicked pastimes to hurry on the slow paced hours. And when the last sands have fallen, what hope has she to cheer the dying hour? She will exchange her dreamy home on earth for the drearier world of shades. But there she may drink from the Lethean stream, may drown all memory, feeling, and apprehension in its waters, and live on, if live she must, in a dreamy, half conscious state, too vague for loneliness or sorrow. This is her best, her only consolation. Cold oblivion her sublimest conception of immortality!

But let us advance to an age which called itself Christian, which has been celebrated in romance and in song—the age of chivalry. Woman has here a proud and prominent position. She is crowned queen of love and beauty, and a smile from her will repay the toil of years. Her glove is borne over fields of desperate strife, and pressed in death to the lips and the heart, as if it were a passport to immortal joys. Devotion to woman is knighthood's duty and its glory. But if we examine more narrowly the situation of this idol of the middle ages, we shall find that, as with the Lama of Thibet, much of the charm is in the mystery. She owes her elevation to superstition rather than esteem. Her shrine is a prison. She has no freedom, no worthy sphere of influence. She is secluded in her husband's or father's castle, and there must spend months of monotonous solitude, while he is absent on some warlike expedition. Of books she knows nothing—her principal employment is embroidering, martial scenes, and repeating Latin prayers. The mind has nothing to expand it. The affections twine around a dog or bird for want of nobler objects. She dare not love truly and freely, for her hand is not her own. Her father or her feudal lord bestows it where he will. She is bartered away to some bold baron to bind him to peace or secure his aid in war.

But even if she weds the knight who has adored her as almost divine, and whose homage has awakened pleasure, if not affection, the enchantment which distance lent to each, soon fades away.—He is but a fierce, ambitious warrior,—she the pretty, thoughtless figure in a pageant. They know nothing of intellectual sym-  
 50

thies and joy. They never dreamed of such a thing as love. Soon the blast of the war-trumpet summons him away, and she must pine in the gray and guarded hall alone. Neglect is the sure and bitter penalty for the intoxication of excessive praise. This is a rule without exceptions, and hence the women of the middle ages could know little of that happiness which springs up broad and bright in the true sunshine of the heart. But there was a way to shun all this! The maiden in the days of chivalry could take the veil! Yes, and that is a gorgeous scene,—the solemn chimes are ringing—the arched aisles are thronged. The bride of Heaven is at the altar in her pale, proud loveliness. She and the world meet for the last time. She is “the observed of all observers”—the heroine of that hour. But the pomp and the excitement pass away, and where and what is she? Her warm heart, with all its love of pleasure and of life, is buried in those sainted catacombs. No sympathy or hope can enter there; but superstition filling all the place with gloom. She sees hypocrisy without its mask, and she learns that cowed and cloistered piety is but an artifice to cheat the crowd.—She is a slave to sickening forms and penances. No hand is there to point her to a sympathising Father—no voice to whisper in her ear that simple spell of happiness and hope—trust in a Savior’s name. She learns to doubt and yet to dread. Irksome duties, sad memories, and sadder apprehensions fill up the dreary hours. She lingers for a while, a pale and pining shadow, among those graves of youth and loveliness, then fades away and is forgotten.

Thus was woman in the zenith of chivalry—the slave of custom and caprice. She was rising slowly to her proper sphere. She was beginning to be appreciated for intellectual and moral worth, and to exert on the chaos of society a refining influence. But as long as religion was corrupt, darkness yet struggled with light on her pathway. It is only since a pure Gospel has begun to shine, that she has taken her own place in society—the empress of the affections—the lode-star of home—an angel of light to all who wander—of mercy to all who suffer—of hope to all who sin.

“Last at the cross and first at the sepulchre,” let her continue grateful for and faithful to the Gospel. She owes to it all she has of fruition in the present or of anticipation for the future.

*Indianapolis, Aug. 1848.*





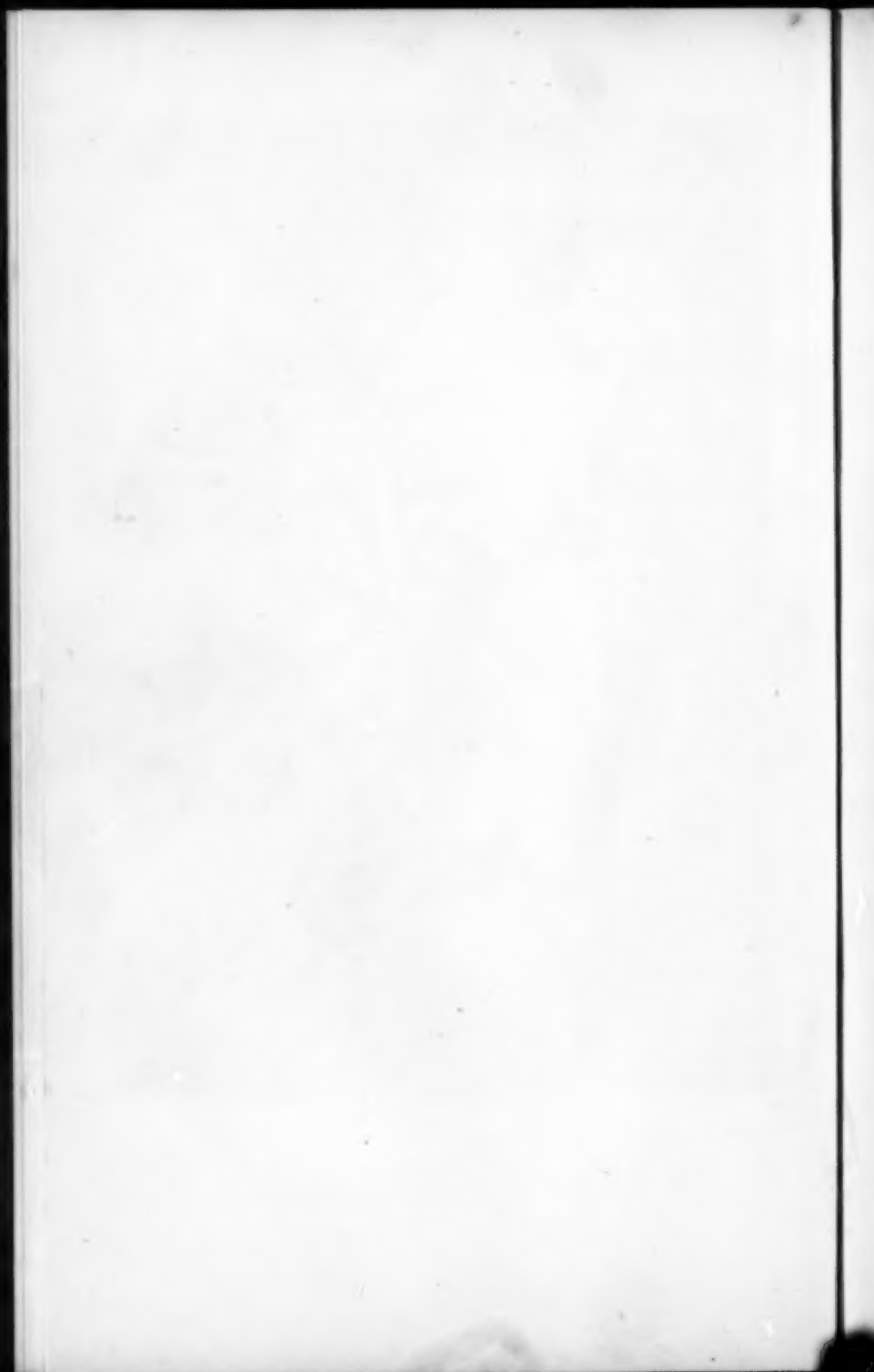
Engr'd by T.D. Booth.

*Salome*

For the Ladies' Bazaar.



*Lathyrus Purpureo.*  
Sweet Pea.





### THREE WAYS OF MANAGING A WIFE.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

"I allude to that false and contemptible kind of decision which we term *obstinacy*;—a stubbornness of temper which can assign no reasons but mere will, for a constancy which acts in the nature of dead weight, rather than strength—resembling less the reaction of a powerful spring, than the gravitation of a big stone."

FOSTER'S ESSAYS.

"I HAVE said, Mrs. Wilson, that it is my will to have it so, and I thought you knew me well enough to know that my will is unalterable. Therefore, if you please, let me hear no more about it."

"But, my dear husband, the boy——"

"But, madam—I assure you there is no room for *buts* in the matter. Am I not the master of my own house, and fully capable of governing it?"

"Yes, certainly, my dear, only I happen to know something about this school, which I think would influence you in forming a judgment, if you would listen to me for a moment."

"My judgment is already formed, madam, and is not likely to be altered by any thing a woman could say. You may be a very good judge of the merits of a pudding, or the size of a stocking, but this is a matter in which I do not wish for any advice."

So Master James Wilson, a little, delicate, backward boy of ten years, was sent to a large public school, in which the amount of study required was so much beyond his ability, and the rules so severe, that the heavy penalties daily incurred, seriously affected both his health and happiness. It was with an aching heart that the fond mother saw him creeping slowly to school in the morning with a pale and dejected countenance, and returning home, fatigued in body, soured in spirit, and rapidly learning to detest the very sight of his books, as the instruments of his wretchedness. The severity of the husband and father had in this instance produced its usual unhappy effect, by tempting Mrs. Wilson to injudicious indulgence of her son in private, and the perpetual oscillations between the extremes of harshness and fondness thus experienced, rendered the poor boy a weak and unprincipled character, anxious

only to escape the consequences of wrong-doing, without any regard to the motives of his conduct.

Not many months after his entrance into the public school, he was violently thrown to the ground during recess, by an older boy, and his limb so much injured by the fall, that a long and dangerous illness was the consequence. Mrs. Wilson was extremely desirous to try the effects of the cold-water treatment on the diseased limb, but her husband had adopted a system of his own, composed of all the most objectionable features of other systems, and would not relinquish such an opportunity of testing his skill as a physician. The child was accordingly steamed and blistered until the inflammation became frightful, and then cupping, leeching, &c., were resorted to, without any other effect than greatly to reduce the strength of the patient.

"Husband," Mrs. Wilson ventured at last to say—"the poor child is getting worse every day, and if he lives through it, will, I fear, lose his limb—will you not try what Dr. S. can do with the cold-water treatment?"

"If I could be astonished at any degree of folly on the part of a woman," was his reply—"I should be surprised at such a question. I am doing what I think best for the boy, and you are well aware that my mind was long since made up about the different systems of medicine. Do confine yourself to nursing the child, and leave his treatment to me."

Ah, this domestic "making up one's mind!" It is a process easily and often rapidly gone through, but its consequences are sometimes so far-reaching and abiding, that we may well tremble as we hear the words carelessly pronounced.

After a period of intense suffering, James Wilson rose from his sick bed, but he had lost for ever the use of the injured limb, and his mother could not but feel that it was in consequence of the ignorant and barbarous treatment he had received. But remonstrance was vain—the law of the Medes and Persians was not more unalterable than that which regulated the household of Mr. Wilson, not only in matters of consequence, but in the smallest details of domestic economy.

A new cooking apparatus had long been needed in the kitchen of Mr. Wilson, and as this was a matter clearly within her province, his wife hoped she might be able to procure a range which had

often been declared indispensable by her domestics. But in this, she was doomed to disappointment. Her husband remembered the cooking stove which had been the admiration of his childhood, and resolved if a change must be made, to have one of that identical pattern in his own house.

"But your mother's stove, though a good one for those days," said Mrs. Wilson, "was one of the first invented, and destitute of most of the conveniences which now accompany them. It consumed, beside, double the amount of fuel required in one of the modern stoves."

"What an absurd idea! A stove is a stove, I take it, and what was good enough for my mother, is good enough for my wife.—That which answered all the purposes of cooking in so large a family as my father's, might suffice, I should imagine, in our small one. At any rate, I choose to get this pattern, and therefore no more need be said on the subject."

It was nothing to Mr. Wilson, that the expenditure of fuel, and time and labor was so greatly increased by his arrangement—it was nothing that his wife was constantly annoyed by complaints, threats and changes in her kitchen, or that several mortifying failures in her *cuisine* had resulted from the obstinate refusal of the oven to bake—what was all this, to the luxury of having his own way in his own house?

But the pleasures of absolutism are not unalloyed. Mr. Wilson, like other despots, was obeyed only from necessity, and when ever an opportunity occurred of cheating him, it was generally improved. His wife was a quiet, timid woman, with no pretensions to brilliancy of intellect, but possessing what is far better, good common sense, a warm heart, and tastes and feelings thoroughly domestic. With a different husband—one who understood her disposition, and would have encouraged her to rely on her own judgment, and to act with energy and efficiency, she would have made a useful and happy wife and mother; but as it was, neglected and regarded as a mere household drudge—with all her warm affections chilled and driven back upon her own heart—she became a silent schemer, an adroit dissimulator, seeking only (in self-defence as she believed) to carry out her own plans as often as possible, in spite of her lord and master.

Mr. Bennet, the neighbor and friend of Mr. Wilson, was shocked

at the petty tyranny he evinced, and thanked his stars that he knew better than to follow such an example. Though so long accustomed to consult only his own inclinations, (for Mr. Bennet married late in life), he took pleasure in referring every thing to the choice of his amiable companion, only reserving to himself the privilege of the *veto*, that indispensable requisite to a proper "balance of power." Let us intrude on the conjugal *tete a tete*, the first year after marriage, that we may better understand the meaning of this "reserved right." The parties were about to commence housekeeping, and the subject under consideration was the renting of a house.

"Which of those houses do you intend to take?" inquired the wife.

"Just which you prefer, my dear. I wish you to please yourself in the matter."

"Well, then, if I may choose, I shall say the cottage by all means—the other house is sadly out of repair, much larger than we need, and will require so much furniture to make it comfortable."

"I am rather surprised at your choice, my dear—the rooms at the cottage are so small, and those in the other house so large and airy—do as you please, but I must say I am surprised. Such nice airy rooms."

"But they are gloomy and dilapidated, and will require so much expense to make them comfortable. Still, if you prefer them—"

"Oh, that is nothing, you are to choose you know, but I dislike small, confined rooms, and the cottage is nothing but a bird's nest."

"Do you not remember how we used to admire it when Mrs. Murray lived there?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, take it if you like, but the rooms are so small, and I never can breathe in a small room. Those in the large house are just the right size, and not at all gloomy in my eyes, but of course do as you please. I rather wonder at your choice however."

"Well, then, what do you say to the new house on the hill? That is neither too large nor too small, and it is such a convenient distance from your office, besides the grounds are delightful. I could be very happy there."

"Really, Mrs. Bennet, you have a singular taste. The neighborhood is, I dare say, detestable, and the dampness of the walls, the smell of new paint, and a hundred other things, would be hard

to bear—notwithstanding, if you choose the new house, we will take it, but the rooms in the other tenement are so large and airy, and I do so like large rooms—well, what do you say?"

With a suppressed sigh, the young wife answered—"I think on the whole, we had better take the large house."

"I was sure you would come over to my opinion," was the husband's exulting exclamation—"see what it is to have a sensible wife, and an accommodating husband!"

The large house was taken, and various were the discomforts experienced by Mrs. Bennet in her new abode. The chimneys smoked, the rain came in through numerous crevices in the roof, and the wide halls, and lofty apartments, many of which were unfurnished, struck a chill to the heart of the lonely wife, who, if she visited them after sunset, trembled at the sound of her own foot-falls echoing through the house. But she made few complaints, and Mr. Bennet, even if aware of some trifling annoyances, was happy in the consciousness that he had magnanimously submitted to his wife the choice of a habitation. Fortunately for him, that wife was a woman of sense, firmness and principle, who studied her husband's peculiarities that she might as far as possible adapt herself to them, though it must be confessed the attempt was often fruitless, and she was compelled to acknowledge to her own heart, that the open assumption of authority is not the only way in which domestic despotism manifests itself.

When Mr. Bennet became a father, in the first gush of parental emotion, he forgot even the exercise of the *veto*, in reference to the arrangements for the comfort of the little stranger, so that for a few weeks, the happy mother carried out her own plans without any interference.

"Have you decided on a name for this dear little girl?" said Mrs. Bennet, as they sat together one morning caressing the object of so many hopes, and of so much affection.

"I wish you to name her, my dear," he replied, "it is your privilege to do so."

"I should like to call her Mary, if you have no objection—it is the name of my mother, and therefore very dear to me."

"Is it possible you can like that common name so well? For my part I am tired of the very sight and sound of it. It can be nicknamed too, and Molly, you must confess, is not very euphoni-

ous. I hoped you might choose the name of Ruth, it is a scriptural name, simple and sweet."

"It happens unfortunately to be one I particularly dislike, but as you do not like Mary, perhaps we can select one in which we shall both agree. What do you say to Martha? It is our sister's name, and a scriptural one also," she added with a smile.

"Oh, I should never think of any thing but Patty. Surely you could select a better name than that. Ruth is much prettier—what a pity you do not like it. I admire it greatly, but my taste is not much—well, please yourself, only I am sorry you cannot fancy Ruth."

"How would you like Lucy? There can be no objection to that on the score of nicknames, and it is easily spoken."

"Yes, and so is Polly, if that were all. But you must think of some other name beside Lucy. I once knew a girl of that name who was my perfect aversion, and she has spoiled it for me. Ruth is the best name after all, pity you cannot think so. But choose something else if you please."

Various were the names suggested by Mrs. Bennet, and rejected by her husband, some on one ground, and some on another, still with the same ending—"I wish you could like Ruth"—until wearied by the discussion, and hopeless of gaining any thing by its continuance, she replied to his request that she would please herself—

"Let her be called Ruth, if you prefer it."

"How delighted I am, that we are always of the same opinion at last—it quite repays me for the concession some might imagine me to make, in submitting these things to the judgment of my wife."

As years passed on, and matters of greater importance came up for decision, Mrs. Bennet was sometimes compelled from principle, to abide by her own opinion, though at an expense of personal comfort, which few could appreciate. She had yielded so long and so often to the wearisome pertinacity of her husband, that when she first dared to do what he had always boasted of permitting, he could hardly credit his senses.

"Do you really mean," he inquired one day, long after the scene we have just described—"to forbid young Barton's visiting our children?"

"Did you not tell me to do just as I pleased about it?"

"Yes, to be sure—but I thought you would of course take my advice about it as usual."

"I could not, because I know what you do not, that young Barton is a depraved and dangerous character, and Ruth and Harry are just of an age to be attracted by the false glitter of his external advantages. Where the temporal and eternal welfare of my children is concerned, my dear husband, you must allow me to follow my own convictions of duty. In all things where conscience is not concerned, I shall, as I have uniformly done, yield my own preferences and wishes to yours."

"Well," said Mr. Bennet to himself as he turned away—"women are inexplicable beings, and I begin to think neighbor Wilson's way of managing them is better than mine after all. If you give them even a loop-hole to creep out at, they will be sure, sooner or later, to rebel openly and set up for themselves. I am too old to change now, but if I were to begin life again, I would manage so as to secure submission from my wife on all points. It is the only way to preserve domestic harmony."

It was at the close of a lovely day in the "month of roses," that Robert Manly brought his youthful bride to their own pleasant home, and for the first time, welcomed her as its mistress. They were both very happy, for young love shed its roseate hues over all around, and they had just spoken those solemn words which bound them to each other, in joy and sorrow, sickness and health, prosperity and adversity, till separated by death.

"What a paradise it is!" exclaimed the delighted Ellen—"I shall want nothing on earth, but the occasional society of my friends, to render my felicity complete."

A kiss was the only reply of the husband, as he gazed tenderly on the bright face so fondly upturned to his own, for though he had early learned the sad lesson of which she was yet ignorant, that perfect and abiding happiness is not the growth of earth, he could not rudely dispel her dream of bliss, by reflections that must have seemed unsuited to the occasion. Young as he was, Robert Manly had been trained in the school of adversity, and its stern but valuable lessons had not been thrown away upon him. The only son of his mother, and she a widow, he had been compelled, almost in childhood, to depend upon his own exertions for support, and carefully guarded by his excellent parent from evil companions



and influences, had early established a character for energy and integrity which was worth more to him than thousands of gold and silver. He was now a partner in the respectable mercantile firm, which he had first entered as a poor and friendless clerk—and was reaping the rich reward of uprightness and honor, in the confidence and respect of all with whom he was associated in business. While still very young, he formed an attachment for the daughter of his employer, a lovely, dark-eyed girl, whose sweet voice, and endearing attentions to the lonely boy, won his heart, before he had thought of regarding her in any other light than that of a playful and engaging child. She had grown up to womanhood at his side, and every year strengthened the tie that bound them to each other, though he could not but feel with pain, that the education she was receiving, was far from being a useful or rational one. As the youngest of a large family, and the pet and plaything of the whole, Ellen was trained in the very lap of luxury and indulgence, and her lover was compelled to admit to himself, that however highly educated, amiable and accomplished she might be, she was wholly ignorant of many things pertaining to her duties as the mistress of a family. To his mother, the dear confidant of all his joys and sorrows, he expressed his apprehensions on this subject.

“Have you committed yourself, my son?” she enquired.

“Certainly, in honor, and in fact. I love Ellen with all my heart, and have no doubt that her native strength of character, and affection for me, will make her all I could desire, when once she feels the necessity for exertion.”

“Youth is always sanguine,” was the reply—“however, my dear boy, from my heart I pray that your hopes may be fulfilled. I regret that you have chosen a wife who will have every thing to learn after marriage, but the choice is made, and much will now depend on yourself, as regards the result. You will find that deficiency of knowledge in domestic matters, on the part of a wife, materially affects the comfort and happiness of her husband, and if on feeling this, you become impatient and ill humored, this will discourage and alienate her, and the almost certain loss of domestic happiness will be the consequence. On the contrary, kindness and encouragement on your part, if she is what you think her, will be a constant stimulus to exertion, and thus in time all your expect-



tations may be realized. Fortunately, you have been brought up by an old-fashioned mother, who believed that boys might be made useful at home, and have learned much that will be of advantage to you both in a home of your own. Never forget, my son, that a kind expression of your wishes, will do far more to influence the conduct of a woman of sense who loves you, than harshness or rebuke. The power of gentleness is always irresistible, when brought to bear on noble and generous minds."

The lesson thus given, was not forgotten or disregarded. Soon after his marriage, young Manly found, that lovely, accomplished, and intelligent as she was, his wife was wholly incompetent to the task of managing a household, and when by the discharge of a worthless servant, they were for the first time left alone, her perplexity and helplessness would have been ludicrous, had not the subject been too serious to be thus disposed of. As it was, he lost neither his spirits nor his temper, but cheerfully and hopefully sought, through her affections, to rouse her to exertion.

"I am certain there is nothing about the house, you cannot do as well as others," he said to her as she was lamenting her deficiencies, "if you will only make the attempt, and the plainest food would be far sweeter to me prepared by my wife, than the most costly delicacies from any other hand. Our united skill will, I have no doubt, prove a fair substitute for the help we have lost, until we can procure more valuable assistance."

Thus encouraged, the young wife, with tears and smiles contending on her sunny face, commenced the work of practical house-keeping, and though her mistakes and failures were almost innumerable, had made so much progress before another girl was found, that she was deeply interested in her duties, and determined to understand them thoroughly. The next time her kitchen was left vacant, (for in our country these things are constantly happening) she was in a measure independent, and it was one of the proudest moments of her life, when she placed before her husband bread of her own making, which he pronounced the most delicious he had ever eaten. Let not my young readers suppose that Mrs. Manly sacrificed any part of her refinement by becoming a skilful and useful housewife. She still dearly loved music, and drawing, and literature, and communion with cultivated minds, and was not less a lady in the parlor because she had learned the uses and im-

portance of the kitchen. But we will let her speak for herself, of the change wrought in her habits and views, in a conversation with the mother of her beloved Robert.

"Will you not now come to us," she said—"and take up your abode with us permanently? If you knew how much and how long we have both wished it, I am sure you would not refuse."

"I do know it, my dear," replied the venerable matron—"but I have hitherto refused, because I thought it best for you both, to learn to depend on your own resources as early as possible. I knew too that a young housekeeper, to whom every thing is strange and new, might find it embarrassing to have an old woman in so near a relation, always looking on, and noticing defects should any happen to exist. I have therefore, until now, preferred remaining by myself, but I have not been estranged from you in heart. I have watched with the most intense interest your whole course thus far, and, my beloved child, I can no longer withhold the meed of approbation which is so justly your due. I own, I trembled for the happiness of my dear son, when I learned that his choice had fallen on a fashionably educated young lady like yourself, but I knew not as he did, the sterling worth of character concealed beneath that glittering exterior. The God of his fathers has indeed been gracious to him, in giving him a treasure whose price is above rubies, even a virtuous woman, in whom his heart can safely trust."

"Oh, my dear mother," exclaimed the young wife, while tears choked her utterance—"you would not say so if you knew all—if you knew how entirely I owe every thing that I now am, and all my present happiness, to the generous forbearance, the delicate kindness of my beloved husband. He has borne with my ignorance and helplessness, encouraged my first miserable attempts to do right, and soothed and praised me when ready to despair of ever becoming what I ought to be. He has taught me that the true end and aim of life is not to seek my own enjoyment, but the good of others, and the glory of my Father in heaven. From my inmost soul I thank you for training up such a son and such a husband, and earnestly pray that I may be enabled so to guide my own darling boy, that some heart may thus be blessed by my exertions, as mine has been by your maternal care and faithfulness, for my own experience has convinced me that the training of the boy has far more to do with forming the character of the husband, than all other influences combined."

## PSYCHE BORNE BY ZEPHYRS,

TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.

BY HENRY N. PAUL.

The mist is on the mountain,  
The dew is on the flower,  
The shadow of the fountain,  
Near its marble base doth lower :—  
The stellar gems in heaven strown,  
Bright beaming from above :—  
Like angels' eyes are looking down,  
In gentleness and love.

The breezy music floating light,  
Deep through the elysian sky,  
'Mid azure vaults in accents bright,—  
With Erato's lute might vie :—  
Ascend, ascend, rejoicing—  
The sunshine of that shore,  
Around thee as a mantle  
Shall stream for evermore.

Light zephyrs will convey thee  
Where the fragrant citron blows,  
And sweetly, gently, lay thee  
Where the golden orange glows ;  
Where many brooks are whispering  
A soft tale to the flowers,  
And amaranths, entwining  
Into gay and fadeless bowers.

A step is on the yielding grass,  
Light as the morning dew,  
And ah ! the plants as she doth pass  
Rise brighter to the view :  
There in realms where all is deathless—  
The sunny waves repose,—  
The wood with its rich melodies,—  
The summer and its rose.

## HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.—No. II.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

### "THE POOR CHILD DIED."

My baby, nine months old, had some fever, and seemed very unwell. One neighbor said—

"You'd better send for the doctor."

Another suggested that it had, no doubt, eaten something that disagreed with it, and that a little antimonial wine would enable it to throw it off; another advised a few grains of calomel, and another a dose of rheubarb. But I said—

"No. I'll wait a little while, and see if it won't get better."

"You should give him medicine in time. Many a person dies from not taking medicine in time," said a lady who expressed more than usual concern for the well-being of my baby. She had a very sick child herself.

"Many more die," I replied, from taking medicine too soon. I believe that one half of the diseases in the world are produced by medicines, and that the other half are often made worse by their injudicious administration."

"You'd better send for the doctor," urged the lady.

"No. I'll wait until the morning, and then, if he's no better, or, should be worse, I'll call in our physician. Children often appear very sick one hour, and are comparatively well again in the next."

"It's a great risk," said the lady, gravely. "A very great risk. I called in the doctor the moment my dear little Eddy began to droop about. And it's well I did. He's near death's door, as it is; and without medical aid I would certainly have lost him before this. He's only been sick a week, and you know yourself how low he is reduced. Where do you think he would have been without medicine? The disease has taken a terrible hold of him. Why, the doctor has bled him twice; and his little chest is raw all over from a blister. He has been cupped and leeches. We have had mustard plasters upon his arms and the calves of his legs. I don't

know how many grains of calomel he has taken ; and it has salivated him dreadfully. Oh ! such a sore mouth ! Poor child ! He suffers dreadfully. Besides, he has taken some kind of powder almost every hour. They are dreadfully nauseous ; and we have to hold him, every time, and pour them down his throat. Oh dear ! It makes my heart sick. Now, with all this, the disease hangs on almost as bad as ever. Suppose we hadn't sent for the doctor at first ? Can't you see what would have been the consequence ? It is very wrong to put off calling in a physician upon the first symptoms of a disease."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Lee, for saying so," was my reply, "but I cannot help thinking that, if you had not called the doctor, your child would have been quite well to-day."

Mrs. Lee—that was the lady's name—uttered an exclamation of surprise and disapproval of my remark.

"But, cannot you see, yourself, that it is not the disease that has reduced your child so low. The bleeding, blistering, cupping, leeching and calomel administrations, would have done all this, had your child been perfectly well when it went into the doctor's hands."

"But the disease would have killed him inevitably. If it requires all this to break it, don't you see that it must have taken a most fatal hold upon the poor child's system ?"

"No, Mrs. Lee, I cannot see any such thing," was my reply.—"The medicine probably fixed the disease, that would, if left alone, have retired of itself. What does the doctor say ails the child ?"

"He does not seem to know. There seems to be a complication of diseases."

"Produced by the treatment, no doubt. If there had been scarlet fever, or small pox, or croup, active and energetic treatment would, probably, have been required, and the doctor would have known what he was about in administering his remedies. But, in a slight indisposition, like that from which your child suffered, it is, in my opinion, always better to give no medicine for a time. Drugs thrown into the tender system of a child, will always produce disease of some kind, more or less severe ; and where a slight disorder already exists, they are apt to give them a dangerous hold upon the body, or, uniting with them, cause a most serious, and, at times, fatal illness."

But Mrs. Lee shook her head. She thought the doctors knew best. They had great confidence in their family physician. He had doctored them through many dangerous attacks, and had always brought them through safely. As to the new fangled notions about giving little or no medicine, she had no confidence in them. Medicine was necessary at times, and she always gave her children medicine at least two or three times a year, whether they were sick or well. Prevention, in her eye, was better than cure. And where there was actual sickness, she was in favor of vigorous treatment. One good dose of medicine would do more good than a hundred little ones. With much more to the same effect.

On the next morning my dear baby, who was just as sick for a few hours as Mrs. Lee's child was at first, was as well as ever.

Not long after breakfast, I was sent for by Mrs. Lee. Her poor child was much worse. The servant said that she was sure it was dying. I changed my dress hurriedly, and went over to the house of my neighbor.

Shall I describe the painful object that met my sight? It was three days since I had seen the little sufferer; but oh! how it had changed in that brief time. Its face was sunken, its eyes far back in their sockets, and its forehead marked with lines of suffering.—The whole of its breast was raw from the blister, and its mouth, lying open, showed, with painful distinctness, the dreadful injury wrought by the mercury thrown, with such a liberal hand, into its delicate system. All the life seemed to have withdrawn itself from the skin; for the vital forces, in the centre of its body, were acting but feebly.

The doctor came in while I was there. He said but little. It was plain that he was entirely at fault, and that he saw no hope of a favorable issue. All his "active treatment" had tended to break down the child, rather than cure the disease from which it at first suffered. There was a great deal of heat about the child's head, and he said something about having it shaved for a blister.

"Wouldn't ice do better, doctor?" I felt constrained to suggest. He turned upon me quickly, and seemed annoyed.

"No, madam!" he replied with dignity.

I said no more, for I felt how vain my words would be. The blister, however, was not ordered; but, in its stead, mustard plasters were directed to be placed over the feet and legs to the knees,

and a solution of iodine, or iron, I don't now remember which, prescribed, to be given every half hour.

I went home, some time after the doctor left, feeling sick at heart. "They are murdering that child," I could not help saying to myself. My own dear babe I found full of health and life; and I hugged it to my breast with a feeling of thankfulness.

Before the day closed, Mrs. Lee's poor child died. Was it a cause of wonder?

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### LINES,

#### ON THE DEATH OF MRS. A. B. W.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

From life's gay scenes she dwelt apart,  
And sought no other fame  
Than, with a meek and lowly heart,  
To bear the Christian's name.

The scented lily of the vale,  
That blooms not to be seen,  
Fills with its sweets the gentle gale  
That stirs the forest green:

So did her fragrant virtues fill  
The home of joy and love—  
Where sweetest memories linger still,  
That Death cannot remove.

As faded lilies sometimes find  
A place in bosoms warm;  
So when she withered, breasts as kind  
Cherished her drooping form.

And as the dying flower will shed  
Perfume on those near by;  
So came a blessing from her bed  
On all who saw her die.

Though she may not return again  
To hearts bowed down with grief,  
That blessing will, while they remain,  
Keep green their cypress leaf.



## PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

MEN have wants in this world which will not be supplied by a miracle, but by their own exertions, and no small degree of effort is demanded to meet these wants. Now a practical education proposes to give the knowledge of some lawful mode of self-support. It regards life, not as a grand holyday—a splendid panorama, exhibited for our amusement, but a scene of toil and trial, where man is to work out his *own* destiny, and reap down to the very root and soil that which he has sown. A practical education provides for life's great necessities and wants; and it is the solemn duty of parents to give such an education to their children—to prepare them for some sphere of labor and usefulness—to send them out into the world with the means and knowledge of self-support. Among the Athenians, if parents did not put their children into the way of obtaining a livelihood, children were not bound to make provisions for their parents, when old and necessitous. I do not say that such a return for parental neglect is sanctioned by the spirit of the gospel, but it is a practical comment of human nature upon the impropriety of failing to give children an education that will fit them for the duties and responsibilities of after life. But how often are they educated as if they were to dwell forever in a land of dreams and shadows and unrealities—as if life were a play ground—where labor and duty and trial and calamity were unknown—educated to no profession—for no end. This is not training up children in the way they should go.—It is not acting according to God's design and appointment—He intended that children should be trained up to labor and industry. The rich would nullify the original ordinance of heaven, “in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” and teach their children that labor is associated with poverty, and meanness, and the dishonors of the world. Not so thought the Jews in their palmiest and most prosperous days. It was their custom to teach their children some kind of handicraft, whatever might be their rank or wealth; so



that in case of a reverse of circumstances, they might have a resource to which to betake themselves. Accordingly Paul, when a boy, had learned the art of *tent making*, and when the world was hearing from his lips the tidings of redemption, he had recourse to this, "that the gospel might not be hindered." It was never designed that man should be an idler, but a laborer from the beginning. God sanctified the seventh day as a day of rest, before Adam disobeyed, and thus marked out six days as days of labor and employment, before sin sowed the seeds of the thorn and the thistle. We may suppose that previously to the fall, labor, so to speak, was just one department of piety; and that in tilling the ground or watching the herds, man was as religiously occupied as when communing with God in distinct acts of devotion. The great and fatal alteration which sin has introduced into labor is, that a wide separation has been made between temporal business and spiritual, so that whilst engaged in providing for the body, we seem wholly detached from paying attention to the concerns of the soul. Now we hold it to be a first truth, that patient and unwearied industry may consist with pre-eminent piety—that God may as truly be served by the husbandman while ploughing up his ground, and by the mechanic at his anvil, and by the merchant while engaged in his commerce, as He can be by any of these men when gathered by the Sabbath bell to the solemn assembly. It is a perfect libel on religion, to represent the honest trades of mankind as aught else but the various methods in which God can be honored and obeyed. Let parents then train their children to feel that industry is *honorable not only*, but a necessary element of a good character, and indispensable to the highest success in life. If they are wealthy, they had better give their children a practical education—and then will they be the better prepared to meet poverty or affliction, should it come upon them. Without such education, a man is a consumer of the fruits of others' toil—a leech upon community—a loss to humanity and the world; yet by the unthinking his position is often envied—he is regarded as the gentleman—the man of leisure, and they would be glad to strut with him into a virtual non-existence. If this reasoning be valid in relation to the families of the rich, what must we think of those in more common circumstances, who bring up their children with no *practical education*? We cannot think of them, but with mingled feelings of astonishment,

and regret. Their children grow up to manhood, utterly unqualified for the scenes that await them—unfitted for any species of useful industry, they plod their way through life in disgrace. They contract vicious habits—furnish the scum and sediment of society, and become miserable objects, to be pitied or despised. The evils resulting, are too manifold and mighty to be easily described. Let the parent then, consulting the talents and tastes of his children, select some employment, whether it be mechanical, mercantile, literary, or agricultural, and make it necessary for them to acquire both the habit and the knowledge of pursuing it; and by so doing he will lay the foundation for their future usefulness and honor.—They will be qualified for their appropriate positions—will have right views of life and labor, and with the blessing of God will become benefactors of their race.

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### THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

BY MRS. A. E. HYDE.

WHEN in some lonely thoughtful hour,  
I've looked on youth's bright hopes and dreams,  
Recalled the season of their power,  
The freshness of life's morning beams:

Then slowly trac'd my sombre way,  
Through scenes of grief, and years of care—  
Seen all those brilliant hopes decay,  
Those golden dreams dissolve in air:

I still have felt that Heaven was kind  
With joyous thoughts the breast to fill,  
To future grief the eyes to blind,  
And shut out boding fears of ill.

On bended knees I've poured my praise  
For all the gladness of my prime;  
The hopes that cheered life's early days,  
And wreathed with flowers the wings of time.

Thou who hast lately pass'd the verge  
Of childhood's bright enchanted ground,  
Soon in the busy world to merge,  
And walk along its beaten round;

One now half down this vale of tears,  
Who looked on life with other thought,  
Would fondly whisper in thine ears,  
The lessons changing years have taught.

Smile grateful on the pleasing past,  
Then cheerful in life's toils engage;  
Prepare to meet affliction's blast,  
And feel the chill of withering age.

Though thorns may in thy pathway lie,  
And dark hours coming years may bring;  
Yet faith can check the rising sigh,  
And on the cloud its bright hues fling.

And if earth prove no flowery field,  
It is not all a desert waste;  
For life has real joys to yield,  
And choice sweets to allure the taste.

There's peace amid the storms of earth,  
For those who duty's path pursue;  
And hopes of pure immortal birth,  
That spring in death's dark vale anew.

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## GENTILITY AND INDUSTRY.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"ARE the young ladies at home?" said Mr. Barbour, as he stopped at the open door of Mr. Barnard's dwelling.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Barnard, "walk in. They were just preparing to take a walk; but they will be glad to see you."

"Perhaps they will permit me to attend them." Mr. Barbour seated himself in the parlor, and ere long Misses Elizabeth and Margaret Barnard entered with their bonnets in their hands, as though it were still an open question whether they should take a walk or not.

They were fresh, rosy looking girls, with no inconsiderable pretensions to gentility: that is to say, they had a very clear apprehension of the fact that their father was a merchant, that they themselves had, for three months, attended an expensive boarding

school, that they were the possessors of a broken set of Lord Byron's poems, and that they were rarely caught in any domestic or useful employment.

Mr. Barbour was a young man from the city, who had come to the healthful village of Oakfield, for the purpose of pursuing his medical studies during the summer months. Though a diligent student, yet he was of a social nature, and hence availed himself of the facilities which his position in Dr. Mason's family afforded him, of becoming acquainted with the young ladies of the place. The whiteness of his hands, and the fineness of his linen, had made a deep impression on the Misses Barnard, before they had witnessed his fascinating manners, and listened to the tones of his rich voice.

The idea of a walk was suggested to them, by the sight of Mr. Barbour coming towards the house. It was certain that he either designed to call, or to pass by. If they were to meet him, accidentally of course, at the gate, they were pretty sure of his society in either case. A walk, for its own sake, was to them by no means desirable; for they had that day performed a large amount of ironing with the kitchen door closed to prevent discovery. Hence they did not, at this time, feel any particular need of exercise; nor were they, at any time, enthusiastic admirers of nature. It is due to Miss Margaret, however, to say, that she could repeat with a very tolerable approach to accuracy, a stanza of Lord Byron's, beginning with the line,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood," &c.

It appears that they had miscalculated the time necessary for Barbour to reach the gate, and for themselves to prepare for their walk. A stocking, or a collar, or a comb, is very apt to be out of the way, when one is in haste, on such an occasion. Barbour reached the house before they were prepared to leave their chamber. Fortunately he entered the parlor, thus preventing their exertions from being in vain.

"Mrs. Barnard informed me that you were about to take a walk," said Barbour, "permit me to join you."

Weary as were the limbs of the young ladies, the opportunity of being able to state to their friends that Mr. Barbour had called and invited them to take a walk, was by no means to be neglected.

They put on their bonnets, and sallied forth in the direction of Chestnut Hill. The conversation on the way, we deem it unnecessary to record.

On the summit of the gentle elevation called Chestnut Hill, stood the plain farm house of Mr. Elliot, who was, perhaps, possessed of about as much property as Mr. Barnard; but was, in the estimation of the Misses Barnard, far less genteel; because his hands were browner and harder. He was a plain, hard-working, warm-hearted, honest, pious man. He had a daughter who was christened Elizabeth, but she was commonly called Betsey, and answered as cheerfully to that name as to any other. In this matter her conduct presented a strong contrast to that of Miss Elizabeth Barnard. To call her Betsey, was to offend her for a lifetime.

It was sunset when our party arrived at the top of the hill. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot and Elizabeth were engaged in milking the cows.

"Good evening, Betsey," said Miss Elizabeth Barnard, as the party were opposite the spot where the farmer's daughter was rapidly adding to the snowy contents of her pail.

"Good evening," replied she, pausing a moment from her work, and turning partly round on the rude stool on which she was seated, thus unconsciously displaying to the observing eye of Barbour a form of great symmetry.

"We will not interrupt you," said Miss Barnard, bowing very graciously and smiling (as she thought) very sweetly, and passing on. Betsey resumed her work.

"What did you speak to her for?" said Miss Margaret, in an under tone, "you mortified the poor thing by noticing her, or rather causing Mr. Barbour to notice her in such a situation."

"I am sure," replied Miss Elizabeth, "that I did not intend to do any thing to hurt her feelings." Miss Elizabeth was sometimes to be understood by contraries, that is to say, strike out the negatives, and you would get at her true meaning.

"I know you did not, my dear," replied Margaret. "You had forgotten how much she dislikes to have it known that she has to work."

"True, I will try to do better next time. I thought it wouldn't do to pass her without recognizing her."

"She would have been much better pleased if you had taken it for granted that she was the hired girl."

Seeming suddenly to recollect that the conversation in which they were indulging was not suited to Mr. Barbour's ear, they changed it for one (in their opinion) strictly literary. Whatever may have been its value, Barbour did not enter it in his diary: if you could have inspected his mental memoranda, you would have found the following: "Mem., to inquire of Dr. Mason about Betsey Elliot."

On his return from his walk, he did so. "Betsey Elliot," said Dr. Mason, "she is the most sensible little body in the township. Have you fallen in with her?"

"I passed her residence this evening, and saw her milking a cow."

"And she did it in a first rate manner, I have no doubt. Were you alone?"

"The Misses Barnard were with me."

"And did their recommendations of Miss Elliot, lead you to make inquiry about her?"

"Not their recommendations exactly."

"She was milking, and neither ran nor blushed as you saw her?"

"She did not run, and I think she did not blush. She is a very fine looking girl."

"And a very fine acting girl. If you were to go there now you would find her reading some sensible book. Milking is the closing labor of the day on Chestnut Hill. By the way, I promised to lend her the second volume of Milton's prose works—she has read the first volume—I presume you are the cause of her not coming after the book. So to-morrow, about this time, you must take it up to her, and tell her I sent you. Will you?"

"With great pleasure."

The next evening, about dusk, Barbour was seen passing Mr. Barnard's with a large volume under his arm. Of course there was some speculation indulged as to his destination. It is not certain but that he was followed, at a distance, until he was seen to enter the farm house on the hill. Certain it is that the Misses Barnard were speedily apprised of that fact, and seated themselves at their chamber window, without a light, to determine the date of his return. They indulged also in sundry conjectures as to the causes and consequence of the great fact in question.

A few evenings afterwards, Barbour was observed to go in the same direction, and the fact of his entering Mr. Elliot's house, was communicated to the Barnards in the same mysterious manner as before. The next day Miss Elizabeth called on Miss Betsey, but did not succeed in adding at all to the stock of her knowledge concerning Barbour's movements.

Ere long he was seen passing towards Chestnut Hill every evening, greatly to the scandal of Miss Barnard's sense of propriety. Indeed she was much relieved when he called to bid her good bye, preparatory to his return to the city.

Soon after his departure, a package of books arrived at the post office, addressed, in a hand which even Miss Elizabeth (who inspected the package) admitted to be genteel, to Miss Betsey Elliot.

"That's the young doctor's hand-writing," said Frank Adams, the chief loafer of the village, giving his companions a wink, as much as to say, "she wouldn't be sorry to have her name there instead of Betsey's."

In the course of the holidays, Barbour came to Oakfield, and having called for a moment at Dr. Mason's, proceeded to Chestnut Hill, where he remained "concealed," to use Miss Barnard's expression, for several days, when he returned to the city.

In the spring, the Oakfield News Letter announced to the world, that, on a certain evening, "Miss Betsey Elliot was married to Dr. James Barbour, of New-York."

"Well," said Miss Margaret Barnard, "he may be a genteel man, but it is the first time I ever heard of a genteel man's marrying a milk maid."

"I hope he will call her something besides Betsey, if they are really married," said Miss Elizabeth.

A year or more had passed away. Dr. and Mrs. Barbour were preparing to go and spend a part of the month of August on Chestnut Hill. "Betsey, my dear," said the doctor, "I wish you would think of some elegant presents that we can take to the Misses Barnard. I feel under great obligations to them."

"What for, pray?"

"For putting me in the way of getting an excellent wife."

*Williams College, Nov. 11, 1847.*



## ZULEIKA.—SEE ENGRAVING.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

WHAT dost thou here, oh lone and wandering dove!  
From thine own sheltered vales, and sunny skies,  
So far away, with none to guide thy steps,  
Or whisper words of cheer, where all is strange  
And desolate around thee? On thy brow,  
And in thine eye's dark depths, I read a tale  
Of sorrow that has paled thy fair young cheek,  
And taught thee all too soon, the lesson stern,  
Of suffering and endurance. "Woman's lot  
Is on thee," young Zuleika, and thy heart  
Must learn to bow, perchance to break, beneath  
The weight of life's revealings. Never more  
Mayst thou call back the rainbow tinted clouds  
Of Hope and Joy that made thy morn so bright,  
But fled ere noon, leaving on earth and heaven  
The leaden hues of dull reality.

A wandering minstrel! pouring forth in song,  
The burning thoughts that sometimes must have way,  
(Or the full heart would burst,) to stranger ears,  
That listen coldly to the thrilling strain,  
Nor dream that like the swan, thou'rt breathing out  
Thy life in that entrancing melody.

It was not thus, when first thy lute was tun'd  
To love and gladness, in the myrtle bowers  
Of thy own Scio, fair, ill-fated isle!  
Whose children, wheresoe'er their footsteps turn,  
In poverty, or exile, ne'er forget  
The one loved name, till thought itself is dead.  
Thou wert a dweller then in marble halls,  
And on thy steps a crowd of menials press'd,  
Eager to do thy bidding, or to catch  
One glance of that soft eye, whose radiant beam,  
E'en then, had less of earth in it than heaven.  
But dearer to thy heart than wealth or power,  
Or beauty's nameless spell, or whispered tone  
Of love, though well requited, was the smile  
That lit the features of thy patriot sire,  
When seated at his feet, thy vesper song  
Floated upon the breeze, and quickly caught  
By listening echo, filled her hundred caves  
With harmony celestial.

Even now,

A dream of youth steals o'er her, as she stands  
With drooping head beside those faded flowers,  
Like one whose gaze, withdrawn from aught around,  
Is on the darkened past. She sees no more



Those stranger faces, that from morn to night  
 Marking her foreign garb with curious eye,  
 List for a moment to her plaintive lay,  
 Then mingle with the ever flowing tide  
 That hurries by—on which she seems a leaf  
 Thrown by the hand of destiny, to float  
 One little hour unheeded and alone  
 Ere swallowed up forever.

In that trance

Of blissful memory, all is now forgot,  
 E'en Carlo, mute companion of her toils  
 Gazes with wistful fondness on her face  
 Unheeded by the dreamer.

Once again,

She stands beneath the clustering vines of home,  
 And dear ones are about her. At her side  
 Kneels her young lover, with his glorious brow  
 And kindling eye, not now as when he lay  
 Bleeding and faint, beside her murdered sire,  
 In that dread day of vengeance, when alone  
 Of all her kindred, she escaped the foe.  
 How her heart swells with rapture as she hears  
 That well-remembered voice, whose lightest tone  
 Was music to her ear, and turns away  
 In fancy, to conceal the tell-tale blush  
 That answers his fond pleadings—but 'tis not  
 Her lover's voice alone, that floods her heart  
 With blissful memories, till the dizzy sense  
 Can scarce o'ermaster all its strange delight—  
 She feels again a father's fond embrace,  
 And hears his murmured blessing; once again  
 Sings to her lute some simple melody  
 At evening-tide—and shares the rich reward  
 Of an approving glance from those dear eyes  
 That never looked upon her but in love.  
 Joy to the exile—She hath found her home!  
 Joy to the weary dove—her nest is gain'd!  
 Oh, never, never will she leave it more!

'Tis past—the dream is over. One rude touch  
 Hath chas'd these airy visions, and recalled  
 Th' enthusiast back to earth. Oh, how shall she,  
 The gentle, and the pure, whose early path  
 Was strewed with roses, tread the thorny road  
 That lies before her? How shall she escape  
 Th' envenomed shafts of envy, or the blight  
 Of slanderous tongues, still rioting in ill?  
 God shield thee, youthful wanderer—far away  
 From guilt and harm remove thee, and at last  
 When called to lay life's heavy burden down,  
 Prepare for thee a home beyond the skies.

## HINTS TO PARENTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERBACH.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

### THE DISPOSITION TO DESTROY.

THIS is oftentimes the first manifestation of activity in a child. You return from a walk or a journey ; you wish that joy should enter with you into the house, and you bring home a painted toy for your child. Scarcely is the first pleasure of surprise and astonishment over, when he begins to alter and improve something about the gift which you have brought him, and after a few days the toy is destroyed and scattered in pieces. You walk out with your child in summer, and at his request and entreaty, break a slender twig from a tree. Observe him—he does not suffer a leaf to remain thereon, but plucks them off, one after another, until he can handle the flexible rod more conveniently ; after a while he begins to peel off the bark, and, by degrees, entirely strips the twig of its smooth rind. In lashing it, violently, to and fro, he breaks off a piece, first at one extremity, then at the other ; another is then, intentionally, broken off, and seldom does any part of the handsome twig reach the house, or if it does, it is thrown aside, to dry up in a forgotten corner.

It is very possible that this disposition to destroy may vex you, and you may resolve not to give him any thing more, or you may even take away that which you have already given him, and lock it up in a closet. If you speak with a learned man, a divine for example, on the subject, there are many who will say—"There we have it ! man is a child of Satan ! that is plain from this propensity to destroy." Many among them will speak thus, who, year in and year out, preach of the Divine Love and of the omniscience of God in his works, but as soon as they meet with any thing which seems to thwart their views, they at once throw the blame upon the devil.

But can we not discover a simple and natural cause for this disposition in a child ?

The chief impulse of every living creature, and, above all, of man, is—to create, to form, to shape something. We are not contented to take things around us as they are, merely, but we wish to make something out of them. This impulse begins in the child and shows itself in the man, in husbandry, in handicrafts, and in the creation of works of art, and the formation of states and communities. When we have accomplished any thing, and that which before was only a plan, a wish, stands complete before us, we enjoy, though oftentimes unconsciously, the satisfaction of having made something out of the things around us; our work contains that which, before, was in ourselves; our own perfected purpose looks out from it, upon us. Thus we feel, when out of boards, we have made a stool, out of a block of stone, a statue, out of our clear purpose, a constitution for a community or a state.

This impulse of activity, the pleasure of finding an outlet for our powers, of stamping the impress of our will upon something, exhibits itself strikingly even in children. Give them toys—your little daughter will content herself with dressing and undressing her doll, with laying it in the cradle and rocking it, (even in this, is seen the impulse of activity)—your son will soon knot his whip in a different way, unharness the wooden horse, drag the wagon along, or perhaps break it; but do not scold him; if he has soon destroyed the gift, he did not mean to destroy it, but only to make something new out of it; the toy is indeed ruined, but this is a result of the inexperience of youth merely, and was far from being brought about by an evil intention, or a desire to destroy.

It is not innate wickedness, therefore, which stirs in the child, and causes his tender hands to destroy that which has been so carefully constructed; it is the natural and praiseworthy impulse to do and create something.

Give a child something upon which he can innocently exercise his powers, or out of which he can frame something; a ball, for instance, or blocks of wood for building houses, and you will see the continued, constant delight which he takes therein.

But here also you can remark something, which may appear like mischief and a desire to destroy. Sit down near your child, and construct for him out of the blocks of wood, a bridge, a tower, &c. &c.; he will watch you with suspended breath, and take great delight in the gradual rise and final completion of the structure;

but his delight will increase if you permit him, by a push against the table, or against the structure itself, to lay the whole in ruins. How he shouts with joy at the crash and clatter of the falling pieces, and thinks no longer upon the curious edifice, which he has destroyed. Is not this wickedness, and delight in destruction?—By no means, but rather surprise and pleasure at changing what was before him, and the unconscious thought of being able to bring about so much by a single movement—this is the true source of his delight.

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### THE TESTIMONY OF AN UNBELIEVER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JEAN JAKUES ROUSSEAU.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

"I CONFESS that the majesty of the Scriptures confounds me—the holiness of the Gospel penetrates my heart. View the books of philosophy with all their parade—how insignificant do they appear near this volume! Is it possible that a book at the same time so simple and so sublime, can be the work of men? Is it possible that He, whose story is here recorded, was only a man? The facts concerning Socrates, of which no one doubts, were less attested than the life of Jesus Christ. Beside, we only remove the difficulty, not destroy it, by denying the facts, for it is more incomprehensible that several men should agree to invent the story, than that a Divine being should have been the subject of it. And the Gospel has a character of truth so grand, so luminous, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventor of it would be the most wonderful of heroes. Let us then fly these men who, under the pretence of spying out nature, would scatter in our hearts these desolating doctrines.—Overthrowing, destroying, trampling under foot, all that men respect, they tear from the afflicted the only consolation of their miseries, and take away from the rich and powerful the only bridle to their passions, and drive from the depths of the heart remorse for crime and belief in virtue, and then dare to call themselves benefactors of the human race! Such truths, (even were they truths) could only be hurtful to mankind."

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"**SPIRITUAL HEROES,**" or SKETCHES OF THE PURITANS—THEIR CHARACTER AND TIMES. By John Stoughton.—With an Introductory Essay, by Joel Hawes, D. D. New-York: M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel.

To every true American, who appreciates properly the privileges of his birthright, we cordially recommend this admirable work. As a faithful though brief record of men long maligned and persecuted by their opponents, who were incapable of understanding the lofty heroism of their character, but who were, nevertheless, the pioneers of civil and religious liberty in both hemispheres, its pages are full of interest and instruction, while the pleasing style and poetic temperament of the author give additional beauty to these sketches of the Puritans. With all their quaintness of speech, simplicity of attire, and frequent singularity of manner, these fathers of Disraeli were men of whom the world was not worthy; and if their descendants have not learned deeply to venerate their memory, it is because we have been accustomed to look at them through a false and distorted medium. Such books as the one before us, will do much to rectify the error, and to make the community, especially the rising generation, acquainted with the nature and the cost of freedom, and the means by which "it is to be preserved to bless those who are to come after us."

"**LIFE OF CROMWELL.**" By J. T. Headley. New-York: Baker & Scribner, 36 Park Row, and 145 Nassau-street.

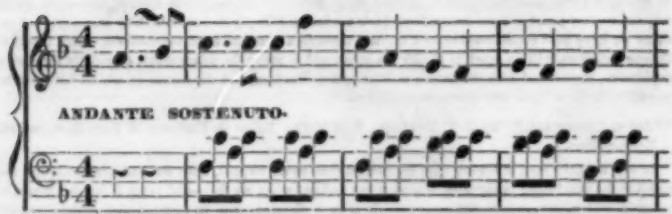
To say we have read this book with an interest that never flagged, until we had arrived (quite too soon) at the concluding paragraph, is saying but little of what we feel—and yet it is not the charm of its style, which, though sometimes careless, is always pleasing—nor its graphic delineations, resembling rather a series of life-like pictures than a continuous narration, nor yet the thrilling events thus brought before us, that constitute its principal attraction. It is the fact, that so far as it can now be done, the character of Cromwell is fully and fairly brought to view by the writer, and made to appear what it undoubtedly was—that of one of the noblest and most incorruptible of patriots. It was the fashion among the cavaliers during the civil war, and after the Restoration, to represent the Protector as a canting, hypocritical fanatic, whose insatiable ambition was illy concealed beneath a cloak of pretended piety; and succeeding generations have too long taken this opinion upon trust, without examining its foundation. The admirable work of Carlyle first taught the world that there was another side to the picture, and awakened in its readers a strong desire to know more of the wonderful man whose letters and speeches were so full of child-like piety, and earnest patriotism. Mr. Headley's "Life" is just the thing for the times, giving the reader a bird's-eye view of the scenes in which Cromwell learned "to do and dare" for liberty, and the circumstances which forced upon him an elevation no other man in England could have attained, or supported with such singular dignity and energy. We hope this book will find its way into every library throughout the land. It is wholly American, wholly vindicating the great principles of freedom, to which we owe our existence as a nation, and in defence of which, Cromwell, equally with Washington, perilled his fortune, his reputation, and his life.

"**HOME INFLUENCE**"—A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By Grace Aguila. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff-st.

This is an interesting story, well told, and abounding with excellent moral sentiments, and useful hints for the management of the young. The character of Mrs. Hamilton, the pattern wife and mother, is well drawn, though we think, a little too perfect for reality, and that of Ellen, strikes us as not exactly natural in the power of endurance manifested by such a child. But these are minor faults, and we assure our youthful readers they will seldom find a work of fiction in which amusement and instruction are more happily blended.

"**THE AMERICAN FLORA,**" in Twelve Monthly Parts, each part illustrated with from four to six colored engravings, taken from nature. By Dr. A. B. Strong. New-York: Green & Spencer, 140 Nassau-street.

This exquisitely beautiful work is well worthy of the goddess whose name it bears. The flowers are correctly drawn and beautifully colored, and the letter-press as attractive as the whitest of paper and the best of typography can render it. The first number of the present volume is enriched with a portrait of Linnæus, the father of botanical science, and a vignette title-page, with an exquisite wreath of flowers which might almost deceive that model worker, the bee. Each flower is accompanied by a full botanical and medical analysis, and a brief account of its origin, culture, &c. We trust the work will continue to enjoy the patronage it so richly merits.



sitting, In the sun - set at her knitting, Sang a

The first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics 'sitting, In the sun - set at her knitting, Sang a' are written below the vocal line. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

*rall.*  
love - ly maiden Sit-ting un - der - neath the thres - hold

The second system of the musical score. It continues with three staves. The tempo marking '*rall.*' (rallentando) is placed above the vocal line. The lyrics 'love - ly maiden Sit-ting un - der - neath the thres - hold' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes some chords and moving lines in both hands.

tree; And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the

The third system of the musical score. It continues with three staves. The lyrics 'tree; And ere day - light died be - fore us, And the' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features some chords and moving lines in both hands.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "ves - per star shone o'er us, Flit - - ful rose her ten-der". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "cho - rus— 'Jam - ie's on the storm - y sea." and includes dynamic markings such as *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano).

Warmly shone the sunset glowing;  
 Sweetly breathed the young flowers  
     blowing;  
 Earth with beauty overflowing,  
     Seemed the home of love to be;  
 As those angel tones ascending,  
 With the scene and season blending,  
 Ever had that same low ending—  
     "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

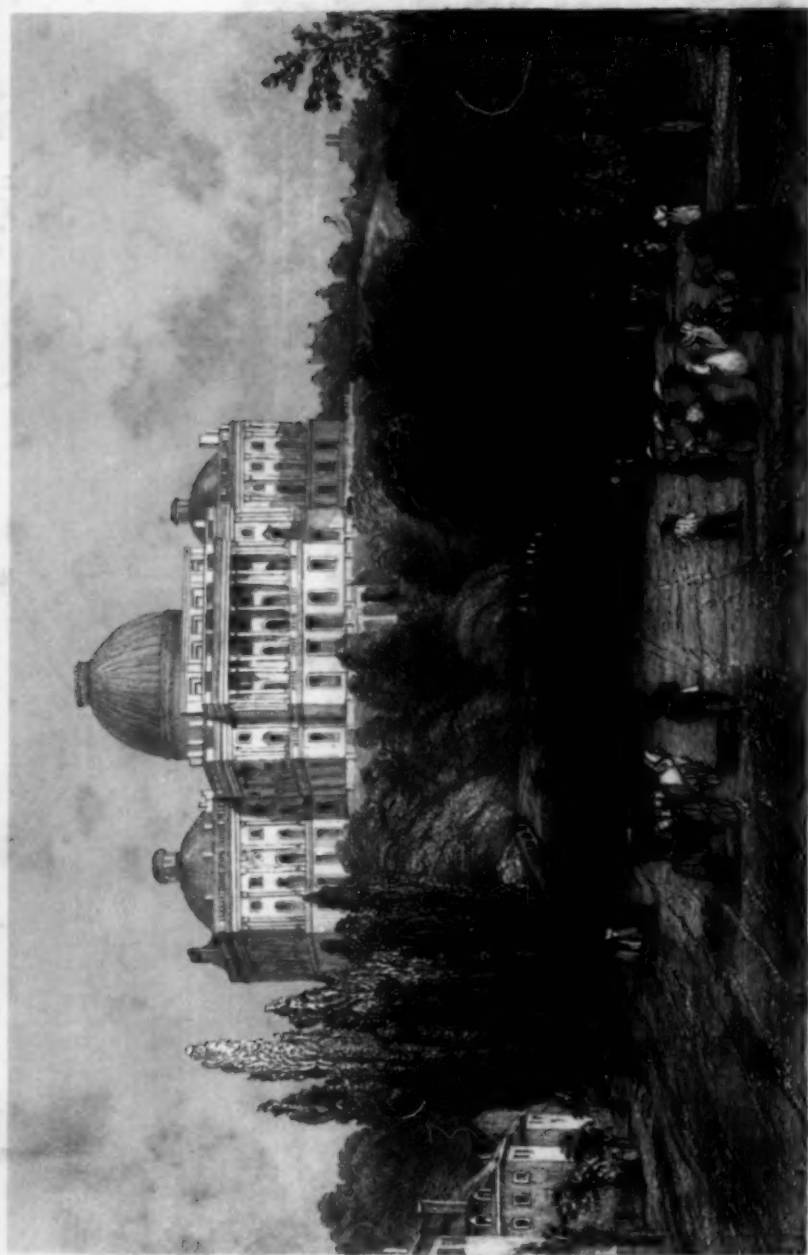
Curfew bells remotely ringing,  
 Mingled with that sweet voice, singing,  
 And the last red ray seemed clinging,  
     Ling'ringly to tower and tree;  
 Nearer as I came, and nearer,  
 Finer rose the notes and clearer;  
 O! 'twas heaven itself to hear her—  
     "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Blow ye winds, and blandly hover  
 O'er the bark that bears my lover;  
 Gently blow and bear him over,  
     To his own dear home and me;  
 For while night winds bend the willow,  
 Thinking of the foaming billow,  
 Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow—  
     "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list—but linger,  
 To the song and near the singer!  
 Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her  
     Jamie from the stormy sea;  
 And while yet her lips did name me,  
 Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me  
 "Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,  
     Home returned to love and thee!"









*Striped Dahlia.*



## CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMONT.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1792.

BY MISS G. T. MARTYN.

### CHAP. I.—THE RESOLUTION.

"A deep and mighty shadow  
Across my heart is thrown;  
Like a cloud on a summer meadow,  
Where the thunder-wind hath blown!  
And a shrill cry ever starteth,  
From Hope as she fast departeth,  
"I go and come not again."

BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE had been all day an unusual commotion in the streets of the ancient town of Caen, in Normandy, at other times so quiet and solitary. Bands of armed men were continually passing and repassing—groups of citizens might be seen eagerly conversing at the corners of the streets, while, ever and anon, some dignitary of the town, with hurried tread and anxious demeanor, made his way towards the old palace, in which, for some days past, the banished Girondists had been hospitably entertained by the authorities of Caen. Towards midday, these symptoms of agitation increased; the various groups of idlers drew together, as if actuated by some common impulse; women and even children in great numbers, joined the crowd, until at length, as the dial in the great square marked the hour of twelve, the dense mass of human beings, flocking toward the old palace, literally filled every lane and avenue to overflowing. It was the commencement of the Reign of Terror; rivers of blood already flowed in the devoted capital, and the work of destruction in the provinces, marked out by a master hand, was even then begun. The sanguinary faction of the Mountain, in the National Assembly, with Danton, Robespierre, and Marat at their head, had succeeded in expelling the more moderate Girondists from Paris, and most of these proscribed republicans had taken refuge in Caen, where a counter movement was already organized, and a body of six thousand troops with General Wimpfen at their head, waiting the word of command to march on Paris, and put

down by force the ferocious triumvirate who there ruled the mob. The noblest sons of the ancient city had assembled in the great hall of the palace, on the day of which we speak, to take the federative oath, and enrol themselves in the battalion of Caen. The vaulted roof shook as the shouts of applause loud and prolonged, greeted the appearance of this devoted band, most of whom were in the flower of early manhood, their countenances glowing with patriotic ardor, and their hearts throbbing with the generous resolve to free their country from the dominion of the tyrants, or to die. One among the number, however, distinguished from his companions no less by the classic beauty of his pale and thoughtful countenance, than by the melancholy that seemed habitual there—after scanning the whole assembly with a falcon glance, that where it lighted, read the soul, turned away with a disappointed expression, and went through his part of the ceremony abstractedly, like one whose thoughts and heart were far away from the scene before him. As he descended from the temporary tribune, and while the enthusiasm was still at its height, he spoke a few words to a friend at his side, and then quietly made his way through the crowded hall into the open air. One moment he paused upon the broad steps as if in indecision, then descending, rapidly traversed the now deserted streets, until he reached an iron gate, leading into the court-yard of a venerable building, whose gray walls, stained with the weather and dilapidated by time, were in keeping with the antique yew hedges and moss-grown fountain that adorned the court-yard. A low narrow door with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, opened upon a winding staircase which led to the upper story. The first chamber, lighted like the staircase by small windows with octagon panes of glass set in lead, was empty, and he hastily passed on to the next, which was the one usually occupied by the inhabitants of *Le Grand Manoir*. The room was large and lofty, hung with faded tapestry, and lighted by a bay window, whose richly stained glass diffused a "dim, religious" light through the apartment. The furniture was rich but antique—most of it in the style of *Henri Quatre*, and the general aspect of the chamber was cold and cheerless in the extreme. In a high-backed arm chair, near the recess formed by the window, sat the aged mistress of the mansion, *Madame de Bretteville*, apparently lost in thought, with her prayer book on a small

table at her side, and a superannuated lap-dog nestled among the cushions at her feet. It was a pleasant picture of indolent enjoyment, but the eye of the young man rested on it only for a moment, and then eagerly turned to one far more attractive. A young girl was seated on a tabouret by a small side window, through which the rays of the setting sun streamed upon her head, surrounding it with a glory such as Rembrandt loved to picture about the heads of saints and confessors in the olden time. She was indeed a creature of rare and exquisite beauty. In her complexion, the ardor of the south was united with the high color of northern climes, and her hair, which seemed almost black when fastened in massive braids about her graceful head, or arranged in folds above her brow, became at the ends of the tresses a golden brown, softer and more silky than the rich tassels of the maize which glitter and deepen in the sunlight. Her large and lustrous eyes, expanding or contracting with every emotion, were "of a color variable as the wave of the ocean which borrows its tint from the shadow or the day-beam;" when in thought, or at rest, of a deep violet hue, but when called into animated play, dark as the wing of the raven.—Long eye-lashes, still darker than her hair, gave additional interest to her expressive glance, while her Grecian mouth with its finely chiselled lips, seemed formed to breathe equally the language of love or patriotism, melting tenderness or lofty indignation. There was about the finely formed chin with its deep dimple, an air of strength and resolution that contrasted well with the otherwise perfectly feminine contour of her beautiful face. Save when some passing emotion sent the "eloquent blood" into them, her cheeks were usually pale, though "possessing the pure and marbled whiteness of entire health." To these charms of face and feature were added a form of perfect symmetry, whose every movement displayed natural grace and dignity, and a voice so sweet and musical, that those who listened once to "that living echo" of the soul, remembered and dwelt upon it years afterward, as upon a strain of heavenly and unforgotten melody.

Such was Charlotte Corday D'Armont, as she appeared to the eyes of Henri Dubreuil, who after saluting Madame de Bretteville with ceremonious respect, advanced eagerly to her side, exclaiming—

"May I ask, Mademoiselle, wherefore I see you here? I had hoped the scenes of to-day might possess sufficient interest to induce

you to join our fellow citizens at the palace, but it seems I was too presumptuous."

There was a slight shade of pique in the voice of the speaker, and his lovely companion smiled faintly as she raised her eyes from the large volume on which they had been fixed, and replied—"It is very easy to imagine the whole scene, my friend, and I have not been unmindful of the occasion, but in truth I find it very wearisome to make one of the gaping, wondering crowd who look upon it as a holiday show got up for their amusement. What are all these fine speeches, my good Henri, but lip patriotism, that exhausts itself in mere effervescence, without effecting anything for the glorious cause of human freedom? When men learn to act as well as talk nobly, then indeed it will be pleasant to listen to words which we know are but the prelude to worthy deeds."

"What would you have, Mademoiselle? The noblest of our citizens have to-day enrolled themselves under the banner of the republic, and wait but the word of command, to redeem with their life blood if necessary, the pledge they have given. Is all this nothing in your eyes? You have lived so long in a visionary world, surrounded by traditional heroes, that every thing in real life is stale and insipid to you."

"Do I then live in a visionary world, and will my visions never be realized?" she exclaimed in a tone of deep pathos, then suddenly rising, she added with kindling eye and awakened energy—"but I will not believe it. The march of liberty is, it must be, onward, and though ferocious tyrants may for a time assume her garb, and perpetrate unheard of atrocities in her name, she will at length vindicate her usurped rights, and trample on her infamous defamers. Happy he, who shall be the chosen instrument to avenge her wrongs, and establish the golden reign of peace, liberty and equality in our beloved, our beautiful France! Even now, the hour is coming—and thousands of hearts are throbbing with hope and expectation as they listen for the rallying cry which shall proclaim to the nations of the earth, that we are truly free!"

As she stood before him—her tall form dilated with intense feeling, her hands clasped, and her speaking eyes upraised to heaven, she seemed to the young man a Muse, inspired by heaven to accomplish the deliverance of her country, by diffusing her own sacred energy through the hearts of its defenders.



"Beautiful enthusiast!" was his animated response, "who, in listening to such accents, can despair of the salvation of France? Dark as is the present hour, it is not darker than that in which Joan d'Arc roused the slumbering valor of her countrymen, and led them on to victory. Thine is a kindred spirit—but its mission is loftier—more holy still;—to kindle the fire of true patriotism in hearts maddened by unwonted power, and to teach them that the noblest of all heroism is self-devotion to the public good. Even now, the fiercest of our denouncers feel the power of thy presence in their assemblies, and shrink, while thine eyes are upon them, from disclosing their schemes of robbery and blood. But, Charlotte!" he added in a low, pleading voice—"is there no room in that gentle heart for an earthly love? If I have dedicated myself to the service of my country, may I not at least believe, that there is one who will think of me with kindness, and hail my return with joy? May I not hope—"

"Hope for nothing," she hastily interrupted, "but a sister's kind wishes, a sister's fervent prayers. Do not deem me unkind, Henri—or wound by vain remonstrances a heart that is forever closed against the fond pleadings of earthly affection. Be my soul's brother," she added with a beaming smile, as she frankly extended to him the soft and delicate hand which of all earth's treasures he had most coveted—"and henceforth let it be our only ambition, which shall do most for the safety and glory of our bleeding country."

Her manner though kind, was so full of solemn decision, and sublime enthusiasm, that the young man ventured no word of entreaty, though his very heart felt crushed by the blow she had just inflicted. The atmosphere of the room seemed stifling—the weight of a mountain was pressing on his breast, and with a short quick gasp, and a thrill of agony which the heart can know but once, he hastily relinquished the hand he held, and rushed from the apartment. "This then is the end of all my day-dreams," was his bitter reflection, as he retraced his way to the palace—"and I have loved and coveted a 'bright particular star,' only to be made sensible when too late, what a vain and presumptuous fool I have been! But she shall not despise me—I will urge the departure of the troops for Paris, and once there, win for myself a name which, proud and exacting as she is, she need not blush to hear. And who knows,—if when I return covered with glory"—the alterna-

tive suggested by the imagination of the youthful dreamer was so delightful that it wreathed his lip with smiles as he entered the assemblage in the hall of deliberation, with a step as proud and firm as though the laurels which fancy had gathered, already encircled his brow.

Charlotte Corday, as her lover left the apartment, gazed after him a moment with a countenance in which unshaken resolution contended with all the warm affections of woman's nature, then murmuring—"France requires the sacrifice," she sank back into the seat from which she had arisen, and burying her face in her hands, resigned herself to one of those long reveries which had of late become habitual to her. Her aunt, Madame de Bretteville, aged, infirm, and almost deaf, was always occupied with her spaniel and her prayer book, and took little notice of the *flights* (as she termed them) of her young relative, utterly incomprehensible as they seemed to one educated in the treadmill routine of conventional formalities among the ancient French *noblesse*. Thus left to herself, the ardent, impulsive, and generous Charlotte, passed her time in the court-yard or the garden of the old mansion, reading and musing, while in her soul the flame of republican opinion and feeling, kindled by the first revolutionary movement, burned every hour more ardently. The romances she had read filled her with vague ideas of love and glory, while in the works of Jean Jaques Rousseau, the Abbe Rayual, and above all the "Lives" of Plutarch, she found her "theories converted into actions, and her ideas into men." With her imagination thus excited, and her young heart thrilling with powerful but delicious emotions, a happy and well placed affection might have saved her to her friends and the world, by affording an object on which to expend the ardor of feeling that was consuming her. But her extreme poverty, and the entire dependence of the only man she had ever loved, on a proud and stern father, placed an insuperable barrier in the way of her attachment, and "her love thus restrained, changed not its nature, but its ideal, and became a vague, but sublime devotion to a dream of public happiness." She had deeply sympathized with the Girondists, those Constitutionalists of 1791, and on their banishment, and the scenes of blood and terror that followed, every blow thus aimed at her country, seemed to fall directly upon her stricken heart. In common with many others, she was deceived

in her estimate of the relative power of the tyrants who ruled the national assembly, and believed that in the butcher Marat, she saw the moving spring of all the horrors she deplored. An indefinite idea of immolating herself for her country, by taking the work of vengeance into her own hands, had for weeks possessed her imagination, but the anticipated departure of the battalion of Caen for Paris, made the idea a reality, and inspired her with the determination to act upon it. Might she not anticipate the arrival of the troops in the capital, by herself going forth, like another Judith or Epicharis, to deliver France from the sanguinary monster, and thus spare the farther effusion of human blood, by voluntarily shedding her own? The more she pondered this plan, the more feasible it appeared, and the casual mention of Joan d'Arc by the young Dubreuil, in the interview we have recorded, seemed to her like a voice from heaven calling for the accomplishment of her purpose. Long she communed with her own heart after his departure, and ever from its depths there came a whisper to her secret ear—"life has no joys for thee—why shouldst thou not sacrifice thyself for the safety and happiness of others?" "I am ready," was the fervent response of her impassioned spirit, and in that hour of solitude and silence, the path was inwardly marked out, which she was afterward to tread unfalteringly to the prison and the scaffold. None who looked upon the radiant countenance and buoyant step with which she rose and passed from the room, tenderly kissing her aged relative as she went, could have imagined that the resolution which beamed in every noble and expressive feature, was fraught with suffering, danger and death. She seemed rather to have caught the first sun-gleam of a hitherto clouded and joyless life, and its reflection lingered about her like a halo, forcing even from the torpid Madame de Bretteville, the exclamation—"What can have come over the child! She looks so bright and shining, that one almost expects to see her flying away some day, like the angels in my illuminated missal. Well, I hope no harm will come of it all"—and with this pious wish, she resigned herself again to her usual state of dreamy indolence.

## CHAP. II.—THE DEPARTURE.

"There are deeds of which men are no judges, and which mount without appeal direct to the tribunal of God. There are in some human actions, so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, pure intent and culpable means, error and truth, murder and martyrdom, that we know not whether to term them crime or virtue. The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is among those acts which admiration and horror would leave eternally in doubt, did not morality reprove them. But the purest virtue is deceived in her aim, when she borrows the hand and weapons of crime."

LAMARTINE.

On the second day after her interview with the young Dubreuil, Charlotte Corday left Caen for the residence of her father in Argentan. Monsieur D'Armont was descended from an ancient but impoverished family, and his penury having increased with the lapse of years, now lived in strict retirement with one child, who never left him. Like his daughter, his sympathies were all with the republicans, and as he heard in his obscure retreat, the faint echo of the noise and tumult which filled the capital, he comforted himself with the hope that in the new order of things about to be established, some benefit must accrue to one who had so nobly cast aside the prejudices of his birth, and dared to espouse the cause of the people. The young Charlotte had early left her home, for a convent, which she entered at the age of thirteen. From that period until the suppression of monasteries in the first days of the republic, she remained under the care of the Abbess, Madame Belzunce, devoting herself to the study of the new philosophy which made its way through the gratings of the nunnery, and was welcomed by its cloistered inmates, as the herald of universal light and liberty. When the order came for the suppression of the convent, Charlotte found an asylum with her aunt, Madame de Bretteville, who though old and poor, had still a home, and whose infirmities rendered the kind attentions of her young relative doubly welcome.

It was many months since she last visited Argentan, and as each well remembered object met her view, the heart of the young girl melted within her, and for a few brief moments, all the thoughts and feelings that had occupied it, faded away like a troubled dream, and she was once more a happy, careless child, working in the garden, making hay, gleaning, or gathering apples with the dear companions now silent in death, or far away in dis-

tant lands, to see "la belle France" no more forever. There was the pear tree into which she had so often climbed in other days—at the risk of a severe reprimand from the good old housekeeper—there were the bee-hives, by the moss-grown porch, where she had loved to stand and watch the busy little laborers as they returned from the garden laden with sweets for their winter store, and there, still fresh and vigorous, was the vine which she planted as a memento, the evening before leaving home for the convent more than ten years ago. There were sweet memories connected with all these things, which were fast unfitting her for the stern purpose that had brought her hither, and as she dashed aside the tears that blinded her, she mentally exclaimed—"it is not yet too late. In the obscurity of home I may still be safe and happy." But the very next moment, an entire revulsion of feeling succeeded the unwonted softness, and bitterly reproaching herself for her childish weakness, she was again the determined, resolute woman, prepared to trample on the obstacles that lay in her path, though the heart's purest and warmest affections were among them.

Nothing of all this inward struggle was manifest during the short interview with her father which succeeded it. She simply declared to him her design of passing into England in the company of friends until quiet should be restored to their own country, and implored his blessing previous to so long a separation. It was given tenderly and with tears, and on the same day, without trusting herself to visit the haunts of her childhood, or even to look upon her mother's grave, she set forward, on her return to Caen, where she eluded the enquiries of Madame de Bretteville by the same story which had previously deceived her father. Through the kindness of a friend, she was enabled to provide for the old servant who had attended her in infancy, and her last moments in the house of her aunt were spent in making every possible arrangement for the comfort of this kind friend, to whose hospitality she owed so many hours of calm and quiet happiness. Her books were all distributed among her young friends, excepting a volume of Plutarch, from which she was unwilling to be separated in this, the crisis of her fate. At length the day fixed by her for her departure from Caen, the 9th of July arrived. Having previously provided herself with letters from some of the Girondist deputies to one of their colleagues in the convention, which would introduce

her to the minister of the interior, she left the house early in the morning, with only a small bundle of necessary clothing, taking leave of her aunt as if for a day's excursion in the country. At the foot of the staircase, she met a poor child named Robert, the son of a laborer, who was accustomed to play in the court, and to whom she had given toys and bonbons. "Here, my child," she said, giving him a sheet of drawing paper, "this is all I have to give. Always be a good boy, and do your duty to your poor father. Kiss me, for you will never see me more." She then embraced the child, leaving a tear upon his cheek, the last offering of a tender but heroic heart on the threshold of the home of her youth.

As she journeyed toward Paris in the diligence, the attention of all the passengers was arrested by her simple yet polished manners, her youth, and her dazzling beauty. Some of her fellow-travelers were Montagnards, who raved incessantly of the virtues of Marat, and cursed the Girondists. Free and playful as a child with those of her own sex, she evaded the troublesome familiarities of the Montagnards, by a modest and dignified reserve, which together with her extreme loveliness, so won the admiration of a young republican among them, more refined than his companions, that he ventured in the most respectful terms to declare his admiration. He implored her to allow him to ask her hand of her relatives, and though she playfully ridiculed this sudden passion, he was evidently so much in earnest, that she promised to let him know her name and determination with regard to himself, at a day not far future. When the travelers entered Paris, all separated with regret from the interesting being who had so charmed them by the graces of her person, and the mingled sensibility and energy of her character. And for herself—did no whisper of her guardian angel, as she entered the city of doom, warn her of the fearful future, and entreat her even then, to turn back into the path of peace? Did no throbbing pulse, no quivering heart-string, contend in that generous and sensitive nature with the enthusiastic devotion and dauntless heroism that had brought her hither? If it were so, He who reads the heart, alone witnessed the conflict, and that the strong determination to "do and die," was finally triumphant, was proved by the tragic scenes of the few succeeding days.

To be continued.

## MATERNAL LOVE.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

It was a mother's cradle song I heard,  
Low murmured to a fair young babe, which lay  
In sickness on her knee, or feebly stirred,  
Then slept, as hushed by that sweet harmony,  
And still I listened what the strain might be,  
But all the burden of that gentle air  
Breathed only this, a mother's tender care  
Unwearied with its watch, the mastery  
Of Love Maternal, o'er all other sense,  
And my soul drew a holy lesson thence,  
Which told, how much of heaven's pure love must lie  
Within a mother's heart; no human tie  
May link so closely with its golden band,  
Undimmed, it baffles Time, nor dreads his withering hand.

With gentle patience through each tedious hour  
Tending the fragile bud, content to share,  
Till the unfolding of its treasured flower,  
All that a mother's heart alone could bear;  
The tottering step to guard with anxious care,  
The stammering tongue assist which may not speak  
Its new-found language—from the rounded cheek,  
Wiping the pearls so quickly gathering there—  
Winning the school-boy to his joyless tasks  
With word and smile of glad encouragement—  
This is a mother's tireless love, and blest  
With every fibre of her heart, it asks  
No boon save this, her child's affection given  
Less to herself on earth, so it be stored in heaven.

How shall my soul requite thee! thou who kept  
Thy patient watch beside me, when I slept  
In my weak infancy, a helpless thing,  
Or soothed me with sweet kisses fondly pressed  
Upon the lips which could not syllable  
Thy gentle name, my mother, nor yet tell  
In words, my baby griefs—whose love hath blessed  
My girlhood's wayward years, and still doth cling  
Unto my womanhood—oh! let me be  
In turn, thy loving nurse, in turn watch o'er  
Thy fitful sleep when pain hath stricken thee,  
Or age shall waste thy strength, then let me pour  
A child's affection o'er thy closing day,  
And all thy love restore, and every care repay.



## OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever."

So sings the delicate John Keats, a poet, and for that he was a poet, a seer, one who could *see* beyond the seeming to the real.—To him, as to all poets, Beauty was not a transitory thing, the tain enamelling and paint-coat of God's world; but in spite of all that half-poets have said in sickly moanings, it was an eternal nature, central and vital in all that verily is.

In these years of better faith, whose sunshine has transpierced the old glooms of doubt and superstition, there should be preached, withal, a Gospel of Beauty, to redeem from the debased thought of shallow minds that sweet name, that holy thing. Even those who should have been the heralds of its worth, its seers and worshippers—the Poets, have too often viewed it as but a very fine, fair gilding, which will wear off very soon;—as if the great World Architect had dealt in tinsel and veneering! But verily, if ye will hear it, this world is not a thing of gilding, but a solid ingot of Beauty's refined gold, from the seething furnace of God's Thought—*live* gold, if ye can imagine it.

Beauty is not superficial but central, as a life permeating the whole. Intrinsically it is Harmony, and its prime element is Truth. To be perfect it must be absolutely harmonious, not part by part with itself alone, but with every other true thing. This too defines perfect Truth, but they are not identical though mutually dependent. Is not this then, the distinction?—Truth is the abstract principle of Harmony, Beauty the expressed, perceivable or conceivable impersonation of Harmony? We say a tree is beautiful whose proportions are harmonious; that is, are *true* to the nature of a tree. We say a thought is beautiful which harmonizes with some known principle, as beauty, and is beautiful in proportion to the aptness of that harmonizing. We call that Poem beautiful whose thought is musical, and whose words harmonize with it and with themselves—are *true* to the thought. An action, or a life is beautiful, as it is found to be in harmony with the law of life, is a true life or action.



Here then, from common speech we glean some scattered seeds of a thought that Beauty is not of the mere superficies—not a transient form, but an inward fashioner of forms,—a living force forever! Even the beauty of face or figure is referable to the same law of harmony, of feature or proportion,—*true* to that, or in no wise beautiful. Grass and flowers, and face and form, are all *expressions* of something other, not ultimates themselves; and if they are beautiful they express Beauty, a something which *was* when they were not, or how could they tell of it? and which shall be when they have passed, since they are not *it*, but its momentary sign.

But more; by universal consent we call that more beautiful, which to the featural adds an expression of spiritual harmony, of inward truth; and even to the latter without the first we give the palm in serious moments—and the homely proverb, 'Handsome is that handsome does,' is homely but in form, while internally it is true and beautiful. Harmony and Truth then, being the basis of Beauty, we find it not so trivial a matter, or so transient as forlorn *unseers* have bewailed it; nay we see it is eternal, ever-varying, everlasting, and a *living* Thing! Deeper and deeper as we pierce into the center of being through its thousand-fold discordant appearances, there are revealed to us more and more of truth, more and more of harmony, and of essential good, which to the eye of sanctified Poesy speak more and more of Beauty.

The greatness of the universe, illimitable, high and deep, with wild onrushing force and infinity of forces,—taught man language to name its wonderful Cause 'Omnipotence'—'The Almighty': and as men saw more fully into being and found there the astonishing *aptness* with which all things were endowed, their fine relations and rhythmic adaptation each to each, which they named contrivance, mute worship bowed and felt that verily their Maker was Omniscience—the All Wise.

Again they saw that there was infinite Bounty in the thing called Nature—the great life-nurse of multitudinous being; that in the master-work of all, in man were love and pity and forgiveness; that over all life stood innumerable goodnesses pointing to their Father, and with mute eloquence declaring that God is *Good*. Reverently let us grasp all these threads of truth hallowed thus far, and trace them to the spot where boundless harmony has

twined them into one, and call it Beauty. Infinite Force, Wisdom, Good, once distinct and severed, now seen in one, are found by a deeper analysis to be rounded into an infinite Beauty.

Once all Nature was a Terror, when man saw that its Soul was strong, and knew not that it was wise. Then when his eye had caught some gleam of its inward harmony the world became a Splendor, and his intellect was gladdened. But when he found in it the revelation of a deathless Good he saw that it was holy, a symbol of the Holiest. Then his Heart rejoiced, his Intellect no less, and terror tempered to deep Awe was in his spirit doing reverence. In fragments he had seen that it was beautiful, even at first, and deeper still he saw beauty unfold itself at each new dawn of light, till now if he will see it, he shall find there is no other law than this ; that Strong and Wise and Good are but the three-fold elements of the one infinite Beauty.

Power is worshipped of the passions, Wisdom of the intellect, Love or Goodness of the heart, but all these are united in the worship of the Beautiful. Each gospel in the progress of man has had its evangelists. Warriors, the strong-men, with sacrificial swords, have knelt at the red altar of Strength, and given blood-offerings to their god of Battles. Statesmen, cunning wise-men, and deep-souled Philosophers searching through man and nature, have adored the God of Wisdom, and grey seers have been the voice of their revealings.

Kind hearts that do their kindnesses in love, spirits who can be wronged and yet forgive, all generous natures whose delight is in the Good, give holy service to a God of Love, and lyrist and apostles speak the language of their lives.

But he who would announce the revelation of pure Beauty must unite the elements of all these worships into one—courage and sense and love, must be Bard, Seer, and Apostle—the Poet, whose mission is to teach the unseen Good in all, making all better by the teaching.

He will not rest in outward Nature, wantoning with birds and brooks, with flowers and the green meadows. He will learn that these are but the tremulous gleams that shoot up momentarily from an exhaustless Element of Beauty, and will use them only as fair-guides to lead him to the whole. He will love these, for to love ought is to possess it, of all that is worth loving or possessing ; and

day by day the beautiful meaning of things will grow up in the bosom of this lover, a perennial beauty.

All men are Poets more or less, as they can see clearly or dimly the internal harmony and worth of things, whether their vision is expressed in outward music or a better life. It is this seeing and loving of the best in things, which constitutes a man a Poet, so that verily the more he is a Man the more he is a Poet and true preacher of the evangel of Beauty.

There is withal a profound moral use, even in outward beauties, in the love of flowers, the trees and dancing brooks, they give us by their pretty lives such sweet rebukes for low cares, for impure thoughts and the petty stings of light vexations, while hue by hue the fairest things will steal over the glooms of thoughts depressed, and dye the soul's imaginings with their own colors. The very air of a bland summer's evening is enough to waft away into forgetfulness, the harassing troubles of a long hot day. The little Brook will besiege your care-filled bosom, and prattle and bubble, and dance and shiver with delight; and fling up tiny, bright rockets of pure fun, and sparkling, running, and rustling, and scudding round little capes, and dashing down in miniature Niagaras, then away into still pools, from whence they peep through the long grass to see how you may stand it out, it will frolic on; till in spite of yourself, you forget your dull vexations, and feel fresh and clear and cool, as if the little Brook had taken a turn and danced right through your heart. What grave homily could give you such a sense of 'Junefulness' (*see Willis*) as the little Brook?

The daisies and the dandelions, the green grass and the woods, the blue sky and blue ocean, O, are they not all Teachers worthy to lead us towards the eternal deeps of Beauty whereof they are passing shadows?

If ye have any land, or house, or but a cabin, give it some air of beauty, such as ye can give, and if in very beggary, fold your rags about you with a touch of order, so that there may be some small remembrance of a Better found in every place—something to hint to the forgetful soul that God is Beauty and would have our souls and all around them Beautiful.

## "MY BIRDS ARE ALL GONE."

BY MRS. S. M. CLARK.

My birds are gone ; all gone—they came to me  
In the glad spring-time—on my shel'ring tree  
They made their little nest all soft and warm,  
Secure from sultry heat, and chilling storm,  
And, as they toiled to make it fast and strong,  
They cheered me, ever, with their sweetest song.

I loved to listen to their joyous lays ;  
They gave me back a thought of other days—  
Of my own spring-time, when my heart was gay,  
And all the world was bright as sunny May.

Oh, bliss ! to steal, from the sad waste of years,  
One sunny thought, undimmed by sorrow's tears  
Soon, in that little nest, I heard their young  
Chirping most softly, when the old birds sung—  
Their matin song was gladder than before,  
For there were other voices to adore  
The loveliness of earth, and sea, and sky ;  
And brighter wings fast fledging, that on high  
Would soar, to try their pinions—then, away,  
To seek a milder clime, and fairer day.

Soon, very soon, their shining wings were grown,  
I looked one morn—my lovely birds had flown.  
I miss their matin song at early day,  
O, much I miss their sweet and joyous lay :  
I wonder if they ever more will come,  
Back to my bright green tree, to find their home—  
I'll watch their little nest with jealous care,  
For I should so rejoice to see them there ;  
When the cold winter and its storms are o'er,  
With their bright plumage, and their song, once more.

It may be so—but, I may find my home  
Ere to my shel'ring tree again they come.  
Oh ! when the winter of my life is near,  
And its chill blasts fall dull upon my ear,  
Then may my spirit's wings be fledged to rise  
Above the earth—to fold in Paradise  
Its weary pinions. Father, take me there,  
And, with me, take the children of my care.

## THE IDOL DETHRONED.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

### CHAPTER I.—THE OLD CHURCH.

"Her charm around, the enchantress MEMORY threw."

AFTER an absence of years, I re-entered my native city, just as the setting sun's last rays were throwing their mellow light upon the distant hills, and tipping with gold the lofty spires. It was the close of the last day of the week ; and as I needed rest and quiet to fit me for the duties of the coming day, I did not announce my arrival, even to the few friends with whom I had maintained an occasional correspondence. The Sabbath sun rose brightly, and I rejoiced in its light, though alone,—a stranger in the place that gave me birth. As the hour of service arrived, the chiming of the church-going bells, the multitude passing to and fro to their various places of worship, reminded me by contrast of my mountain-home, where the villagers may be seen gathering from every point to one sanctuary, all listening to the same voice and joining in the same worship. I love that village church and its simple service. Every face there is that of a familiar acquaintance. There my friends, my kindred dwell ; and it is not strange that my thoughts were with them now, as I seemed to see each take his accustomed place—children, parents, and grandsires bowed with age ; and the silver tones of our pastor's voice seemed once more to fall upon my ear.

But my thoughts were recalled to the passing throng ; and pleasant were my reflections even upon those shades of difference which classify, while they do not divide, the family of Christ. Here all may worship, each according to the dictates of his own conscience ; while to the petition of every spiritual worshipper, wherever found, the ear of Infinite Compassion is inclined. The bells that call them to the sanctuary do not send forth the same sound, and the variety is more pleasant. Our devout emotions are not all strung on one key ; and there will be "parts" even in the anthem of the skies ; else, where were the harmony ? With thoughts like these,

I addressed myself to the duties of my retirement, my state of health rendering me too feeble to attend the morning service.

At the appointed hour in the afternoon, I entered once more the sanctuary where my fathers worshipped, and trod the aisle which my feet in childhood had heedlessly trod. Instinctively I sought the place where I used to sit by my mother's side ;—that mother who had left us, years before, to join the anthems of the upper temple. The sacramental feast was spread ; and gladly did I avail myself of the invitation extended to members of "sister churches" to join in the communion of saints. It was my first approach to *that* table ; and memory recalled the days of other years, when there I came before Jehovah as his people came, and sat before him as his people sit, but worshipped him not. I raised my eyes to the pulpit, almost expecting to see the venerable man whose tremulous accents awed even the heart of childhood. The tablet erected to his memory was not needed to recall the virtues which my parents had so loved to recount ; neither did I forget the gown, the band, the flowing wig, nor yet the palsied hand that used to be laid upon my head, while the blessing of Abraham's God was invoked upon the child of many prayers. His funeral scene—when the church and people were alike clad in mourning—is among the most impressive of childhood's memories ; and yet I have said I almost expected to see him there ; for who does not know that when a long loved association is restored, all that had intervened is for the time annihilated, and we look around instinctively for every object that made that scene to memory dear ? "The friends, the tones we loved—where are they ?" we inquire ; and when echo only answers, "where ?" the scene seems at once to change, and we wonder why we ever cherished it as a sacred remembrance.

But I have wandered from the sanctuary. The pastor, whose countenance and manner betokened one called of God to the ministry, commenced the service by reading that beautifully appropriate hymn—

"Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb ;  
Oh that our feeble lips could move  
In strains immortal as His name,  
And melting as His dying love !"

After this hymn had been sung in accents sweet, the pastor again arose, and requested that they whose names he was about to

announce as candidates for the communion of that church, would take their places in the middle aisle. That some strong emotion was struggling in his bosom was evident even to a stranger's eye, and I afterwards learned that his two only daughters were of the number. As the names were read I listened, if perchance some familiar family-name might reach my ear. Nor was I disappointed. Soon that of Alfred R—— was called, and a young man arose whose countenance confirmed the hope that the name had inspired.— There was the counterpart of one whom I well remembered as an elder in that church. I could not help turning to the desk where the elders were assembled, to ascertain whether the good man were yet alive, to share in that day's joy. He *was* there. I see him now—his silver locks falling upon his shoulders, his hands folded upon the top of his staff, his eyes closed, and, though his lips moved not, his whole appearance seeming to say, "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!"

Once more I listened, and the name of a family whom the world had claimed as its votaries was announced, and a young lady took her place in the aisle. Her form and features reminded me of one who was associated with my mother in the circle of prayer; and I could not doubt that Alice M—— was the daughter of that praying mother whose lips death had long before sealed. Did not her spirit hover o'er her child?

There were other names that I knew not; but I saw that most of that favored group had still upon them the dew of youth: and I learned from the prayer by which they were consecrated anew to God that many of them were the children of the church, who had been trained under the catechetical instruction of a pastor who had never lost sight of that tender injunction of the risen Savior, "Feed my lambs." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Pleasant and profitable was that season of communion with the Savior and his people, a foretaste of the fellowship of heaven, where saints of all climes and nations and names shall sit down together at one feast of love, and "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A few short weeks passed too quickly away, as with steps no longer elastic I retraced the haunts of childish merriment, and recalled scenes and friends to memory dear. Did those loved parents, passed into the skies, look down to see how kind was the welcome for their sakes tendered to their long absent child? Did they see her kneeling by the side of those mothers in Israel with whom her mother was wont to kneel? Did they witness the warm pressure of the elders' hands, as they gathered about "the little L——," and one of them said—while a tear started to his eye—"I never thought that the child of such prayers could perish"?

Among the new-found friends in my native city I was permitted to number Alfred R—— and Alice M——. And now, the time allotted to my visit having expired, after a mutual promise of a more frequent correspondence, I bade adieu to this kind circle of friends, new and old, and returned to my home among the hills, and its quiet yet important duties.

I have often thought that the influence we exert in a very limited sphere is far more deeply felt than that which is diffused over a wider field. We possess more of individuality at home than elsewhere; more in a retired village than in a crowded city. I pity those who would seek to fly from responsibility by a residence in the country. But to return to my story.

Among the pleasant items of news with which my N—— correspondents favored me, one was, that my young friends, Alfred and Alice, had stood once more side by side in the sanctuary, and bound themselves by the strongest earthly ties to walk together for weal or wo to the end of life's journey. From my heart I rejoiced in this union. Their acquaintance had commenced in the conference room; and there was every reason to hope that their affection was based upon sympathy in Christian sentiment. The congratulations of their friends were heart-felt, for to them the future seemed to promise much. In reply to a letter expressive of my participation in their joy, Alice poured forth the ingenuous acknowledgments of an almost idolizing bride; and a postscript from her husband assured me that they were as happy as even I could wish.



## CHAPTER II.—THE HOME.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!  
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,  
Or tasting, long enjoy thee!"

The changes of this changing world found me once more a resident in my native city. Among the first to welcome my return, were Mr. and Mrs. R——; and gladly did I avail myself of an invitation to spend a day with them at their home. I was aware that the gift of an only child, and that a daughter, had been vouchsafed to them; and I was not slow to discover that my impatience to be introduced to their Eloise was equalled by the anxiety of her parents to present her to my acquaintance. As I approached the dwelling of my friends, I saw that parents and child were waiting at the door to welcome me, and that Eloise would have bounded forward to meet me at the gate, if the hand of her father had not held her back. I thought I had never looked upon three happier faces than were then before me; and ere the day had passed I was satisfied that their cup of earthly bliss overflowed. Their residence had been chosen in that part of the city which had secured to it most of the appearance of an elegant retirement; having an extensive and highly cultivated park spread out before it. They enjoyed, too, the rare luxury of a court-yard and garden, which a long residence in the country rendered to me doubly welcome.

The interior of their dwelling presented that home-like appearance which convinced me at once that they were not indebted to the trappings of wealth for their happiness; and yet there was every comfort that even wealth could purchase. I counted not the least among these, a well selected library, and a table strewn with choice engravings.

But what of Eloise? Gentle reader, will you refuse to look upon her, when I tell you that this child, now six years old, had no clustering locks to shade her brow, and no dimples to add beauty to her happy face? It was even so; and yet her appearance presented what was to my mind of far more importance. Her form was erect and finely proportioned; while every motion bespoke perfect health, and its usual attendant in childhood, a buoyant temperament. As she skipped like a fawn through the

apartments, or chased her kitten among the garden-walks, I was rejoiced to see that her parents had not begun to throw around her those artificial rules by which the arrangements of the God of nature are so often counteracted, and *the spring* blotted out from the years of childhood. Her face reminded me so much of both her parents that I knew not how to answer the inquiry, Which does she most resemble? Her complexion was of that almost transparent hue which is usually associated with hair like hers, which in the sunlight passed for golden, but in the shade approached nearer to auburn; and the blush on her cheek reminded me of the most delicate rose. But it was the expression of her face that interested me most, for to this I looked for the character of the soul. I love to recall those first impressions, when I gazed with the eye, though not with the heart of a stranger, upon the face of that cherished child. I seem again to catch the ever-varying expression of her eye, now beaming with affection, and anon dancing in the exuberance of merriment; and to meet once more that confiding glance with which she accepted the invitation to sit beside me. There is something to me more winning than beauty in the confidence of an ingenuous child. That first interview gained for Eloise an admiring friend; and for me, the love of one whose sunny smile and tender sympathy have often chased sadness from a stricken heart. Even the tones of her voice were like sunshine to the soul.

After we had dined, Alfred returned to his counting-house; and Alice, excusing herself to receive a business call, left Eloise to entertain her guest. Faithful to the trust, the child placed her little hand in mine, and led me to a room which I had not as yet entered, filled with rich but antique furniture. She pointed out in turn the family portraits; till pausing before one she said, "That is my grandpapa; this was his room; and this," laying her hand gently upon the book, "this was his Bible." "And where is he now, Eloise?" I inquired. There was more than beauty in that uplifted eye, as she pointed upward and answered, "in heaven." Dear cherished child, how little did we think that thou wouldst so soon be there also!

Pleasant is the memory of many an incident connected with that happy group. Their home was one of my favorite resorts, for my presence was not allowed to interrupt either their studies or

recreations. Indeed I became a sharer in them all; and Eloise seemed surprised to find that the "dear old lady," as she would sometimes playfully call me, had not forgotten that she once *was* young. It was my delight to watch the development of her intellect, and sometimes to aid her mother, who was also her teacher, in her delightful task. I saw too that her physical training was not overlooked, and that a system of daily exercise abroad was established both for mother and child. After the studies of the day were over, they would often visit me, at the distance of a mile, and return just in time to walk home with Alfred when he left his business for tea.

Looking through their library, I once inquired of Alice how many of those books she had read. "Not as many as I hope to," was her reply, "for to confess the truth, I have lost my relish for all studies except such as I can share with Eloise. I am looking forward to the time when we can commence a course of history together, and when she can partake in the rich repast which you see laid up on that shelf devoted to the classics. I am almost impatient for the time to arrive when we shall become so wise together."

How many a summer evening has passed away, while we have talked by moonlight of the bright future, and matured plans of which Eloise was always the central point! "If Alfred continue to be prospered in business," Alice would say, "we shall be able to travel, to see all that is worth seeing in our own land, and perhaps we may go abroad. Wherever we go," she would kindly add, "you must go with us. Eloise I am sure would not be happy without you."

It was after such an evening, that Alfred once entered his dwelling just as the neighboring clock told the hour of ten, and threw himself wearily upon the sofa. "My friend," I asked, "why do you suffer yourself to be so enslaved by business as to relinquish the enjoyment of such an evening as this, in your own loved home? It surely cannot be necessary." "Not for our comfort," he replied, "we have enough; but when I think of Eloise, how much will be needed to secure to her all the accomplishments, all the indulgences which we desire, I am willing to toil; and when I shall see her what she now promises to be, I shall have my reward."

Years stole away, and Eloise had reached that age which can

be claimed neither by the child nor the woman ; but which in her case exhibited all the confiding loveliness of the one, and enough of the maidenly reserve of the other. The promise of her infancy had been thus far fulfilled.

It was late in the summer of 18— that I left the city to make my accustomed annual visit at —, and Eloise was one of the last friends from whom I parted. Never had she appeared in better health ; and happy she always was, except at the moment of saying farewell. "I shall be absent but a few weeks, Eloise ; and when I return, I shall call you to a strict account," I added, striving to laugh away her tears as well as my own. Thus we parted.

To be continued.

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## THE FAMILY.

"No other earthly circle can be compared with that of the family. It comprises all that a human heart most values and delights in. It is the centre where all human affections meet and entwine, the vessel into which they all pour themselves with such joyous freedom. There is no one word which contains in it so many endearing associations and precious remembrances, hid in the heart like gold. It appeals at once to the very centre of man's being,—his "heart of hearts." All that is sweet, soothing, tender, and true, is wrapped up in that one name. It speaks not of one circle or one bond ; but of many circles and many bonds,—all of them near the heart. The family home, the family hearth, the family table, family habits, family voices, family tokens, family salutations, family melodies, family joys and sorrows ; what a mine of recollections lie under that one word ! Take these away, and earth becomes a mere church-yard of crumbling bones ; and man as so many grains of loosened sand, or at best, but as the fragments of a torn flower, which the winds are scattering abroad."

HONAR.

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY REV. D. C. LANSING, D. D.

Our life a hand-breadth is; and vapor-like,  
It passeth swift away. Hopeless and lost,  
As having God's most holy law transgressed,  
We lie beneath the penalty of death.  
In this our ruined state, Jesus our Lord  
Looked on us, and did love—"Spare them," he said,  
"My blood I'll shed to save them from the pit."  
When, as the man of sorrows and of griefs,  
He made his pathway through this world of sin,  
From his kind lips these heavenly accents fell:  
"Look unto me, ye sons of men, by faith—  
All other good you need shall then be given."  
Pain not his heart of love, by promise vain,  
Of penitential grief, in time to come  
The promise for *to-morrow* oft you've made,  
And still, that morn its eyelids never yet  
Hath lifted up, when to your gracious God  
You've come, with flowing tear, and broken heart,  
And in the tender breathings of your soul,  
Have meekly said—"My Father, I have sinned,  
And am not worthy to be called thy son."  
No—that *to-morrow* never yet has come—  
That dread *to-morrow*—enemy of man—  
Which, countless multitudes of precious souls,  
From heights of hope hath swiftly downward hurld,  
To the abysses deep of endless woe.  
Say not again, *to-morrow* I will hear—  
Listen *to-day*—The night's at hand, to which  
No morning shall succeed:—Sweet Mercy then,  
A sad farewell shall wave, and thy poor soul,  
Of hope's sustaining comforts all bereft,  
Shall feel the horrors of the second death.  
Fling crowns, my friends, away—with kingdoms sport—  
Yea, trifle, if you will, with worlds—But oh!  
With that undying thing—the immortal soul,  
Which flourish may 'mid angel joys, or must  
Be doomed with devils to the deep of hell—  
Beware—and trifle not with such a soul.  
Its value—who can tell? The Son of God  
Himself to death did yield, to give it life.  
Look to the man of Calvary, by faith,

And let the light of hope that gloom dispel,  
Which moves to agony your inmost soul,  
When quick'n'd thought to Judgment scenes awakes.  
O then, poor ingrate! dream no more—Rouse thee—  
This night, a sleep may o'er thee come, from which  
Thou wilt not wake, 'till merg'd in deep despair.  
Frail man! who cometh like a flower forth,  
Must shortly fall, before that frightful shape,  
Of fleshless bone, which swings the sythe of death,  
And yearly, millions of our race cuts down.  
When once thou'rt fallen 'neath his heartless stroke,  
No Savior then, will stretch his bleeding hands,  
With pardons fill'd; and pitying, lift his voice,  
And sweetly say—"Look unto me and live."  
Ah, no! The Mighty Arbitrer of life  
And death, in glorious robes of judgment cloth'd,  
By trumpet of archangel heralded,  
Shall wake, to disappointment keen, and grief  
And anguish, and despair that never end,  
Thy slumb'ring senses, that they sleep no more.  
Then—Christ and heaven lost—O, sinner! Thou  
That death that dieth not, thyself must die.  
In darkness deep—profound—and fathomless—  
No ray of light, or hope, the gloom to cheer,  
Thou must forever dwell, with guilty ghosts  
Of Adam's race, and angel sinners curs'd;—  
And fill'd with fears of frightful woes to come,  
In dread annihilation's deep abyss,  
To be forever merg'd, wilt seek in vain.  
"O sinner! Haste thee" then—to Jesus fly—  
And while 'tis call'd to-day, his righteousness  
Put on, and for th' appearance glorious, wait,  
And the triumphant coming of thy Lord.

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### RESIGNATION.

"Losses, troubles and death invade every dwelling on earth—but there are few dwellings in which, nevertheless, there may not be contentment. Fleeting as human joys too often are, perhaps they are not more so than human sorrows—and at all events, it can never be a duty to brood over recollections that enfeeble our fortitude, even though they may relate to the best and surest sympathies of our nature."

## HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.—No. III.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

### TOO BUSY.

"MOTHER! mother!" cried my little Willy, bursting in upon me as I set busily at work, "I've lost my arrow in the grass and can't find it."

He was just ready to burst into tears from grief at his mishap. "I'm sorry, dear," I said, calmly, as I went on with my work.

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother?" he asked, with a quivering lip, as he laid hold of my arm.

"I'm too busy, dear," I replied, gently shaking him off. "Go and tell Jane to find it for you."

"Jane can't find it," said the little fellow, in a choking voice.

"Tell her to go and look again."

"She has looked all over, and can't find it. Won't you come, mother, and find it for me?"

The tears were now rolling over his face. But I was too busy to attend to Willy. I was embroidering the edge of a little linen sack that I was making for him, and that, for the moment, seemed of more importance than the happiness of my child.

"No—no," I replied. "I'm too busy to go down stairs. You must take better care of your arrows. Go and ask Ellen to find it for you."

"Ellen says she won't look for it." Willy was now crying outright.

"There! there! Don't be so foolish as to cry at the loss of such a little thing as an arrow," said I, in a reproving voice. "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother?" he urged, still crying.

"No indeed, Willy. I'm too busy now. Go and look for it again yourself."

"But I can't find it. I have looked."

"Then go and look again," said I, firmly.

Willy went crying down stairs, and I heard him crying about the yard for some ten minutes, until my patience began to give out.

"Such a to-do about an arrow! I wish I'd never bought him the bowarrow!" said I, moving uneasily in my chair.

"Ellen, won't you make me another arrow?—Here is a stick," I heard him ask of the cook, in a pleading voice. But Ellen replied, rudely—

"No indeed, I shall not! I've got something else to do besides making arrows."

The child's crying was renewed. I felt vexed at Ellen. "She might have made him the arrow," I said. "If I wasn't so busy I would go down and make him one myself. But I must get this sack done."

And I sewed away more rapidly than before. The crying went on. Willy had lost his arrow, and his heart was almost broken. Unfortunately I was not in a mood to sympathize with him. An arrow, to me, was a very little thing, and it worried me to hear him crying as if his heart would break over a loss so trifling as that of an arrow.

"Willy!" I at length said, calling out of the window, "you must stop that crying."

"I can't find my arrow, and no body will make me another," replied the little fellow.

"That's nothing to make such a disturbance about!" I returned. "Go and find something else and play with."

"I want my arrow. Won't you come and find it for me, mother?"

"No, not now. I'm too busy."

The crying went on again as loudly as before, and I soon lost all my patience. Laying aside my work, I went to the head of the stair-way and called down—

"Come, now, sir! There's been enough of this crying, and you must stop it."

"I can't find my arrow," returned Willy.

"Well, suppose you can't; will crying bring it? You should take better care of your things. Little boys must look the way they shoot."

"I did look, but I can't find it."

"Go and look again, then."

"I have looked, and it ain't there."

And then the crying went on again. To Willy the loss of his arrow was a real grief, and he was too young to have fortitude to bear his trouble patiently. But I was not in a state of mind to feel with him.



"Stop that crying, instantly!" said I, as the worrying sound came again upon my ears. "I won't have such a noise in the house."

But my words had no effect: they did not produce the arrow. Willy cried on.

Unable longer to endure the sound, and also thinking it wrong to let him indulge the habit of crying, I laid my work aside, and going down stairs, took hold of him resolutely, saying as I did so—

"Now stop this, instantly!"

The child looked up at me with a most distressed countenance, while the tears covered his face.

"I can't find my arrow," said he, with quivering lip.

"I'm sorry—but crying won't find it. Come up stairs with me."

Willy ascended to my room.

"Now don't let me hear one word more of this. The next time you get an arrow take better care of it."

There was no sympathy in my tones; for I felt none. I did not think of his loss, but of the evil and annoyance of crying.—The little fellow stifled his grief, or rather, the utterance of it, as best he could, and throwing himself at full length upon the floor, sighed and sobbed for some ten minutes. A sigh, longer and more fluttering than usual, aroused my attention, and I then became aware that he had fallen asleep.

How instantly do our feelings change toward a child when we find that it is asleep. If we have been angry or offended, we are no longer so. Tenderness comes in the place of sterner emotions. I laid aside my work, and taking Willy in my arms, lifted him from the floor, and laid him upon my bed. Another long, fluttering sigh agitated his bosom as his head touched the pillow. How reprovingly came the sound upon my ears! How sadly did it echo and re-echo in my heart!

"Poor child!" I murmured. "To him the loss of an arrow was a great thing. It has disturbed him to the very centre of his little being. I wish, now, that I had put by my work for a few minutes until I could have found his arrow, or made him a new one. I would have lost no more time in doing so than I have already lost. And, after all, what is a little time taken from my work to the happiness of my child? Ah me! I wish I could learn to think right at the right time. Dear little fellow! He was so happy

with his bow and arrow. But all was destroyed by the untimely loss which I could have restored in a few moments. Unfeeling—unnatural mother! Is this the way you show your love for your child!"

I stood for nearly five minutes over my sleeping boy. When I turned away, I did not resume my sewing, for I had no heart to work upon the little garment. I went down into the yard, and the first object that met my eye was the lost arrow, partly concealed behind a rose bush, where it had fallen.

"So easily found!" said I. "How much would a minute given at the right time have saved! Ah me! We learn too late, and repent when repentance is of little avail."

I took the arrow and laid it, with the bow which I found carelessly thrown away, upon the bed beside my sleeping boy, that he might see them as soon as he awakened.

It was an hour before the deep sleep into which my Willy had fallen was broken. I had, in the mean time, resumed my sewing, after having lost fully half an hour in consequence of being unwilling to lose a few minutes for the sake of attending to my child and relieving him from the trouble that had come upon him. The first notice I received of his being awake, was his gratified exclamation at finding his lost arrow beside him. All his past grief was forgotten. In a few minutes he was down in the yard, shooting his arrow again, and as happy as before. No trace of his recent grief remained.

But I could not forget it. With me the circumstance was not as the morning cloud and the early dew. The sunshine that came afterward did not dissipate instantly the one nor drink up the other. I was sober for many hours afterwards; for the consciousness of having done wrong as well as of having been the occasion of grief to my child, lay with a heavy pressure upon my feelings.

## THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

See Engraving.

WE have here one of the most beautiful of the many views of Washington and its far-famed Capitol, from the burin of Osborne, with whom our readers must by this time be well acquainted, as one of the most spirited and talented engravers in the land.— Pennsylvania Avenue, a noble street one hundred and sixty feet in width, bordered with beautiful shade trees, and leading directly to the Capitol, occupies the foreground of the picture, which is one of general interest to all who have any concern in the government of these United States. As the place of meeting of our highest Legislative Assembly, the Capitol possesses an interest which in itself, grand and majestic though it be, it could never obtain.— This splendid building is constructed of Free stone, of the Corinthian order of architecture, and consists of a centre and two wings. The length of the whole building is three hundred and fifty feet—depth of the wings one hundred and twenty-one feet—height to the top of dome one hundred and twenty feet. A Corinthian portico extends the whole length of the centre, which is occupied by the Rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six in height. The Rotunda contains four paintings, by Trumbull—and is ornamented with relievos representing the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth—the treaty between Penn and the Indians—the saving of Capt. Smith by Pocahontas, and the adventure of Daniel Boon with two Indians. Adjoining this on the west, is the library of Congress. The hall, ninety-two feet in length, thirty-four in width, and thirty-six in height, contains sixteen thousand volumes. The Senate Chamber is in the north wing, and is a semi-circle of seventy-four feet in length, and forty-two in height. Over the chair of the President is a portrait of Washington, by Rembrandt Peale. The Chamber of Representatives in the south wing, is also a semi-circle, ninety-five feet in length, and sixty in height. The dome is supported by twenty-six columns and pilasters of breccia, or Potomac marble. A colossal statue of Liberty, and one of History, are the principal embellishments of the Hall. Immedi-

ately below the Hall, and nearly of the same form and dimensions, is the room in which the sessions of the Supreme Court are held.

Since the death of the venerable Adams, who fell in the Hall of Representatives, like a veteran warrior falling at his post, a new and more touching interest is attached in our minds to this spot, which seems hallowed by the event that clothed an entire nation in mourning. His spirit still seems to hover over the spot, and to rebuke the selfishness, ambition and party spirit, which have so often disgraced the room by their unbridled exhibitions.

### DALEA ALOPECUROIDES—OR, STRIPED DAHLIA.

See Flower Plate.

GEN. CHAR.—Calyx five cleft, five toothed, and sometimes beset with glands—stamens ten, monadelphous—legume ovate, one seeded, shorter than the calyx—leaves having the terminal leaflet generally sessile; impari-pinnate.

SPEC. CHAR.—Stem glabrous and erect, having from ten to fifteen pairs of linear elliptic retuse leaflets—spikes of flowers ovate or cylindrical—flowers disposed in pedunculate spikes which are opposite the leaves.

This truly elegant flower is extensively cultivated as an ornament in our gardens and parterres, and in some of its numerous varieties is to be found in every section of the country. The plants thrive best in a mixture of loam and peat, and the shrubby and perennial kinds are easily increased by young cuttings, planted in sand with a hand-glass placed over them. They may be brought forward early, by planting the bulbs in a pot which should be placed in a hot-bed, and the plants separated and planted in other pots singly, when they have attained sufficient size for that purpose, or placed in an open border in a warm sheltered situation. As early as possible after the first heavy frosts, the roots should be carefully removed from the ground, with several inches of the stalk attached to them, and placed for the winter in a dry situation, equally guarded from heat and severe cold.

The striped purple Dahlia, which we give to our readers this month, is one of the most beautiful varieties of this large and ornamental family of plants.





Designed by J. F. Francis

Engraved by T. Dosey

*Abigail N. L. Campbell*

*Engraved expressly for the Ladies' Bazaar.*



*Fuschia Magellanica*  
*Ladix Far Arap.*





## THE NEW YEAR.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

"We take no note of time  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours;  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood!"

YOUNG.

THE seasons of the year are instructive and monitory. Spring, with its bird voices, its leaping rivulets, its laughing vallies, its garniture of flowers, its exuberance of freshness and beauty, is emblematic of Youth, full of hilarity and hope. At this period, every object is clothed with the charm of novelty, and the widening and extended prospect seems all verdure to the eye, all velvet to the foot. This is the Spring time—the time for sowing spiritual seed. Summer and Autumn too have their corresponding seasons in human life—seasons of labor, anxiety and care—the bright visions of youth have passed away like the mists of morning—the landscape once covered with vernal verdure and decked with fragrance and flowers, is now changed into the bleak and barren heath. The verdure is parched and the flowers have withered. Then comes Winter with its snow-wreaths, its winds like the wails of all human sorrow moaning through the tops of the tall forest trees. Thus life is changing and passing, and yet it passes so rapidly that we scarcely know that we are moving. The flight of time is not the object of either of our senses. The progress of light is perceptible to the eye—the stream of water is seen to move and heard to murmur—the current of air visibly stirs the leaves of the forest; but the lapse of time is silent and unseen. It flows without the whisper of a sound, without the shadow of a form. An individual excluded from the light of day, from the sound and silence of the world around him, could form no idea of the progress of time, could neither tell the day of the week or the month of the year. But there are certain aspects and alterations in nature, like

the lettered stones by the way-side, which seem to remind the passenger through human life, how far he has proceeded in his path to the grave. Nature speaks with a loud voice. She paints in strong colors. Revolutions in earth, air, and water, proclaim the progress of time. By means of these continued successions of day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold, we not only see how fast the fugitive flies, but we seem to hear the rushing sound of his pinions—almost to see the awful spread of his wings! At the present season, nature and society both unite to remind us of the flight of time. In the complimentary blessing that salutes us in the social circle, we are reminded that another year has fled—fled never to be recalled. If its days and months have been mis-spent, they have gone to give their testimony against us—if its leaves have been blotted, they can never be made white again. We can never erase what we have written. No tears we may shed, no prayers we may offer, can ever undo the evil that we have done. The future we can redeem from similar misapplication and abuse, but the past is no longer ours. Its memories will visit us—they will come to us in the still sabbath hours of the soul to sadden or exhilarate—to bless or to torment us. If we have done good—if we have cast light in upon scenes of darkness and distress—if we have relieved oppressive burdens or caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, how bright and cheering is the retrospect. But if we have done evil—if we have frittered away the golden hours in vanity and pleasure—if we have deepened the sorrows of the afflicted, the remembrance of the past, like an armed spirit, will haunt us during every passing moment of our lives. In vain will be the customary salutation unless our hearts are right. Happiness is not a thing to be evoked by the voice of friendship. It is not to be found amid the frail, the superficial, the perishable objects of earth. We want inward peace, a calm and contented mind, an untroubled conscience amid all the stir and conflict of life. Lightly may we not talk—lightly may we not think of being happy. That which shall bring repose and blessedness to a nature like ours, must be something vast, profound, solemn, infinite and everlasting. He is the truly happy man, be his condition what it may, be he clad in robes of state or in the rags of the pauper, whose heart is in harmony with truth and responsive to the calls of duty, who lives for the glory of God and

the happiness of the race. Here is the blessing for which the world are seekers. The prize, for which they wander so far and in such devious paths, lies all the while shining at their feet. Do good and be happy is the true philosophy of life.

"Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold?  
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold,  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty, not when all unrolled  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair  
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the ambient air."

If then the reader would realize in his own experience the passing wish that greets the entrance of the New Year, let *benevolence* be the motto and aim of life. Thou canst not want for opportunity to give full play to every generous and holy impulse. There are vices to be removed, miseries to be relieved, wrongs to be redressed, chains to be riven, ignorance to be instructed, humanity, sacred, bleeding humanity to be redeemed to virtue and to God. All this is to be done. Choose then thy field of toil and build then thy monuments, broad and high, of blessings conferred and souls redeemed. And when the selfish and the sensual—the scoffer and the skeptic, and all who have turned aside from the path of truth and duty shall be forgotten or consigned to the ignominy of all abhorred and rejected things, thy memorial shall remain, and surviving the wreck of the material universe, live forever in the regions of perfect and imperishable glory. With the high resolve to be *useful*—to live for virtue and truth, we cheerfully unite in the customary salutations of friendship by wishing the readers of this work "A happy new year."

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WHAT we call the world, is an empty and sounding thing, not a rational habitation. The affections, the thoughts, the offices which advance one in the scale of mental, moral and social being—these are the world we ought to live in.

HOOKEE.

## THE PROPHET'S VISION OF WATERS.

Ezekiel 47th.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

He look'd,—and from the Temple-gate  
Where the bright orient glow'd,—  
Fast by the altar's hallow'd base,  
A stream like chrystal flow'd.

First, o'er the feet, that limpid spring  
With gentlest murmur crept,  
Then, deepening to a bolder flood  
In fearless current swept,—

Till spreading out, a river broad,  
In strong, translucent tide,  
Those mighty waters rushing roll'd  
And foil'd the swimmer's pride.

Oh, vision of that holy fount !—  
Which the meek Hand that fell  
Unnerv'd, on Calvary's fatal Cross  
Brought forth,—a living well,—

True symbol of the Gospel's course,—  
Didst thou that Prophet cheer,—  
Who erst on Chebar's lonely banks  
Pour'd the pale captive's tear ?—

See ! on those glorious banks we dwell,—  
We drink that healing tide ;—  
And like the trees Ezekiel saw  
That wondrous flood beside,—

May we, with fresh, unfading leaf  
Each changeful season dare,—  
And still the fruits of faith renew  
Till Heaven's pure clime we share.

## CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMONT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1793.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

### CHAPTER III.—THE PURPOSE ACCOMPLISHED.

—————"Even now,  
There's that within me, kindling through the dust—  
Which from all time hath made high deeds its voice,  
And token to the nations!"

MRS. HEMANS.

IN the Hotel de la Providence, to which on entering Paris, she had been directed, Charlotte Corday found that repose and quiet, so essential to the perfecting and accomplishment of her designs. Alone in her small upper chamber, in the heart of a vast and tumultuous city where she had not one friend or acquaintance, with no counsellor but her own heroic heart, and no helpers but her own quick wit and ready hand, this young girl calmly sat down to calculate the chances or possibilities of failure, and to decide upon a plan which should most certainly ensure success.—The one absorbing idea which filled her mind in Caen had gained strength every hour since her arrival in Paris. The ruffian *sans culottes* whose orgies made night hideous at a drinking house opposite her lodgings, shouted the name of Marat over their cups, as the divinity at whose shrine they worshipped. The hangers on of the Jacobin Clubs, whose boisterous street harangues on liberty, equality, and republican glory were borne to the ear of the young girl by the soft summer breeze, mingled enthusiastic praises of Marat, with terrific denunciations of his supposed enemies. Even the rude tumbrils, as they rattled by, conveying the doomed victims of the guillotine to the Place de la Greve, were surrounded with a dense mass of degraded beings shouting—"Long life to Marat, the people's friend, and death to all aristocrats!" Wherever she turned her eyes, that name seemed traced before them in letters of blood—the very air was full of the poisonous miasma it engendered. Visions, dim, shadowy, and awful, floated before her imagination, in which this one frightful form, this incarnation of evil, assumed

in the obscurity, colossal proportions not his own ; threatening with utter destruction the newly awakened hopes and aspirations of an oppressed but generous people. Thus, alone with unnumbered thousands about her, the high-souled and sensitive Charlotte communed with her own thoughts, until thought became agony, but amidst the whirl of contending emotions then excited, one idea alone was always present, always clearly defined, always the spring of action during the few days of her sojourn in Paris. At whatever sacrifice, this man must die. This ignorant declaimer—this ferocious demagogue—this sanguinary denouncer—in a word, this idol of the mad and misguided populace, had already cursed the earth too long ; the blood of ten thousand unavenged victims called aloud from the ground for justice on the remorseless murderer. But how was this solemn act of vengeance to be accomplished ? Before leaving Caen, she had resolved to strike the fatal blow in the Champ de Mars, in the presence of the assembled thousands who were there to celebrate on the 14th of July, the triumphs of liberty. Concealed among the crowd, it would be easy to approach near enough to Marat, for her purpose, and that once accomplished, it was of little consequence what became of her the moment afterward. This great ceremony had been indefinitely postponed for political reasons, and her next plan was to go openly to the National Assembly, watch her opportunity, and stab him there in the presence of his friends, not doubting that she should herself be torn in pieces instantly, and that thus the knowledge of her name and fate might be forever concealed from those who loved her. For herself, the enthusiast feared and hoped nothing—but for the sake of her friends, she would gladly have avoided the infamy of a public execution, though she seems never for a moment to have doubted the justice, or even the sacred obligation of her proposed attempt on the life of another. If Caesar must die by the hands of his friends when the liberties of Rome were endangered by his ambition, surely the blood of a monster like Marat should be poured out like water, rather than the holy cause of human freedom should suffer from his crimes. And the more public the deed, the more honorable and acceptable would be the sacrifice, and the more apparent to all, that private revenge had no share in an action which ought rather to be regarded as an expiatory offering upon the altar of insulted liberty.

While this plan was still immature, Charlotte Corday learned incidentally that Marat had ceased to attend the Convention in consequence of indisposition. Nothing then remained for her, but on some pretence of business, to gain access to his house, and abhorrent as this course must have seemed to her noble and generous nature, it was at length adopted.

On the morning of the second day after her arrival, she dressed herself with unusual care, and went out to call on the deputy to whom she had brought letters from Barbaroux and his colleagues at Caen. The family of M. Duperret were charmed with the fascinating stranger, whose quiet dignity and self-possession (the result in part of mental pre-occupation,) were united with the modest reserve so charming in a young and beautiful woman. In vain, however, they urged upon her offers of hospitality and kindness; gently, but firmly she refused them all—resolved, if possible, to avoid implicating others in the fate which awaited her. After leaving the house of M. Duperret, she proceeded toward the Palais Royal—but on reaching the Place Vendome, her progress was arrested by a crowd of men, women and children, assembled round a pole, on which a bleeding head was borne aloft, its gory locks streaming on the wind, in ghastly mimicry of life. Scores of women, with dishevelled hair and tattered garments, were dancing round the horrible spectacle, like frantic Bacchanals, and the whole multitude seemed wrought up to a state of savage fury by the stimulus of blood. Unfortunately, Charlotte Corday wore suspended from her neck, a golden cross, presented her by the Abbess, Madame Belzunce, on leaving the convent, and this ornament attracted the attention of some one among the crowd, who immediately raised the cry—"down with priestcraft and superstition—death to the young aristocrat," at the same time seizing her arm to prevent her escape. Pale and trembling, but still calm, the young girl attempted to pass in silence, but from the excited state of the mob this was impossible. Fierce, pitiless eyes were glaring upon her—threats and imprecations passed from mouth to mouth, and every moment her danger was becoming more imminent, when suddenly a young man of Herculean frame and commanding aspect, who had taken in the whole scene at a glance in passing the spot, sprang to her side, exclaiming—"What absurd mistake is this? This young woman is my very particular friend, and one of the

best republicans in Paris—do you not see the tri-colored scarf upon her shoulders?"—pointing to the shawl she wore, which was fortunately of the prescribed colors—"for shame, Pierrot, if you do not know friends from enemies, you will some day be attacking Robespierre himself as a traitor to the republic." The cry of "Vive Robespierre" was furiously raised, and profiting by the confusion, the protector of Charlotte Corday drew her hastily away from the frightful scene. It was not until she was quite out of danger, that either spoke—the young man was the first to break silence.

"Will you pardon me," he said, "for so unceremoniously claiming acquaintance with you—it was the only means that occurred to me, of saving you from those wretches, and in a Parisian mob, every thing depends on turning the attention of the people even for a moment."

With a strong effort mastering her emotion, she replied—"You have saved my life—a life at this moment of great importance to me. I have no words with which to thank you—after to-morrow indeed, should I then be living, I may be better able to express my gratitude."

There was something in the melody of that enchanting voice—in the eloquence of those lustrous eyes—that penetrated the heart of the young man, and almost timidly he enquired—"May I not at least know the name of her to whom I am indebted for one of the happiest moments of my existence?"

"Do not ask it," was her hurried reply—but as she saw the look of disappointment which clouded his open brow, she added—"like a true knight, you have succored a distressed and errant damsel, one who has neither name, nor friends, nor home, but who will never cease while life remains, to bless and pray for her unknown protector." Then taking from her neck a chain to which the golden cross before mentioned, was suspended, she turned to her companion, and said with the grace and sweetness so peculiarly her own—"We shall never meet on earth again—but before we separate, I would fain leave with my deliverer, some memento of this hour. This cross, which has been blest by the Holy Father himself, is the only ornament of value I possess. Wear it in memory of an unfortunate, whose only vocation here is to do, and suffer."

While the last cadence of that rich voice still vibrated on the



ear of the young man, she had vanished from his sight among the arcades of the Palais Royal, which they had just before entered. His first impulse was to follow, and endeavor to penetrate the mystery that surrounded the interesting unknown, but a moment's thought convinced him of the futility of the undertaking. Slowly and thoughtfully he retraced his steps, dwelling on every circumstance of his brief interview with the stranger, with the jealous care of a miser who fears to lose one farthing of his treasure. But for the cross he held, he might have believed the whole a dream. "This at least," he said, as he prest the ornament to his lips, "is a reality. This shall be my clue by which to trace her out, and it shall go hard with me, but we will meet again somewhere on earth."

They did indeed meet again, but when, and where? When Charlotte Corday left the young German (for such he was,) she entered the shop of a cutler, and selecting a poignard knife with an ebony haft, she purchased it, concealed it in her sleeve, and then returned directly to the Hotel, where she spent the remainder of the day in reading, reflection and devotion.

The morning of the 12th at length dawned—the day on which she had resolved to rid the world of a monster like Marat, by the sacrifice even of her own life. Early in the day, she wrote and dispatched to him the following note\*: "I have just arrived from Caen. Your love of country makes me presume that you will have pleasure in hearing of the unfortunate events of that portion of the republic. I shall present myself at your abode about one o'clock—have the goodness to receive me and grant me a moment's conversation. I will put you in a position to be of great service to France."

Not doubting the success of this note, she went at the appointed hour to the dwelling of Marat, but was refused admittance. She immediately wrote the following, which she left with the servant before returning to her lodgings.

"I wrote you this morning, Marat, did you have my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refuse me admittance. I hope that you will still grant me the interview I request. I repeat that I am

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\* For these notes, and the speeches and letters of Charlotte Corday during her trial and after her condemnation, as well as for the general historical outline of this story, we are indebted to M. Lamartine's admirable 'History of the Girondists.'

just arrived from Caen, and have secrets to disclose to you, most important to the safety of the republic. Besides I am persecuted for the cause of liberty—I am unhappy, and that I am so, should give me a claim on your patriotism.”

At seven o'clock, P. M., Charlotte Corday again left the Hotel for the house of Marat, resolved to effect an entrance in some way, or perish in the attempt. She wore a white dress, over which a scarf was thrown across her shoulders, fastened behind. A cap of lace, after the fashion of Normandy, confined her luxuriant hair in front, which fell in long natural ringlets down her back. Her countenance and manner were perfectly calm—not one tremulous tone, one anxious glance, or quivering muscle betrayed her “deadly purpose.” The apartments of Marat were situated on the floor of a wretched house in the Rue de Cordeliers No. 20. They consisted only of an antechamber and writing room, a small bath room, and a sleeping and dining room facing on the street.—Meanly furnished—untidy and cheerless in the extreme, they harmonized well with the character of their ferocious tenant, who, whether sleeping or waking, in sickness or health, was occupied only with plans of wholesale denunciation and death. Blood—blood, blood, was the one idea which had taken possession of the miserable man, and the fear of assassination which continually haunted him, only made him tenfold more eager for the destruction of others. Fear and jealousy rendered it almost impossible to gain access to his presence, but the notes of Charlotte Corday had been artfully framed to excite his curiosity, and accordingly when he learned from some disturbance in the antechamber that the writer was in the house and wished to see him, he gave immediate orders for her admittance. Probably had the visiter been less youthful and attractive, Albertine, the mistress of Marat, who disputed her entrance so violently, might have been less unwilling to grant her the desired interview. Marat, according to his usual custom of receiving evening visitors, was in his bath when Charlotte entered the apartment. A rough plank was laid across it, on which were placed papers, pamphlets, and unfinished articles for his inspection. A dirty cloth smeared with ink and grease was thrown over him, leaving only the right arm, neck and upper portion of the chest uncovered. On an oaken block at his side, was a large ink-stand of lead, “the foul source whence for three years had issued so

many delirious outpourings, so many denunciations, so much blood." A filthy handkerchief covered his stiff and matted hair, while "his receding forehead, protruding eyes, prominent cheek bones, vast and sneering mouth, shrivelled limbs and livid skin," rendered him an object of unqualified disgust and horror.

Such was the man, by whose side stood the young and beautiful minister of vengeance, calmly waiting his interrogations on the state of Normandy. Her answers were brief and framed to accord as far as possible with his wishes. At his request, she gave him the names of the banished deputies who were residing in Caen, and when he had written them down, he exclaimed aloud, in a tone of savage delight—"Before they are a week older, they shall all have the guillotine!" This alone was wanting to nerve the arm of Charlotte Corday for the fatal blow. Quick as thought, she drew the poignard from her bosom, and plunged it to the hilt in the heart of the tyrant, then drawing it from the body of her victim, dropped it on the floor at her feet. "Help, help!" was the only cry uttered by the murdered man, ere his voice was lost in death, but his mistress who with a servant had remained in the adjoining room with the door partly open, immediately rushed in, on hearing the sound, only in time to receive his last breath. As if petrified by the horrible act she had committed, Charlotte stood, rigid and motionless as a statue at a short distance from the bath, which from its crimsoned hue gave to the sanguinary denouncer, the appearance of having perished in a "bath of blood." The servant of Marat seized a chair, and striking Charlotte furiously on the head, felled her to the ground, where the frantic Albertine stamped upon her, and trampled her under foot in the first paroxysm of her rage. The screams of the woman, and the loud cries of Laurent the servant, soon drew together a crowd of people, who pressed into the room, and speedily filled the whole premises, demanding instant vengeance on the murderer. She was rescued from the hands of the infuriated rabble by some soldiers of the National Guard who had arrived, and held her with her arms crossed waiting till cords could be brought to confine them. It was with difficulty, however, that the file of bayonets which surrounded her could keep back the mob who threatened every moment to tear her limb from limb. In the meantime, surgeons had been summoned who examined, and sought to stanch the wound

of Marat, but human help was vain. It was the lifeless corpse of the fierce partizan, which was taken from the bath, and placed on a bed in an adjoining apartment. The scene that ensued, when this fact was made known to the crowd, was terrific beyond description. The hysterical shrieks of the women, the violent curses and imprecations of the Jacobins who sought with clenched fists, sticks and swords to break through the ranks of the soldiery that they might wreak their vengeance on the defenceless girl whose very fearlessness only stimulated their rage—the wild eloquence of a political fanatic who had caught up the bloody knife, and brandishing it furiously was making a frenzied eulogium over the remains of the dead—together with the vain attempts of the National Guards to restore order in the apartment—all these sounds made a very Babel of horror and confusion which might have appalled the stoutest heart. In the midst of it all, however, Charlotte Corday stood with perfect calmness surveying the scene, her full, dark eye wandering with sad earnestness from one to another of the actors in that fearful tragedy, while an expression of pity, as she witnessed the agonies of Albertine, for a moment lighted up her speaking countenance with an almost supernatural radiance. When conducted into the dining room of Marat, to undergo an examination before the Commissary of the Section, she said with a bitter smile to the people who were lamenting the loss of their idol—"Poor people, you desire my death, while you owe me only thanks for having freed you from a monster." Then turning to the soldiers who guarded her, she said—"Cast me to that infuriated mob, since they regret him, they are worthy to be my executioners." Her answers to the official questions put to her, were given with precision and respect, mingled with the proud self-possession of one who felt that she had done her duty, and was prepared to abide the consequences.

Several of the deputies, on hearing the news of the death of Marat, left the Convention and proceeded at once to the spot.—They found the prisoner still replying to the interrogatories, and were overwhelmed with surprise at the sight of one so young and beautiful, standing before them in the guise of a murderer. Never before had crime worn such a form, or assumed such attractions in the eyes of men. It was impossible, in the presence of that young girl, not to feel that it was a lofty, though mistaken enthu-

siasm which prompted the commission of the awful deed, and which sustained her amid the agitating scenes that followed ; and the stern, cold men who had come to look on as judges, found themselves ere they were aware, gazing with sympathy, and almost with respect, on the acknowledged assassin of their friend and colleague.

It was decided by the deputies, that Charlotte Corday should be carried to the Abbaye, as it was the nearest prison, and she was accordingly conveyed thither in the same hackney coach which had brought her to the house. When she crossed the threshold, with her hands tied, and leaning on two soldiers of the National Guard, the mob closed round the carriage with such fierce gesticulations, such groans and threats, that for a moment she lost the presence of mind she had hitherto manifested, and after an ineffectual attempt to overcome her emotions, fainted in the carriage.— In this state she was conveyed to the prison, where on recovering, she expressed her deep sorrow that she was still alive, though she thanked the officers of the guard with strong feeling, for having interfered to protect her from the brutality of the mob.

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## AUTUMN.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

Now, out, into the autumn woods,  
 And mark the leaves grow sear ;  
 Now out, into the autumn woods,  
 For their decay is near.  
 The living green, that nantled them,  
 Shrinks, from the north wind's breath ;  
 Then, out, into the autumn woods,  
 And we'll be at the death !

The pheasant treadeth silently,  
 Her summer mate to find ;  
 She seemeth but an autumn leaf,\*  
 Moved by the autumn wind.

Bird-quakeress, why wearest thou  
 The russet on thy wings?  
 Poor courtier! 'tis the livery  
 Of all departing things!

The dun deer gazeth wistfully,  
 Upon the wind-racked skies,  
 Then down the forest vistas, turn  
 His melancholy eyes.  
 Now, whoop! hurra! the chase is up!  
 And lo! he bounds away—  
 He mourned the glories fading fast,  
 He perisheth, e'er they!

Oh, Autumn is a conqueror!  
 He wears a frosty crown;  
 The fearful armory of Heaven,  
 He maketh all his own.  
 His banner's on the battlement,  
 His blast is on the breeze;  
 He moveth in the pride of might,  
 Amid the forest trees.

The hickory, and the tulip-tree,  
 Have donned a golden crown;  
 He toucheth them resistlessly,  
 And scatters glories down.  
 The maple placeth on the boughs,  
 A sign of woodland woe;  
 She waves her signal fire to Heaven,  
*But Heaven hath sent the foe!*  
 What matters it! they die like kings,  
 Each on his ancient throne,  
 With waving plume, and scarlet robe,  
 And all regalia on

Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 7, 1848.

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\* This bird can with difficulty be distinguished from the withered leaves.

## HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.—No. IV.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

### LOSING ONE'S TEMPER.

I WAS sitting in my room one morning, feeling all "out of sorts" about something or other, when an orphan child, whom I had taken to raise, came in with a broken tumbler in her hand, and said, while her young face was pale, and her little lip quivered,—

"See, ma'am! I went to take this tumbler from the dresser to get Anna a drink of water, and I let it fall."

I was in a fretful humor before the child came in, and her appearance, with the broken tumbler in her hand, didn't tend to help me to a better state of mind. She was suffering a good deal of pain in consequence of the accident, and needed a kind word to quiet the disturbed beatings of her heart. But, she had come to me in an unfortunate moment.

"You are a careless little girl!" said I, severely, taking the fragments of glass from her trembling hands. "A very careless little girl, and I am displeased with you!"

I said no more; but my countenance expressed even stronger rebuke than my words. The child lingered near me for a few moments, and then shrunk away from the room. I was sorry, in a moment, that I had permitted myself to speak unkindly to the little girl; for there was no need of my doing so, and, moreover, she had taken my words, as I could see, deeply to heart. I had made her unhappy without a cause. The breaking of the tumbler was an accident likely to happen to any one, and the child evidently felt bad enough about what had occurred without having my displeasure added thereto.

If I was unhappy before Jane entered my room, I was still more unhappy after she retired. I blamed myself, and pitied the child; but this did not in the least mend the matter.

In about half an hour, Jane came up very quietly, with Willy, my dear little curly-haired, angel-faced boy, in her arms. He had fallen asleep, and she had, with her utmost strength, carried him

up stairs. She did not lift her eyes to mine as she entered, but went, with her burden, to the low bed that was in the room, where she laid him tenderly, and then sat down with her face turned partly away from me, and with a fan kept off the flies and cooled his moist skin.

Enough of Jane's countenance was visible to enable me to perceive that its expression was sad. And it was an unkind word from my lips that had brought this cloud over her young face!

"So much for permitting myself to fall into a fretful mood," said I, mentally. "In future I must be more watchful over my state of mind. I have no right to make others suffer from my own unhappy temper."

Jane continued to sit by Willy and fan him; and every now and then I could hear a very low sigh come up, as if involuntarily, from her bosom. Faint as the sound was, it smote upon my ear, and added to my uncomfortable frame of mind.

A friend called, and I went down into the parlor, and sat conversing there for an hour. But, all the while there was a weight upon my feelings. I tried, but in vain, to be cheerful. I was too distinctly aware of the fact, that an individual—and that a motherless little girl—was unhappy through my unkindness; and the consciousness was like a heavy hand upon my bosom.

"This is all a weakness," I said to myself, after my friend had left, making an effort to throw off the uncomfortable feeling. But it was of no avail. Even if the new train of thought, awakened by conversation with my friend, had lifted me above the state of mind in which I was when she came, the sight of Jane's sober face, as she passed me on the stairs, would have depressed my feelings again.

In order both to relieve my own and the child's feelings, I thought I would refer to the broken tumbler, and tell her not to grieve herself about it, as its loss was of no consequence whatever. But, this would have been to have made an acknowledgment to her that I had been in the wrong, and an instinctive feeling of pride remonstrated against that.

"Ah me!" I sighed. "Why did I permit myself to speak so unguardedly? How small are the causes that sometimes destroy our peace! How much of good or evil is there in a single word!"

Some who read this may think, that I was very weak to let a



hastily uttered censure against a careless child trouble me. What are a child's feelings?

I have been a child; and, as a child, have been blamed severely by those whom I desired to please, and felt that unkind words fell heavier and more painfully, sometimes, than blows. I could, therefore, understand the nature of Jane's feelings, and sympathize with her to a certain extent.

All through the day, Jane moved about more quietly than usual. When I spoke to her about any thing—which I did in a kinder voice than I ordinarily used—she would look into my face with an earnestness that rebuked me.

Toward evening, I sent her down stairs for a pitcher of cool water. She went quickly, and soon returned with the pitcher of water, and a tumbler, on a waiter. She was coming towards me, evidently using more than ordinary caution, when her foot tripped against something, and she stumbled forward. It was in vain that she tried to save the pitcher. Its balance was lost, and it fell over and was broken to pieces at my feet, the water dashing upon the skirt of my dress.

The poor child became instantly as pale as ashes, and the frightened look she gave me I shall not soon forget. She tried to speak, and say that it was an accident, but her tongue was paralyzed for the moment, and she found no utterance.

The lesson I had received in the morning served me for purposes of self-control now, and I said, instantly, in a mild voice,—

"Never mind, Jane; I know you could'nt help it. I must tack down that loose edge of the carpet. I came near tripping there myself to-day. Go and get a floor-cloth and wipe up the water as quickly as you can, while I gather up the broken pieces."

The color came back instantly to Jane's face. She gave me one grateful look, and then ran quickly away, to do as I had directed her. When she came back, she blamed herself for not having been more careful, expressed sorrow for the accident, and promised over and over again that she would be more guarded in future.

The contrast between both of our feelings now and what they were in the morning, was very great. I felt happier for having acted justly and with due self-control; and my little girl, though troubled on account of the accident, had not the extra burden of my displeasure to bear.

"Better, far better," I said to myself, as I sat and reflected upon the incidents just related—"better, far better is it, in all our relations in life, to maintain a calm exterior, and, on no account, to speak harshly to those who are below us. Angry words make double wounds. They hurt those to whom they are addressed, while they leave a sting behind them. Above all, should we guard against a moody temper. Whenever we permit any thing to fret our minds, we are not in a state to exercise due self-control, and if temptation comes then, we are sure to fall."

### FUCHSIA MAGELLICANA—LADIES' EAR DROP.

See Flower Plate.

GEN. CHAR.—Calyx tubular—infundibuliform, colored, deciduous; limb four lobed; petals four, in the throat of the calyx, alternate with its segments; disk glandular, and furrowed; baccate capsule oblong, obtuse, four sided. Mostly shrubby.

SPEC. CHAR.—*Magelliana*. Branches smooth; leaves opposite and in verticals of 3's ovate, acute, denticulate, on short petioles; flowers axillary, nodding—sepal oblong, acute—petals convolute, half as long as calyx. Flowers are long, filiform pedicels. Calyx scarlet, much longer than the included, crimson petals. Stamens crimson, much exserted. Berry purple.

This splendid flower is a native of Chili in South America, and grows from one to six feet in height. Though delicate, it is successfully cultivated, either in a green-house or among other parlor plants in pots. The graceful inclination of the flowers gives it a peculiar beauty, and renders it an appropriate emblem of modesty and dependence. The love of flowers is a never-failing source of the purest and sweetest enjoyment, and as such, should be carefully cultivated by those who have the care of the young. Among the Germans, it becomes almost a passion, evinced in every possible way, by the refining and beautifying processes to which it gives rise. Every cottage, however small and unpretending, is adorned with plants, many of which are rich and rare exotics, and the skilful and assiduous attention they receive, gives additional beauty and fragrance to what was already so beautiful. We wish this taste for flowers were more generally diffused throughout the country, particularly among our own sex, not only as affording them the means of healthful occupation and innocent amusement, but as increasing the attractions of home, and thus furnishing an additional safeguard against the power of temptation.

## HYMNS FOR A MOTHER.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

### IV.—THE FIRST SMILE.

TURN away the profanation  
Of unsympathizing eyes,  
Set with icy speculation  
Where my lily Baby lies,  
Overflowed with phantasies  
Of divinest birth—  
Dreams that down his wordless brain  
Tremble like a golden rain,  
Stirring lip and dimpled cheek  
Into eddies of fine mirth,  
All too fine to speak!

Ah, I see thee, and I *felt* thee,  
O thou roseate first Smile!  
How thy tiny circles wheel me  
Up, where cherubs in long file,  
All my Baby's thoughts beguile  
With their loving ways,—  
Shaking down rich flakes of light,  
Feather-like, from ringlets bright,  
Round my darling's living bed,  
Till for joy he closer lays  
To my breast his head!

Sweeter light than ever fluttered,  
Timorous, through the barren sky,  
When the antheus, planet-uttered  
Spoke in silence to the eye—  
Or flush'd pale Aurora by  
In the northern night,  
Bubbles up from spirit deeps,  
And so, fountain-like, o'erleaps  
The sweet mouth, and all the form  
Of my beautiful Delight,  
Flowing out love-warm.

'Tis the flush of new creation,  
'Tis a Sun-Soul's rolling up,  
Pouring light's divine libation  
Over young Life's brimming cup,

As from earth's horizon top,  
     Overflows the day.  
 Dimples open into bloom  
 In the track its beams illumine,  
 And the odorous wreaths untwist  
     Their dim folds, and float away  
     Like the morning mist.

Ah, thou needst not wake to tell it  
     By the laughing of thine eye,  
 Into mine until thou swell it  
     Full, with tears of ecstasy,—  
     Nor with palms struck daintily,  
     Baby!—for thy Dream  
 Shone out clearly, through the fresh  
 Unopacity of flesh  
 New and pure from hands of God,  
     As it were a lucid stream  
     From a crystal sod.

I have felt the warmest pulses  
     Of the hopeful heart of Spring,  
 When they bare with swift revulses,  
     Far away, the Frigid King;  
     Felt the thrill o' the forward swing  
     Of joy's opening gates  
 In my girlhood; and have known—  
 Deeper yet,—th' awakening tone  
 Of Love's cithern-voiced call;  
     But thy sweet first Smile creates  
     Bliss above them all!

Smile on, Memory-haunted Baby,  
     In the heaven thou *hast not* left!  
 And in after years, it may be,  
     Grave Mnemosyne with deft  
     Fingers may untwine the web  
     Of thy wordless thought;  
 And some Muse of hers may teach  
 All thy smiles to flow in speech,  
 Tempered to the sounding lyre,  
     And with tones celestial, caught  
     From the Eternal Choir!

## THE IDOL DETHRONED.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

### CHAPTER III.—THE BEREAVEMENT.

"Time hath not power to bear away  
Thine image from the heart;  
No scenes that mark life's onward way  
Can bid it hence depart.  
Yet, while our souls with anguish riven,  
Mourn, loved and lost, for thee,  
We raise our tearful eyes to heaven,  
And joy that thou art free!"

How did we next meet? I wondered that I did not find her at the depot when I arrived, for she was always the first to bid me welcome. One of the earliest inquiries made of my housekeeper was,—“How are they all at Mr. R's?” Why did my lips refuse to utter the name that was first in my thoughts? “Oh, madam,” said the faithful creature, “I am loath to tell what will fret you so. Poor Miss Eloise has been very ill, and they are afraid she will die.” Death and Eloise! did those names ever dwell together in my thoughts before? But I would know the worst, and hastened to the dwelling of sorrow. As soon as my name was announced I was summoned to the darkened chamber. The first words that fell upon my ear, as Alice threw herself into my arms, were, “Tell me, how can I bear it? How can I live without my child?” My own heart had been conversant with sorrow, and I knew but too well that she *could not* bear it alone; and I could only silently invoke for her that all-sufficient help which comes from heaven. She led me to another room where Eloise was supported by her father. It needed but a glance to confirm my most fearful forebodings. I had watched the symptoms that follow Consumption's vampire-grasp too closely to be deceived. That marble brow, that brightened eye, that coral lip, which to the uninitiated might speak of hope, spoke to my fainting heart a language which I would fain have misinterpreted if I might. I returned to my home to meditate more deeply than ever on the utter insufficiency of the

world in such an hour as this. "Miserable portion!" I exclaimed, "what will all that thou hast to offer avail now, in that house of mourning and chamber of death? There is but one thing needful there."

Eloise was a child of the covenant. I knew that her religious training had not been neglected; that she had been constant in her attendance upon the ministrations of the sanctuary and the instructions of the Sabbath school; and that her mind had been especially directed to the subject of personal religion, during the summer, when she had seen an intimate companion enter the communion of the church. The friends of Eloise felt that this was no time to indulge in selfish grief; but that the work assigned them was to guide this beloved child in her preparation for eternity. Lovely as she had been in all the relations of life; guarded as she had been from its temptations as well as its sorrows; they knew that without an innate love of holiness, implanted by the life-giving spirit, even she could not be fitted for the enjoyments or services of the heavenly world. The ministers of Jesus kneeled by that bed of death, and asked that the Good Shepherd would gather this lamb to his fold; and many a secret tear was shed and intercession offered on her behalf. Was the offering vain?

Months passed away, for the work though sure was slow. As I watched one day by her bed-side, Eloise inquired affectionately after several of the young friends with whom she had been accustomed in health to associate. She spoke of their pleasant walks together. "When you think of those days, Eloise, and of your companions who are still in the enjoyment of health, does it not sometimes seem hard that you should be confined to this room and to a bed of sickness?" "Why," she answered promptly and with a smile, "I know it is all right." After a few moments she added, "I think I am happier now than I ever was then."—"Happier?" I repeated, "and what is there to make you happy here, shut up for months in this room, the sun light and the air that you used so much to delight in excluded, and you confined in weakness and often in pain to this bed?" Never shall I forget the lighting up of her countenance and the sweetness of her tones as she replied, "You ask what makes me happy. I hope I love the Savior, and I *know* he loves me."

At length the moment, appointed by the Redeemer for the fulfil-

ment of his own promise—"I will come again and receive you to myself"—arrived; and Eloise, the loved and only one, fell asleep in the arms of her mother. Yes, that mother who had asked in agony, "How can I live without my child?" calmly laid the head which had been pillowed upon her bosom on its last resting place, and as her lips pressed the placid brow, thanked her Father in heaven that the redeemed spirit was safe. But

"It is not the tear at the moment shed,  
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er her,  
That can tell how beloved is the spirit that's fled,  
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore her :  
'Tis the tear through many a long day wept,  
Through a life by her loss all shaded ;  
'Tis the sad remembrance fondly kept,  
When all other griefs have faded."

It was not till after the funeral solemnities were over, and they were left alone, that these bereaved parents awoke to a full sense of their utter desolateness. Alfred returned to his counting-house, from which he had for weeks been absent, and while there his mind was of necessity occupied by business; but when he returned weary and sad to his once happy home, it was only to feel more keenly that the hope which had stimulated his efforts was forever extinguished. It is not so much the employment in which we are engaged as the motive and spirit which impels us, that affects our happiness. Alfred learned this from his own experience; and now the business in which he once delighted to labor, seemed to him a dull and useless routine. "This ceaseless calculation of profit and loss, this competition about dollars and cents, I cannot endure," he would say. "Why should I wear out my life in toiling for heirs, I know not who?"

And that poor lonely mother! How I pitied her, as I witnessed her languid attempts to resume the cares of her household! Every drawer she opened contained some memento of her child. From every apartment she entered, a voice seemed to issue, dolefully repeating, "She is gone! she is gone!" How could she venture into the garden—once their favorite retreat—when every budding flower would but speak to her of joys departed never to return, and every falling leaf of her own withered hopes? She could not enter the library, for there were *her* books; nor the parlor, for there was

her unstrung harp ; nor the aviary, for there the birds whose warbling was so like hers, full of gladness, would have seemed to mock her grief. And so she sat alone in that desolate chamber and brooded over her loss. Few besides myself were admitted ; for how could she meet the formal expression of sympathy from those who had never known sorrow ? Her only resorts were the sanctuary and the grave.

Grief like this does not exhaust itself. It grows deeper and more corroding, till it becomes a settled disease of the soul. It unfits for duty, and, as in the case of my friend, makes life a wearisome burden. In the absorbing contemplation of her bereavement, Alice almost lost sight of the mercy mingled in the cup, as well as of the many blessings and duties that remained ; and, in the bitterness of her cherished sorrow, asked that she might be released from them all, and lie down to rest by the side of her Eloise.

While I pitied, I could not justify my friend. Does a tender father who has seen it needful to chasten a beloved child think the work accomplished, if that child turns away with a dissatisfied look and runs into a corner to fret and to murmur ? No ; it is when the tear is wiped away, and the child runs lovingly to the father's arms, that it becomes evident that the spirit is subdued and discipline made salutary. But the Great Disciplinarian chooses his own time and way to bring his children back.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERERS.

" And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,  
Still discontented, chase the airy form  
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find  
When life itself is sinking in the strife,  
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat."

Time did not lighten the burden that pressed on the hearts of these stricken ones, and they resolved at length to fly from the scene of their sorrow and seek relief in change ; carrying with them one idolized remembrance. Alfred had closed his business and sold his beautiful home ; and now they were at liberty to wander where they would in search of rest. Long and far did they wander with the restlessness of unsatisfied desire. Weeks were spent amidst the varied beauties of New England scenery. They climbed the hills of New Hampshire ; they looked from Holyoke's height upon the clustering villages, the rich meadows and beautiful river



at its base ; they ascended higher still, and witnessed a glorious sunrise from old Grey Lock's loftiest peak. They sailed upon our noble lakes ; they gazed with wonder upon the vast prairies of the far west ; they looked upon the king of rivers that once guarded our western boundary ; they stood on Niagara's brink. But even that bright, beautiful, majestic river,—with its deep rolling tide ever flowing onward and yet undiminished, like the eternal Fountain of light and beauty and love ; its emerald tints, and its clouds of spray like a scroll of light let down out of heaven, with the bow of promise written thereon ; and its deep-toned music, falling upon the ear like one unceasing anthem of praise ;—even this scene of untold beauty overawed without delighting them. Their thoughts were with her who could never behold it ; and they forgot the surpassing glories of that place concerning which we are assured that, as mortal eye hath not seen nor ear heard, so neither hath the heart of man conceived. And yet, who has not shared in the regret that weighed these sorrowing hearts ?

After our travellers had seen all that their native land could present, they were as far estranged from happiness as when their feet passed the threshold of their desolate home. Oh where can it be found ? "The depth saith, It is not in me ; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." But slow is the heart of man to learn the lessons of truth. Which of us can yet *repeat the alphabet* ?

To be continued.

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SUBMISSION.—"If we humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, we may expect He will withdraw it ; if we loosen the cords of earthly attachments, we may expect his consolations will flow in, mingle with the sources of our bitterness, and sweeten all we suffer, with the relishes of his love. But how unkind, to be so in rapture with a gift, as to forget Him who bestowed it, and imparted to it all the virtues which so please and affect us ! How blind, if when a single star does not shine on us, we see not the sun in whose radiance all stars shine : thus not observing Him who is both eyes and light to us, and who is so beautiful that nothing can be so, except as it resembles Him !" HOOKER.

her unstrung harp ; nor the aviary, for there the birds whose warbling was so like hers, full of gladness, would have seemed to mock her grief. And so she sat alone in that desolate chamber and brooded over her loss. Few besides myself were admitted ; for how could she meet the formal expression of sympathy from those who had never known sorrow ? Her only resorts were the sanctuary and the grave.

Grief like this does not exhaust itself. It grows deeper and more corroding, till it becomes a settled disease of the soul. It unfits for duty, and, as in the case of my friend, makes life a wearisome burden. In the absorbing contemplation of her bereavement, Alice almost lost sight of the mercy mingled in the cup, as well as of the many blessings and duties that remained ; and, in the bitterness of her cherished sorrow, asked that she might be released from them all, and lie down to rest by the side of her Eloise.

While I pitied, I could not justify my friend. Does a tender father who has seen it needful to chasten a beloved child think the work accomplished, if that child turns away with a dissatisfied look and runs into a corner to fret and to murmur ? No ; it is when the tear is wiped away, and the child runs lovingly to the father's arms, that it becomes evident that the spirit is subdued and discipline made salutary. But the Great Disciplinarian chooses his own time and way to bring his children back.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERERS.

" And we poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,  
Still discontented, chase the airy form  
Of unsubstantial happiness, to find  
When life itself is sinking in the strife,  
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat."

Time did not lighten the burden that pressed on the hearts of these stricken ones, and they resolved at length to fly from the scene of their sorrow and seek relief in change ; carrying with them one idolized remembrance. Alfred had closed his business and sold his beautiful home ; and now they were at liberty to wander where they would in search of rest. Long and far did they wander with the restlessness of unsatisfied desire. Weeks were spent amidst the varied beauties of New England scenery. They climbed the hills of New Hampshire ; they looked from Holyoke's height upon the clustering villages, the rich meadows and beautiful river

at its base ; they ascended higher still, and witnessed a glorious sunrise from old Grey Lock's loftiest peak. They sailed upon our noble lakes ; they gazed with wonder upon the vast prairies of the far west ; they looked upon the king of rivers that once guarded our western boundary ; they stood on Niagara's brink. But even that bright, beautiful, majestic river,—with its deep rolling tide ever flowing onward and yet undiminished, like the eternal Fountain of light and beauty and love ; its emerald tints, and its clouds of spray like a scroll of light let down out of heaven, with the bow of promise written thereon ; and its deep-toned music, falling upon the ear like one unceasing anthem of praise ;—even this scene of untold beauty overawed without delighting them. Their thoughts were with her who could never behold it ; and they forgot the surpassing glories of that place concerning which we are assured that, as mortal eye hath not seen nor ear heard, so neither hath the heart of man conceived. And yet, who has not shared in the regret that weighed these sorrowing hearts ?

After our travellers had seen all that their native land could present, they were as far estranged from happiness as when their feet passed the threshold of their desolate home. Oh where can it be found ? "The depth saith, It is not in me ; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." But slow is the heart of man to learn the lessons of truth. Which of us can yet *repeat the alphabet* ?

To be continued.

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SUBMISSION.—"If we humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, we may expect He will withdraw it ; if we loosen the cords of earthly-attachments, we may expect his consolations will flow in, mingle with the sources of our bitterness, and sweeten all we suffer, with the relishes of his love. But how unkind, to be so in rapture with a gift, as to forget Him who bestowed it, and imparted to it all the virtues which so please and affect us ! How blind, if when a single star does not shine on us, we see not the sun in whose radiance all stars shine : thus not observing Him who is both eyes and light to us, and who is so beautiful that nothing can be so, except as it resembles Him !"

HOOVER.

## THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA.

MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

See Engraving.

THIS gifted and estimable woman is the daughter of Hon. Judge Lewis of Lancaster, Pa. She was born in 1823, in Williamsport, Lycoming county, but removed with her parents while still very young, to Towanda, Bradford county, where amid the enchanting scenery of that beautiful country, most of her youth was spent. Some years since, Miss Lewis married Mr. Campbell, a member of the bar in Pottsville, Pa., where she still resides.

Though early sent to the Seminary in Bethlehem, and afterwards to a fashionable French boarding school in Philadelphia, Mrs. Campbell was, in the truest sense of the word, educated mainly under the personal superintendence and influence of her excellent father, whose varied acquirements, literary tastes, and endearing gentleness of character, fitted him peculiarly for the pleasing task of assisting and directing the early developments of genius in this beloved daughter.

Mr. T. B. Read, the painter-poet, in his *Female Poets of America*, says of Mrs. Campbell that "at a very early age she gave evidence of fine poetic power, and her more mature productions are characterized by truthfulness in description, by purity of sentiment and diction, and display great versatility."

At the age of fourteen, her "Music at a Death-bed" made its appearance, and gained for its author great credit for its depth of feeling, its truthfulness to nature, and its poetic excellence. Other productions followed, in rapid succession, under various signatures, but principally under that of Juliet H. Lewis, her maiden name. "THE WHIRLWIND" was remarkable for its sprightliness and truthfulness in description, and has well performed its office in carrying the name of the author upon the "wings of the wind" into almost every portion of the literary world. Although the public has been familiar with the name of Miss Lewis, and since her marriage with that of Mrs. Campbell, for a long time, as a writer,

she is believed to be the youngest of the sisterhood of American female poets, with the exception, perhaps, of Grace Greenwood, (Sara J. Clarke.) In the education of Mrs. Campbell, the accomplishments of domestic life were not forgotten. She is best known to the reading community through her youthful productions, as she has published but little since her marriage. She has, however, recently resumed her pen, and the story of "*Mind and Heart*" in the Opal for 1848, the "*Story of Sunrise*," and "*Song of Sunset*" in Read's Female Poets of America, and "*Dreams*," "*A Confession*," &c., in Caroline May's American Female Poets, (all of which are fresh from her mature pen) may be compared with "*Tarpeia*" (in the work last mentioned), which was written when she was a very young girl. Although she won a high place in public estimation upon her first appearance, it will be perceived, upon examination of her later productions, that in adding new jewels to her coronet, it has lost none of its brilliancy.

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### THE TEAR, OR CONSOLATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY HON. ELLIS LEWIS.

DESCEND, thou silent tear,  
On Earth's cold bosom fall;  
No pious hands are near,  
No friends on whom to call.

Fall, like the pattering rain,  
On rocks, from tow'ring sky,  
Where sun is never seen,  
Or wind, to wipe thee dry.

What care my fellow men  
For my poor heart's deep woe;  
Too far above my pain,  
My distant grief to know.

They're free from doubts or cares;  
No clouds their sky shall pall;  
Their future has no fears;  
Their cup is free from gall.

That crowd, with frivolous noise,  
Move on, in laughing glee,  
They need no pitying voice,  
To say, "*I weep with thee!*"

When friendship turns away,  
Forgetful of her bond;  
The staff, that was my stay,  
Gives way and tears the hand;

When man, as frail in faith,  
To shun contagious woe,  
Deserts our dreary path,  
And leaves us to the foe;

The gloomy future bears  
No promise for to-morrow;  
The taste of bitter tears  
Is the sole bread of sorrow:

'Tis then Thy power relieves  
The silence of my breast;  
'Tis then Thy Hand removes  
The icy weight that press'd.

Thy tender Word, too pure  
To mix with Earth's vain strife,  
Comes, Lord, with solace sure,  
When all is lost in life.

Thy Heavenly Love beguiles  
Our woes, like friend's embrace,  
The world, which sees our smiles,  
Their source can never trace.

In prayer dissolves the soul,  
And mingles with the skies,  
Our tears no longer roll;  
Thy Grace has dried our eyes,—

As sun-light, in the glen,  
On branch and rocky glade,  
Breaks through, and dries the rain  
That lingered in the shade.

## AN HOUR BEFORE CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERBACH.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

It is Sunday morning, before church ; the peasant Hagenmayer sits in his shirt sleeves, upon the bench before the bee-hives, in his garden. He need not be ashamed to be seen without his jacket, for his shirt is white as new fallen snow, and he loves to sit there, so light and free in this airy garb ; he warms himself in the April sun, he smokes his pipe the while, and it is as still and well with him, as with a tree in the soil ; he could wish never to go away, and it seems to him as if another, and not himself had placed him there.

A verse from an old hymn passes through his mind, his lips move with the words, yet he does not speak them aloud, but deep in his breast.

This peaceful calm within the breast,  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest.

Yes, if men would but oftener seek out a still spot, far from the tumult and bustle of the world, where, alone by themselves, they could listen to that which stirs in the depths of their souls, and, when the strife of passion is appeased, find there a never-failing source of peace and happiness. Here they need no great banquets, no costly festivals to awake joy and pleasure ; here the everlasting God has prepared the feast, and he invites the soul to take delight therein. How many thousand mortals, are perpetually chasing after enjoyment and pleasure in the world without, and forget that which they might so easily find within themselves.

How still and mild is the morning ! Not a breeze stirs ; the deep blue canopy of heaven stands in silence over the earth, the lark alone soars, singing freely, up and down, between heaven and earth ; to the Earth, proclaiming the wonders of the Heavens ; to the Heavens, praising the beauty of the Earth. The swallows glide along in stillness, as if they must keep silence before the eternal mystery of the creation, as if life amid this ceaseless beauty had robbed them of speech, and made them dumb ; as if they

might not lift up their voices with the creatures, to whom this glory is displayed, but for a short season only, in the year. The sap ascends in every blade of grass, and numberless living things stir and move amid its stems; there is a ringing and a rustling as if every thing around were endowed with life. The bees are humming in the flowering apple tree, and each lights upon an open blossom. Hagenmayer now said aloud to himself—

This peaceful calm within the breast,  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest.

His pipe had gone out, but he did not light it again; he crossed his arms upon his breast, as if he would hold fast that which stirred within his bosom; he suffered his thoughts to come and go, as the bees came and went, to and from the hive.

"These insects," he thought, "have no Sunday and no holiday, they live and labor, and their labor is merely for the nourishment of the body; they repose when nature around reposes. But man labors, not merely for the nourishment of the body, and he sets apart one day in seven, that, free, and released from toil, he may retire within himself, and, in common with his brothers and sisters, turn towards God, that he may enjoy the truest and purest pleasure of existence. How happy am I that I can repose in silence here! I inhale the pure breath of the air, my eye banquets upon the glory, that is every where spread out before me, the sun pours down upon me its cheering warmth, and God holds his hand over me, and suffers me to sit here, silent and happy. I will no longer lament and wail, when want and pain afflict me. In the deepest woe I will exclaim—"Courage, God liveth!"

Hagenmayer spread out his arms, as if he would clasp God's love to his bosom; his lips were parted, and still he did not speak. A breath of wind now cast many blossoms from the apple tree, upon the old man's head, and led him to other thoughts. Smiling sadly, he looked up, and again, a voice spoke within him.

"How many blossoms hang upon this tree, and countless numbers die, before they are grown to fruit; the tree could not support them all, in their maturity; blossoms must wither; they have fulfilled the wish of their Creator, in that they have bloomed.—How rich and full to overflowing is the world! The children whom I lost in their youth, were such blossoms on the tree of Life; they had lived long enough, for this season of earth. I will labor



and toil that I may rear those who remain to me, to be industrious and virtuous men."

With quivering lips, Hagenmayer now looked sadly upon the ground, for he thought—"How many thousand hearts are, at this moment, trembling with woe and anguish for the needs of life; their senses are benumbed, the cool morning breeze consumes them, the beauty of meadow and of field does not satisfy them; they see nothing of it—they hunger!—Oh, heartless beings that we are! we can enjoy repose, we can live in abundance, while our brothers and sisters are famishing; and the table of the earth is so richly spread, that none should go away unsatisfied. I will labor and strive to relieve their wants, and to procure them the joys of life, whenever it is in my power. Grant, oh God, that I may stand firm, that I may soften the hearts of the great and powerful, that they may not rest until misery is banished from the earth, before the judgment day comes—"

A sudden and unusual humming in one of the bee hives, aroused Hagenmayer from his thoughts. It was a queen bee, which was preparing to leave the crowded dwelling, with her subjects.

Hagenmayer rose, and placed a vacant bee hive upright; he then waited in silence for the bees to come forth, and thought the while—"Statesmen, teachers, parents, and all who have authority and supervision over others, ye may take an example from the bees. We can do nothing to hinder it, when a hive of bees will swarm; it is needful and good that they should do so, and we should prepare for them a new house, lead them kindly into it, and leave the young race to regulate their household as they will; then, when the old stock die off, others are here to replace them.

He called his son and his daughter-in-law to him, in order that they might watch with him over the swarming insects. They must all keep still.

The first bell now rang for church. The sound drowned all the humming and ringing in the air. As if lured by these tones, the swarm of bees came forth, and were duly led into their new home.

Hagenmayer arrived at church somewhat late, and he often shook his head, as he was obliged to listen to an admonitory discourse against the modern revivals in religion. He thought of the young bee hive.

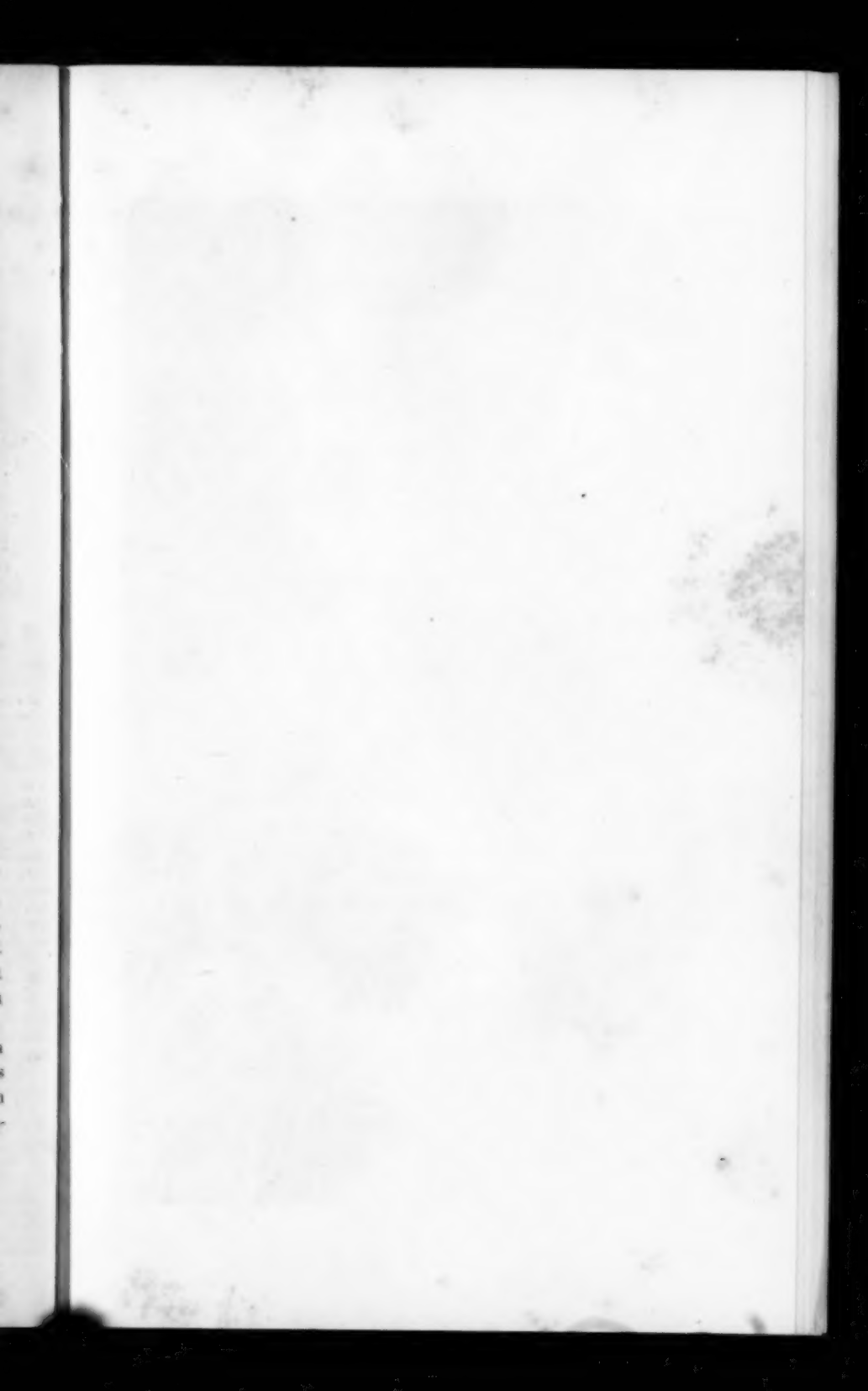
## FAMILY NURTURE.

BY REV. HORACE RUSHNELL.

"We can never come into the true style of living that God has appointed for us, until we regard each generation as hovering over the next, acting itself into the next, and casting thus a type of character in the next, before it comes to act for itself. Then we shall have gentle cares and feelings; then the families will become bonds of spiritual life; example, education and government, being Christian powers, will be regulated by a Christian spirit; the rigidities of religious principle will be softened by the tender affections of nature twining among them, and the common life of the house dignified by the sober and momentous cares of the life to come.— And thus Christian piety being oftener a habit of the soul than a conquest over it, will be as much more respectable and consistent as it is earlier in the birth and closer to nature.

"It is not what you intend for your children, so much as what you ARE, that is to have its effect. Your life is more powerful than your instructions can be. They might be jealous of intended corruption and withstand it, but the spirit of the house, which is your spirit, the whole working of the house, which is actuated by you, is what no exercise of will, even if they had more of it than they have, could well resist. Therefore, what you are, they will almost necessarily be, and then, as you are responsible for what you are, you must also be responsible for the ruin brought on them. And, if you desired better things for them, as you probably say, the more guilty are you that, knowing and desiring better things, you thwarted your desires by your own evil life. Your character is a stream, a river, flowing down upon your children, hour by hour. What you do here and there to carry an opposing influence is, at best, only a ripple that you make on the surface of the stream. It reveals the sweep of the current, nothing more. If you expect your children to go with the ripple, instead of the stream, you will be disappointed.

"If the mother is a scandal-monger, she will make her children spies and eaves-droppers. Fretfulness and ill temper in the parents are provocations, and, therefore, somewhat more efficacious than commandments to the same. The proper result will be a congenial assemblage, in the house, of petulance and ill nature."







*Myosotis Palustris*  
(The Forget me not)



## CHARLOTTE CORDAY D'ARMONT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1793.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION.

"The pathway of my duty lies in sunlight,  
And I will tread it with as firm a step,  
Though it must end in dark oblivion,  
As if Elysian pleasures at its close  
Flash'd palpable to sight as things of earth."—ION.

THE National Assembly or Convention of France, which at first was divided into two nearly equal factions, called *La Plaine* and *La Montagne*, was now, in the summer of 1793, wholly under the dominion of the *Montagnards*, with Robespierre, Danton, and the odious denouncer, Fouquier Tinville, at their head. Since the expulsion of the *Girondists*, who though fierce republicans, were known after the death of Louis Sixteenth, as the more moderate party, the voice of mercy was a sound unheard within those walls, and none but the extremest measures found favor there. To the triumvirate who ruled the councils of the nation, the death of Marat was in truth, a welcome event, as they found it impossible to control his blind and headlong fury, and the mad worship of the populace gave constant umbrage to their jealousy and self-esteem. But now, that he was forever removed from their path, they could well afford to grant him an apotheosis, and therefore, while at the instance of the Assembly, unprecedented honors were paid to his remains, the leaders affected the utmost veneration for his character, and indignation against his murderer. They sent to her cell Montane, the president of the revolutionary tribunal, that in this private interrogatory, Charlotte Corday might be more readily induced to betray her supposed accomplices, for they could not conceive the possibility that such a deed was planned and executed by herself alone. So deeply did Montane feel the influence of the beauty, grace and dauntless resolution of the young girl, that he framed his questions, and tacitly dictated her answers so as to induce her if possible to save her life, by suffering the act to be regarded as the effect of madness, rather than crime. But she

resolutely spurned these attempts—and frustrated his humane design by avowing herself the sole agent in the dreadful transaction, and glorying in it as a fitting holocaust to liberty. She sent by him the following request to the Committee of General Safety—

“As I have yet some moments to live, may I hope, citizens, that you will permit me to sit for my portrait, as I would fain leave this souvenir to my friends. Besides, as the likeness of good citizens are carefully preserved, so curiosity sometimes seeks those of great criminals, in order to perpetuate their crime. If you grant my request, be so good as to send me a miniature painter.”

From the Abbaye, the prisoner was removed to the Conciergerie, as her trial was to take place in the large *Salle* immediately above the dungeons. On entering those gloomy vaults, from whose dark recesses so many illustrious victims had been led forth to the scaffold, she was committed to the care of Madame Richard, the wife of the keeper, and the maternal kindness of this good woman more deeply affected the heart, and tried the resolution of the friendless girl, than all the previous horrors of her lot. “I can bear misfortune,” she said, “for it has long been my companion, and I have grown familiar with its features—but to disinterested kindness I have been till now a stranger, and know not how to respond to it as I ought.” By an act of unusual indulgence, the means of writing were allowed to Charlotte Corday, and she sent the following brief letter to her father immediately after her removal to the Conciergerie:—“Pardon me, my father, for having disposed of my existence without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims, and prevented many other disasters. The people who will one day be disabused, will rejoice at their deliverance from a tyrant. If I sought to persuade you that I had gone to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown. I have chosen as my defender Gustave de Pontecoulant—but only for form’s sake, as such a deed admits of no defence. Adieu, dear father. I pray you to forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate—the cause is noble. I embrace my sister whom I love with all my heart. Do not forget the words of Corneille—

“*Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l’échafaud ?*”

To-morrow at eight o’clock, I am tried.”

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\* “The crime, and not the scaffold, makes the shame.”



On the morning of the 17th, at eight o'clock, the *gens-d'armes* were sent to conduct the prisoner into the hall of the *Palais de Justice*, where the revolutionary tribunal held their sitting. She had arranged her hair and dress with the precision and neatness natural to her under all circumstances, and as she left the cell said smilingly to Monsieur and Madame Richard—"Pray let my breakfast be ready on my return, my judges will doubtless be pressed for time, and I wish to take my last meal with you."

Curiosity and love of excitement had drawn together an immense crowd of citizens, who waited impatiently for the appearance of the formidable assassin of the popular idol. "The *gens d'armes* are coming," was whispered among the crowd, and a murmur of malediction arose on every side, but it quickly subsided, or was changed into a thrill of interest and admiration as they looked on the young and exquisitely beautiful being, whose downcast eyes, heightened complexion and timid step as she advanced between the guards, bespoke the struggle of womanly feeling with the pride and heroism of her character. They had expected to see a boisterous amazon, whose masculine proportions and strength betokened her the fitting tool of others, who had the ability to plan, though lacking the courage to perpetrate the deed of which she was accused. When, instead of this, they beheld a gentle, lovely girl, in the first bloom of youth, with the calm dignity of conscious innocence written on every noble feature, all hearts were touched with pity and tenderness, and it was amid a silence profound and solemn as the hush of death, that Charlotte Corday took her seat as a criminal at the bar of the tribunal. To the question of the president, if a defender had been engaged, she replied that a friend had undertaken the office, but she doubted if he would have the courage to appear there on her behalf. The young Chauveau Lagarde, afterwards distinguished by his eloquent defence of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was then assigned her, and took his place before the bar. At that awful moment, when even the judges, so accustomed to scenes of horror, were troubled and embarrassed, the youthful descendant of Corneille seemed the only undisturbed member of that vast assemblage. In a voice clear, distinct, and musical as the tones of the wind-harp when swept by the zephyr's wing, she related the circumstances of the act, its premeditation, her plan of stabbing him in the Convention, and the

ruse she had employed in order to gain admittance to his house. "I confess," she said ingenuously, "that this means was unworthy of me, but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man in order to gain access to him."

"Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?"

"I did not need the hatred of any one else, my own was sufficient, besides one always executes badly what is devised by others." "What did you hate in him?" "His crimes!" "What did you hope to effect by killing him?" "To restore peace to my country." "Do you then think you have assassinated all the Marats?"—"Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble." The knife was handed to her that she might recognize it—she pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust. "Yes, yes," she said, "I recognize it." "Since when have you formed this design?" "Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have slain one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution." Her accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal blow downward, to make it more certain, and hinted that she was doubtless well versed in crime. At this suggestion, she uttered a cry of horror. "Oh the monster," she exclaimed—"he takes me for an assassin!" When the evidence against her was summed up, her defender arose. "The accused," he began, "confesses her crime, avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence. This imperturbable calm, and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in the presence of death—this calm and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, are not natural; they can be explained only by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences."

The sentence of death was rendered unanimously by the jury, and heard by the prisoner with the calmness and self-possession which had characterized her throughout. She made no reply to the president when asked if she had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced, but turning to her defender, she said earnestly—"Monsieur, you have defended me as I wished to be defended. I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen

(the judges) have declared my property confiscated. I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt."

During the examination, Charlotte Corday observed a painter sketching a likeness of her, and smilingly turned toward him, that he might have a better view of her features. She felt herself sitting to succeeding ages.

Near the painter stood a young man whose blue eyes, fair hair, and florid complexion showed him to be a native of the north.—From the time of her entrance, he had remained fixed, and immovable as a statue, gazing on the prisoner with eyes in which the emotions of the soul were truly mirrored, and at every reply of the young girl, he shuddered and changed color. It was her deliverer of the Place Vendome—who recognized with a thrill of horror not unmixed with strange delight, in the murderer of Marat, the fair unknown, who had beamed upon him and vanished so like a vision of the night, only two days before. The enthusiastic interest manifested by him, and his involuntary exclamations of pity and admiration, attracted the attention of the crowd, and at length that of the prisoner, who as she turned towards him, met that ardent glance, and instantly remembered where and under what circumstances they had previously met. One look of recognition, of friendship, of boundless gratitude was all she could give, but to the ardent stranger this was enough; like the lightning's flash it penetrated his heart, and effacing every other sentiment, filled it with a devotion which, subsisting without hope, looking for no reward, esteemed it happiness sufficient to die with and for the object so beloved. When sentence of death was pronounced, he started one step forward, and then with the gesture of one who protests from his inmost soul, sank back, deprived of strength, upon the seat nearest him. The young enthusiast was a German republican—a native of Mayence, sent by the revolutionists of his own city, to concert measures with the republicans of France for the cause of human liberty in both countries. His eyes followed Charlotte Corday as she left the hall between the *gens-d'armes*, and when she passed under the low and gloomy arch of the stairway which led down to the cells, the light of day seemed shut out forever from his sight. From that moment, until the throbbings of that warm heart were stilled in death, she was never absent from his thoughts.

The companions in captivity of the young girl, had ranged themselves on either side of the corridor to see her pass on her return. She smiled kindly upon them, and said to the concierge—"I had hoped that we should breakfast together once more, but the judges detained me so long, that you must forgive me for having broken my word." The artist whom she had observed at the tribunal sketching her likeness, was M. Hauer, an officer of the National Guard. She requested that time might be allowed him to finish the sketch, and on his arrival, gracefully thanking him for the interest thus manifested, she seated herself calmly before him, conversing all the while, on the events of the day, the pleasures of his profession, of her young friends at Caen, and of the peace of mind experienced by her during the exciting scenes of the morning.—She begged M. Hauer to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family, a request with which he afterward religiously complied.

The picture was still unfinished, only the face being completed and the bust sketched, when a knock was heard at the door and the executioner appeared. The fatal red robe was on his arm, and in his hand the scissors with which that beautiful hair was to be taken from her head. At sight of this hideous apparition, the intrepid girl turned pale and exclaimed—"What—so soon?" But instantly recovering her composure, she turned to the artist and said—"I know not how to thank you, Monsieur, for the trouble you have taken. I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude." As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and severing a long tress of sunny hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

Her hair was then cut off by the executioner, who bound her hands, and put upon her the *chemise des condamnées*. "This," said she, "is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality." Her long silken hair, so beautiful and so much admired in other days, was scattered on the ground, where it had fallen from her head, under the relentless hand of the executioner. She collected it, looked upon it for the last time, and then gave it to the wife of the concierge, as a parting memorial of gratitude and friendship. As she entered the rough cart which was to convey her to the place of execution, a thunder-storm was just approaching, which soon broke over the crowded

streets with a violence seldom witnessed. The vivid flashes of lightning were incessant, the rain fell in torrents, and the heavy peals of thunder falling upon the ear like the booming of distant cannon, added new horrors to the fearful scene. The squares, the bridges, and the streets through which she passed, were all blocked up with dense masses of human beings, many of whom followed the cart with fierce imprecations and insults, but apparently insensible to all the tumult, Charlotte Corday gazed on the populace with a serene countenance, and eyes beaming with tenderness and compassion.

The storm had spent its fury while the procession was still at some distance from the Place de la Greve, and the sun shone out clearly, enveloping the youthful victim with an unearthly radiance as she sat with hands bound behind her and head upraised—

"Like monument of Grecian art,"

the exquisite symmetry of her form displayed by the closely clinging garment through which the rain had penetrated. Love, the most romantic and unworldly, accompanied her to the scaffold, for the young German, Adam Lux, awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the Place de la Greve. In his own words, he sought "to engrave on his heart that unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous outcries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating, those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from the bright eyes in which shone a soul as heroic as tender. Charming eyes which should have melted a stone!"

Robespierre, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, stationed themselves in the way by which she must pass, that they might study the expression of the fanaticism constantly threatening their own lives. They shrank back, and turned pale, as her glance fell casually upon them, saying to each other—"This young girl, though guilty, is beautiful and serene as a celestial spirit. It is impossible that she can regard as a crime, the act for which she is about to suffer."

At last the cart stopped, and at sight of the fatal instrument of death, Charlotte Corday for an instant trembled and turned pale; but it was for an instant only. The next moment, she ascended the scaffold with a light firm step, though somewhat impeded by

her pinioned arms and long robe, and stood before the executioner with a countenance and manner of perfect composure and even happiness. When he proceeded, however, to remove the handkerchief thrown about her shoulders, in order to bare her neck, "this insult to her modesty moved her more than impending death," she hastily and almost indignantly repulsed the attempt, and proceeded to place her head under the guillotine. The heavy blade fell with that dull sound which had so often spoken to the spectators, of the passage of a soul into eternity, and that young and graceful head rolled upon the scaffold. One of the attendants of the executioner, in his blind fury, took it in his hand, and struck it on the cheek. "It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life."

Thus perished in the flower of youth, and the full bloom of beauty, Charlotte Corday D'Armont, whose life and death constitute an enigma in morals, which few historians have attempted to solve. "In the face of murder," says Lamartine, "history dares not praise, and in the face of heroism, dares not condemn her.—The appreciation of such an act, places us in the terrible alternative of blaming virtue, or applauding assassination. Like the painter who despairing of rendering the expression of a mingled sentiment, cast a veil over the face of the figure, we must leave this mystery to be debated in the abysses of the human heart.\*\*\*\*\* Had we to find for this sublime liberatrix of her country, a name which should at once convey the enthusiasm of our feelings towards her, and the severity of our judgment on her action, we would coin a phrase, combining the extreme of admiration and horror, and term her the Angel of Assassination."

A few days after the bloody tragedy we have recorded, Adam Lux published a little work entitled—"The Apology of Charlotte Corday," in which he implicated himself in her crime, in order to share her punishment. He was immediately arrested and sent to the Abbaye, exclaiming as he entered it—"At last then, I shall die for her." He was beheaded soon afterward, rejoicing with his latest breath, that he was thus to be united in death, with the idol of his affections, or rather, of his imagination.

Henri Dubruel, the Norman lover of Charlotte Corday, crushed and heart-broken by the blow which had decapitated the adored

companion of his childhood, retired to a small village near Caen, where after a few months of lingering sorrow, he sank into an early grave, requesting only that her miniature and letters might be placed upon his bosom in the coffin, and buried with him.—Surely, she who thus awakened in the breast of different individuals, such intense and lasting affection, could have been no ordinary being.

“Whose is this tomb?” sings the tender and impassioned German poet, Klopstock—“It is the tomb of Charlotte. Let us gather flowers and scatter them over her ashes, for she is dead for her country. No, no, gather nothing; let us seek a weeping willow, and plant it over her tomb, for she is dead for her country. No, no, plant nothing; but weep, and let your tears be blood, for she is dead in vain for her country!”

Yes, emphatically in vain—for the knife which pierced the heart of Marat seemed literally to have opened the veins of all France. If before, blood had flowed in streams, it now ran in torrents through the land, and the reign of terror became the fixed order of the day. The people, intoxicated by the death of Marat, gave themselves up to every kind of sanguinary excess, urged by the “furious rage for extermination, which lurks in the instincts of the multitude, which awakes in times of great commotion, and demands to gorge itself with blood when once it has tasted the fearful draught.” The fond hope which supported Charlotte Corday even on the scaffold, was groundless and illusory, and her name will go down to future generations as a memento of the fatal error into which the purest patriotism may fall, “when it borrows the hand and weapons of crime” to do the work of freedom. She was formed by her talents and virtues to bless mankind, but misled by a false and dangerous philosophy, she dared to arrogate to herself the office of the Almighty, and the vengeance inflicted by her on a fellow worm, has been, and will continue to be visited upon her memory, by a pitying, admiring, but shuddering posterity.



## SONG OF THE WAYFARER.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

On, on! there is no end of life!  
The knowledge gained to-day,  
Will live among our cherished things,  
When worlds have passed away.

On, on! in duty's forward path!  
The task accomplished now,  
Will add some pleasant memory  
In heaven, of hours below.

Relieve the aching heart of grief,  
Assuage the brow of pain;  
The good we do on earth shall yet  
Be done to us again.

On, on! there is no end of life!  
Time scatters, as he flies,  
Only the spirit's dust away  
Whose course is to the skies.

On, on! for duty waits us there,  
Our work will not be done,  
When the stars perish from the sky,  
And God puts out the sun!

We'll brush our soil-encumbered wings  
At the grave's gateway soon,  
We're passing through earth's evening now  
To Heaven's eternal noon.



## A STORM ON THE APPENINES.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI,

IT was on a beautiful afternoon of the month of August, but few hours after the death of my mother, that having been denounced to the police as a member of the conspiracy against the Jesuits and the government, I left Piacenza, my native city, by the gate of Saint Antonio, on my way to the land of exile. I was but eighteen years old, and an only son; my sister was in the nunnery of Saint Orsola, and in a single day my poor old father was deprived of his beloved companion, and of a son who would gladly have consecrated his life to filial love. On the eve of being arrested, I could not follow my dear mother to the grave, to pay my last duties to the guardian of my youth, for a few hours of delay would have occasioned my arrest and imprisonment for many years, and perhaps for life. Disguised as a mason, with a few francs in my pocket, I left the city, not knowing where to go to look for a refuge. Towards evening, I reached the high bridge of the Trebbia—so famous in ancient and modern history—just as the sun was going down behind the Appenines, and the nocturnal queen of heaven appeared in her silvery mantle surrounded by many thousands of stars. I stopped for an instant to cast one more look on the gilded steeples of Piacenza and her gigantic castle, and at the sight my courage fled, and I wept like a child. None but a political exile can form an idea of what passed at that solemn moment in my young heart! I left behind me an unburied mother; my father and friends who were not yet aware of my escape; I had lost all that was dear to me; I had no more a country nor friends; a dark and uncertain future was before me; I had but to choose the prison or a wandering and perilous life! Looking from the bridge down on those deep waters, the awful idea of self-destruction seemed to me the only way of escape from my present and future misfortunes; but just as I was about to throw myself into the river, I felt as if a powerful hand prevented me from accomplishing such a horrible attempt, as if the voice of my dear mother cried to me from heaven—"HOPE ON—HOPE EVER!"

"I descended the walls, and began to think of the good and religious advice I had received from my parents; and repeating the prayers learned from my mother, I arrived at midnight at the end of my first journey in a better frame of mind than when I left the gate of Piacenza. Near Castel San Giovanni—a picturesque village where I had yet many friends, and had spent in former years the happiest days of my life—I stopped at a *cascina*, a dairy, and as all the country people had retired, I ascended by a ladder the hay-loft, and there I passed my first night of exile. Before the herald of the dawn announced with its cheerful song the new day, I descended from the dairy, that the peasants might not discover me, and announce my mysterious arrival through the village.—Crossing Castel San Giovanni, I approached the house of my uncle, who was asleep and certainly far from supposing me so near him; the streets and churches recalled to my memory the happy years of my childhood, those years that have passed away like a pleasant dream, to return no more. When out of the village, I bought a loaf of bread, and to avoid a recounter with the *gen-d' armes*, I left the large road, and travelled through unfrequented paths, until I reached the frontier of Piedmont. It was noon when I discovered Stradella—the native place of my mother—and as I was not willing to enter it before dark, I sat down under a tree, and repeated again my prayers, and having made a frugal repast of bread and fresh water, I fell asleep under the shadow of that benevolent tree. Under cover of the evening, I entered Stradella, not like a Signorino as in former days, but rather with the appearance of a rogue or a beggar. My first thought was to knock at the door of a rich relation of mine, and to ask hospitality from him, for not only had he the means of saving me from my poverty, but being on good terms with the Piedmontese government, he could have easily obtained for me a passport to the free land of Switzerland. Alas! my hopes soon vanished. I had to learn a new lesson in the school of misfortunes! My rich cousin—Signor Sabbia—would not recognize me, not because I was destitute of every thing, but because I had dared to plot against the tyrannical government of my country, which he considered as a divine right and power over a degraded people. Entering his large palace, the old door-keeper ran after me as if I had been a robber, and in an insulting manner exclaimed—"you little rogue, where are you

going? I see plainly that you are not accustomed to visiting wealthy houses. What do you want?" At first I intended to treat this brute like a true cerberus, but seeing that he did not recognize me, and unwilling that he should discover my disguise, I thought that it was more prudent for me to bear the insults of a man who only a few days before would have fawned on me like a spaniel. I had to exercise all my little philosophy, and to remember that I was alone in the world; I thought at least my cousin would treat me better than his savage door-keeper, and answered the man that I had a secret mission for the *Signore*, and that I had come twenty miles on very important business.

After having waited long in the court-yard, the polite porter said that "the *Padrone* was visible," and then took me to his private saloon. There I found a man from fifty to sixty years old, thin as a skeleton, with his face pitted by the small pox, and with a pair of golden spectacles on his long nose. He was seated at a table covered with money and bank notes, deeply engaged in calculating the increase or abatement of public stocks. Raising his spectacles on his small forehead, but without granting me a look, with his mind and sight fixed on the spoils of Mammon, he asked, "What can I do for you? Please be brief in your conversation. I am extremely busy—and have no time to lose."

"Well, Signor Sabbia," said I, "perhaps you are acquainted with the death of your cousin Signora Marietta?"

"Please stop," he interrupted, counting some gold coins, and having finished, without the least discomposure he ordered me to continue.

"As I said before, Signora Marietta is dead," I continued, and pronouncing this sacred name, abundant tears rolled down my cheeks, "and her son is now a wanderer from the paternal roof without money and without a refuge."

"I am sorry for my cousin," said he, "she was a handsome woman and a good mother. But as for her son, he must be a great fool to leave his home because he has lost his mother. As for me I would not be so absurd;—where is he now, what can I do for him? I cannot return him his mother, they have never returned me mine; once gone, we are gone forever."

"Signora Marietta's son is not far from you," said I, "he has conspired against the government, and has come to ask protection from you."

Signor Sabbia, who had been all his life devoted to the cause of despotism, on hearing that his little cousin had dared to brave the rigors of the royal laws, rose furiously from his chair, and was about to utter some *maledizione* against me, when to his great surprise, he found before him, with a bald face and crossed arms, the subject of his malediction !

"Are you here?" said he, "and in such a state of destitution ; and after having exposed yourself to the Austrian government, you come to ask for protection from one who would have all the liberals and republicans hanged ? But as I do not intend to compromise myself with the police, the best thing that I could do for you, would be to have you arrested secretly, in order to teach you obedience to our sovereign. Nevertheless, as it shall never be said that Signor Sabbia has sold his relations to the police, therefore I advise you to leave my house as soon as possible, and never dare to appear before me again."

"Would you not provide me with the necessary means to pass into Switzerland ?" said I, "or give me refuge until my father can be made acquainted with my fate ? I cannot wander any longer in Piedmont without being arrested."

"In my house?" replied my cousin, astonished at my demand, "I would sooner harbor the devil than a liberal," and throwing *three francs* on the table, he ordered me to leave the room. I remained silent for a while, but giving way at last to my quick temper—"I thank you," said I, "for your very generous offer, but feel ashamed to accept it ;—as for the *three francs*, I think you will do better to put them under your pillow on your dying bed when you leave the world for eternity. Remember, Signor Sabbia, that you have children yourself, and God only knows to what straits they may be brought." I left him with his god Mammon, and certainly with his soul tortured by remorse. As it was not prudent for me to remain in Stradella during the night, I had already formed my plan of going to sleep in some dairy out in the country, when it came to my recollection, as a ray of hope, that my old nurse lived but two miles out of the village on the picturesque shores of the Versa, at the foot of Mount San Gotardo.—I wished to try her benevolent disposition, as she had nursed me, and always cherished me as her own son. I arrived at her door at nine o'clock, but found no persons around the house. Looking

through the key hole, I heard my old nurse and foster father praying, and what to me was more surprising, they remembered me in their prayers! I could but kneel at the door, and repeat those prayers which I had so often said with them, for in this humble cottage I had spent the first years of my life; these good people had been the first to speak to me of God, of the miseries of the world, and of the Savior who died for our salvation. My heart beat fast, and tears fell from my eyes as at last I knocked at the door, and in a moment found myself in the arms of my beloved friends, full of joy that I had remembered to call on them. They were not aware of the death of my mother and of my flight. My old nurse, after having provided for me a good supper, before going to sleep wished that we should recite a *rosary* for the benefit of the soul of my dear mother! My foster father reproached me for having gone to Signor Sabbia while I knew that they were living near Stradella, and had always been my good friends. The next day I separated from them, although they entreated me to remain as long as I wished, but fearful of being discovered by the Piedmontese police, I would not expose my generous friends to political persecutions. My foster father made me a present of one of his under garments, and advised me to take refuge in the Appenines with his brother, a shepherd who lived forty-five miles from Stradella. Early in the morning I began that painful and memorable journey. My baggage was very light, and having but a single pair of boots, I took them off and walked bare footed through rocks and woods, in order to save them for appearing in some village or city. Not accustomed to travel in that way, I suffered dreadfully during that journey—my feet bled, and often I was obliged to halt, so great was my distress. At the end of the second day, I arrived at the Tidone river, and here I washed all my clothes, and remained in the burning sun until they were dried;—passing towards evening near a *cascina*, I was invited by the people to take lodging on their hay-loft and to sup with them. Wherever I went, I was treated with great respect and hospitality by these mountaineers of the Appenines, and the more, because many of them believed that I was a young pilgrim, on my way to the sanctuary of Saint Albano in the city of Bobbio. As for me, I never took the trouble to undeceive them—it was better for me that they should be ignorant of my condition. The next morning I continued my journey,

which I only thought of ending in eternity, or at best, in one of those castles of the middle ages so common in the Appenines. I shall remember that day as one of the most memorable of my wandering life; it was truly a day of dreadful trial. The heat was excessive, and I had already walked for six hours when I discovered the cabin of my foster father's brother still at a considerable distance. Exhausted by the heat, and the fatigues of walking, I entered a cabin inhabited by a score of armed smugglers, whose ferocious looks gave them the appearance of Roman banditti.—Had they been robbers, I had certainly nothing to fear from them; my purse was so small that they would not take it from me. I asked at first for some water as the best way of introducing myself to those *gentlemen*, but the chief who seemed to care little for the temperance society, said in a loud voice: "I shall give you, young man, a bottle of good wine—take care of water in such a day as this, it would give you the *cholera*—but if you insist on having water, there out of the door you will find a spring."

Thinking that the chief smuggler was a physician, or at least knew something of medicine, I thanked him for his good advice, and besides the wine was furnished with an excellent repast, all *gratis et amore Dei*. While I was preparing to leave the house, we heard a knock at the door, and immediately five *gens-d'armes* appeared, enquiring if they had seen a young man travelling that way? The eyes of the smugglers were cast at once upon me, and the chief taking me by the arm, said—"Here, you see, is the young stranger."

"Will you show me," said the officer, "your passport?"

I had no passport! but although I imagined myself already in the hands of the police, and thrown into a dungeon, I did not lose courage, but with great coolness I handed a paper to him, which was nothing but my diploma of the University. The officer, who pretended to read it, after having turned it in various ways, with all the dignity of a chief *gens-d'armes*—"Oh! the *Signore*," said he, "is a student travelling over our mountains." Thanks to his ignorance, I was saved from prison and perhaps from death, as he supposed my diploma with its great seal to be truly a passport!

The cabin of my future protector was but three miles farther, but I was not destined to reach that place of refuge till the next morning—I was still to suffer a little longer. The sky grew dark,

flashes of lightning appeared in the south, and there was every appearance of an approaching storm. The wind blew violently, and just as I had reached a ridge of the Appenines, the rain began to pour, with hail, thunder, and lightning. I thought that all the elements of heaven and earth had conspired against me. I had often been told by my foster father of the danger of poor travellers exposed to a thunder storm on the Appenines, and warned never to remain under a tree during the storm. I went near a high wooden cross which had been placed by the way-side to mark the road during the winter season. Over my head all was dark as night, but in the distant east, the sun shone beautiful and bright, as if to show to me my native city, my beloved Piacenza! My heart melted within me as I remembered my mother, my relations and friends, and at that moment I wished for death to end my miserable existence. Never before had I prayed to God so fervently as in that solemn instant, while embracing that cross, the true symbol of a pure faith. While my mind was turned to Heaven, a thunder-bolt struck a large tree not far distant from me, rousing me from my lethargy, and causing me to thank God for my preservation. "This cross, perhaps," said I, "has saved me from a sudden death, that I may suffer longer," and since that moment, eleven years spent in exile have been but a continued series of toils and sufferings. But I was taught by my parents to accept all as coming from the hand of the infinitely good God, and cheerfully yield to his will, waiting in hope for better days. The movements of Divine Providence are wonderful and mysterious. I may return again to my native land, and there recount peacefully my singular adventures in the world. Some pages shall be consecrated to those who did me good; and some to my enemies, as they gave me occasion to know the world, and that *ensemble* of good and evil called human nature. But to return to my narration. As the storm seemed likely to continue all night, and there was no chance of reaching the cabin of my foster brother, after having walked a mile, I found a small house abandoned and falling to ruin, which served as a stable for cattle. I entered, and found a room full of dried chestnut leaves; and although I was thoroughly wet, and could not hope to dry my clothes that night, I threw myself upon those dried leaves, and there I spent a most delightful night. I can assure the reader, that neither before nor since have



I ever slept so well. The next morning I arrived at the place of my destination, and was received with great affection and hospitality. I passed two months with these new friends as a shepherd of the Appenines, until I received news from my father. Thence I went to Tuscany, and after a few days sailed for Egypt, and God only knows when I shall again revisit my beautiful Italy!

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## BE TRUE.

BY MRS. E. J. FAMES.

"See that in all things, thou be true to thyself, and others."

### I

Oh! Child of Genius! be thou true forever  
 Unto thyself, and to thy origin  
 The Mind Divine :—let thy feet wander never  
 To the high road of life, with all its din  
 And staining dust. To the undying spirit  
 Which is thy home, be watchful—tender—true ;—  
 True to the noble power thou dost inherit  
 To scatter blessings round thee ever new.

### II

Be true to others ;—unto thee 'tis given  
 To govern natures feebler than thine own.  
 As thou shalt answer to the unchanging Heaven,  
 See that with Good, the Immortal part is sown,—  
 Uproot the false.—and still in *Human Nature*  
 Keep bright—thy faith—*some* grace must man redeem,  
 For God hath left His Image on each creature,  
 However vile—however bad they seem.

### III

In all things seek the True, and Beautiful,  
 Which drew the spirit-worship of thy youth :—  
 Self-sacrificing—earnest—dutiful—  
 Move on thy way,—and be Eternal Truth  
 Thy only mate. Oh, Child of Genius! ever  
 Culture the talents by thy Maker given ;  
 So thou made perfect through each high endeavor,  
 Shalt rise from labor, to reward in Heaven!



## THE IDOL DETHRONED.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERERS.

AND now the plan, which under far different circumstances had been spoken of as possible, is fixed ; and after a hurried interview, I saw my friends embark, with favoring winds, for Havre ; on board the A——, a noble ship, commanded by our townsman, Capt. ——. Their stay in France was prolonged ; for here Alice found an old school-mate, who had been educated in our country, and who pressed her with true French hospitality to spend the summer at her delightful villa. “ You have no cares, no children,” argued the light-hearted friend, unconscious of the wound she was probing afresh ; “ you have nothing to do but to enjoy life. Stay with me, and we will be happy together.”

They visited Italy, and at their leisure examined the works of the great masters in statuary and painting ; and gazed upon scenes sacred to history and song. It had been with them a favorite project to cultivate in Eloise a taste for the fine arts, and to give her every opportunity to examine the most finished productions. She had commenced the study of Italian ; and one of her incentives to diligence was, that she *might* some day, under an Italian sky, read the poetry and listen to the music of that land of enchantment.— Why did those gorgeous clouds seem less beautiful to the eye, than to the imagination of her parents ? Or how could they turn from the world-famed Bay of Naples, with any other emotions than those of rapture ?

I must refer my readers to the journal of the most leisurely of modern travellers, if they would learn the route of my friends, and all that tempted their delay on the continent. They did not of course return without visiting the land where good king Alfred reigned, and Milton sung, and Baxter preached ; the land of Newton and Locke, of Shakspeare and Cowper, of Leighton and Robert Hall. They sought the burial-place of the illustrious dead ; and stood, awe struck, within the aisles of Westminster Abbey.

" Here, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards and kings ;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;  
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke again,  
All peace on earth, good will to men ;"

They lingered long in meditation deep. They sought out the tomb of England's best beloved Princess, Charlotte, on the occasion of whose early death one of the most eloquent of her divines applied to his country this beautiful thought of one of the ancients :

" Say unto Greece, that *the Spring* is torn out of her year !"

They read the inscriptions which claimed immortality of fame for mighty conquerors, who were lying there, the conquered victims of the victor Death. They stood by the spot where the ashes of England's rival statesmen will one day mingle ; for they sleep so nearly side by side, that should you

" Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
O'er Pitt the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound."

There too sleeps Wilberforce—the noble and the good, who needs no costly marble to perpetuate his fame.

" His monument should be his name alone."

Alfred's natural desire to pass the Tweed, was enhanced by the fact that his own and only sister had married a native of Scotland. His predilections grew stronger, as he became familiar with the people. " They are more American in their social arrangements and religious views," he said in a letter to a friend, " than any other people that I have seen. Some of their preachers are equal to our best divines ; and when I tell you that I have heard Dr. Chalmers, you will say that I have not crossed the Atlantic in vain. But should you ask how he pleased me, I might perhaps answer, *not at all*. He so bore down upon me, with the might of his eloquent thoughts, that I had no time to be *pleased*. That is too tame a word. I was astonished. I was awed. I was convinced. I hope I was made better."

My friends could not resist the attraction thrown around the picturesque scenery of the Isle of Wight, by the graphic pen of Richmond; and as they stood by the humble mounds that mark the graves of Elizabeth Walbridge and "Little Jane," and thought of the resurrection morn, they felt that it would be a greater privilege to share their resting place than to be entombed in the sepulchre of kings.

And now, after a prosperous voyage, the weary feet of our travellers trod again their native shore. They sought lodgings in a retired farming-town near the beach, where the brother of Alfred officiated as pastor. Before the week closed they were quietly settled in their temporary home; and a beautiful Sabbath in June found them refreshed in body, and so far fitted for its hallowed duties. It was indeed a long time since they had seen such a Sabbath, and its earliest hours brought a tranquilizing influence to their spirits. The farm-house in which they were located was more than a mile from "the street," as the villagers called the settlement nearest the church; and surrounded by meadows, now wearing their richest garb. Who that ever spent such a day in such a place, needs to be told how pleasant was the change to our wanderers? All nature around and above was in unison with the day. The fleecy clouds floated quietly over the blue sky; the morning breeze just moved the leaves into the gentlest murmur. The cattle reposed upon their green carpet as if in grateful consciousness of that benignant command: "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the Sabbath thou shalt rest, that thine ox and thine ass may rest."

#### CHAPTER V.—THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

"And, as the bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

My friends took an offered seat in the farmer's family vehicle, where the whole household might be seen in neat but simple array; and at an early hour they were assembled in the village church. The unadorned neatness of the building; the quiet air with which the people awaited the commencement of the service: and above all, the subdued tones of the youthful pastor's voice, as he asked

that He, who dwelleth in the high and holy place, would condescend to fill that house also with his presence, impressed the strangers more deeply than all the pageantry of cathedral-worship ;—with its “dim religious light,” its splendid imagery, its consecrated robes, its unknown tongues ; and the simple music of that village choir kindled far more of devotion in their hearts than the thundering peals of the organ at St. Peters !

These devotional services had prepared the audience to listen with fixed attention to the fervent appeals by which their pastor pressed home the truth upon their consciences. “HOW LONG HALT YE BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS ?” were the words from which he spoke ; and vividly did he portray the fascinations of a world that seeks but too successfully to draw the heart from heaven. He spoke of the luxuries of wealth ; of the rewards of gratified ambition ; of the excitements of mirth and song ; of the nobler pleasures of the intellect ; of the delights of friendship ; and the hallowed scenes of domestic bliss. He frankly conceded to each of these all that they could do to make man happy ; “But, is this enough ?” he asked ; “and will it last forever ?” And then, with manner and language suited to his exalted theme, he presented the claims of the King of kings, whose ambassador he was, to their willing and prompt allegiance.

“There stood the messenger of truth ; there stood  
The legate of the skies. His theme divine,  
His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
By him the violated law spoke out  
Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet  
As angels use, the Gospel whispered peace.”

No wonder that every eye was fixed, and from many unused to weep the tear was seen to fall. The influence which had been so humbly invoked was present in that assembly, and it fell like a refiner’s fire upon the hearts of the strangers. Deep were the searchings of that solemn hour, and of the interval of worship, which each spent alone with God.

With feelings subdued to sadness, our friends again entered the sanctuary, which seemed indeed to them the gate of heaven.—When the preacher announced his text, “FROM ALL YOUR IDOLS WILL I CLEANSE YOU,” they could not refrain from exchanging a momentary glance, for both felt that the message was intended for them.

"Affectionate in look  
And tender in address,"

was he who stood before them. Like Samuel, he had been "early called;" and though still young in years, he had learned much, not only concerning the ways of God to man, but also concerning those by which man is prone to depart from God; and as he drew the fearful picture, many before him were led to discover in their own hearts the counterpart. "Are there no cherished idols," he asked, "even in this temple of Jehovah? It may be, that some present have buried the last earthly treasure. Widows or childless, they are all alone. Are such assuredly safe from the charge which my text implies? Is there no remembered friend whose image is so enshrined in the heart as to exclude God from the throne?" With words like these, did this faithful pastor probe the wounds which the Great Physician had commissioned him to search out; and then how gladly did he apply the balm of Gilead, as he repeated and urged upon their confidence the promise of his text!

"The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." These are the words with which the conscience-stricken father broke the silence in which he had paced his apartment, during the evening twilight of that never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath. "Alice, we have been idolators!" and as he paused before her, he saw that she was weeping with the bitterness of her first sorrow. "But let us return," he added; "let us seek our injured Father's face together." And there they knelt in silence, side by side, and offered up the sacrifice of a broken and contrite spirit. At length Alfred's voice was heard, and he spoke the language of both hearts: "Other lords beside thee have had dominion over us, but now we give ourselves anew to thee! Help us to tear from the throne of our hearts that long cherished idol; and henceforth do thou reign supreme, and reign alone there!"

Pleasant and profitable was that evening's communing to these sorrowing yet rejoicing ones; for they felt that the chastening which had indeed been grievous, was now, after so long a time, beginning to work in them its peaceable fruits; and they did not suffer that evening to close without forming some plans which might tell for good upon the welfare of others.

They were not long in finding work to do ; for their brother, who had not been an unobserving witness to the emotion of the preceding day, made them an early call, and to him they freely unfolded the past, and of him they asked guidance in their plans for the future. "We cannot redeem the years we have lost," said they, "but for the remainder of our lives we would live to some good purpose."

What joy this side heaven can exceed that of a devoted pastor's heart, when the evidence is vouchsafed to him that the seed sown in weakness and in tears has taken root, and is even now springing up ? Many and fervent were the intercessions which this faithful brother had offered for the wanderers while absent ; and now they all kneeled together while he poured out the language of their united thanksgiving. "Yes, I hope to find work enough for you both to do," he said, in answer to the inquiry of Alfred.—"We shall need your aid in the prayer meetings we are about to establish in every district of the village ; for the deep solemnity both in the church and Sabbath school encourages us to hope for better days. You may have been sent here to gather lambs into the fold of the Good Shepherd. God grant it may be so !" he fervently ejaculated ; and then turning to Alice said, "Mary will be glad of your help in the Sabbath school and the mothers' meeting."—He checked himself, and then tenderly taking her hand said, "My dear sister, will you not love to invoke for other mothers the same blessing that was given to you,—the salvation of their children ?" The thought of being the only childless one in a circle of mothers, had called the tear to the eye of Alice, and yet she could not withstand the affectionate request of this faithful friend. Before they parted, she had promised to join the meeting to be held at the parsonage the next day.

To be continued.

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## CUPID AWAKENED.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY HENRY H. PAUL.

RECLINED, where, on each wind that sighed,  
The citron's breath went by,  
While the deep gold of eventide  
Burn'd in th' Italian sky.  
His bower was one where daylight's close  
Full oft sweet laughter found,  
As thence the voice of childhood rose  
To the high vineyards round.

'Twas Cupid, for right well I knew  
His pleasing, saucy air,  
His ruby lips, of blushing hue,—  
His light and flaxen hair.  
With cautious steps I 'proached him near,  
And mark'd his rosy charms;  
Examined, too,—why should I fear?—  
His bow and barbed arms.

"Ah me!" I to myself then sighed,  
"Can grace such care create?—  
"Is this the boy so oft defied—  
"Who sways with mortal hate?  
"Sure, under these soft dimpled smiles  
"Deception ne'er can dwell;  
"Nor can this face by artful wiles  
"The bosom's pulses swell."

Thus musing deep, absorbed in thought,  
A sigh escaped my breast;  
The god awoke—I pardon sought,  
But ire his soul possess.  
Forth then his silvery pinions spread,  
And quickly drew a dart;  
Clang went the bow—the weapon fled—  
And pierced my trembling heart.

Philadelphia, Oct. 22.

## HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

BY MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

### TROUBLE WITH SERVANTS.

"Oh dear!" said my neighbor Mrs. Jones to me one day, "what shall I do for good help? I am almost worried out of my senses. I wish somebody would invent a machine to cook, wash, scrub, and do housework in general. What a blessing it would be! As for the whole tribe of flesh and blood domestics, they are not worth their salt."

"They are all poorly educated," I replied, "and we cannot expect much of them. Most of them have nearly every thing to learn when they come into our houses, and are bad scholars into the bargain. But we must have patience. I find it my only resource."

"Patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, warmly. "It would require more patience than Job ever possessed to get along with some of them."

"And yet," said I, "we accomplish little or nothing by impatience. At least such is my experience."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Jones. "If you go to being gentle and easy with them; if you don't follow them up at every point, you will soon have affairs in a pretty condition. They don't care a fig for your comfort nor interest—not they! In fact, more than half of them would, a thousand times, rather make things disagreeable for you than otherwise."

"I know they are a great trial, sometimes," I answered, not feeling at liberty to say to my visiter all I thought. "But we must endeavor to bear it the best we can. That is my rule; and I find, in the long run, that I get on much better when I repress all exhibition of annoyance at their carelessness, short comings, neglect, or positive misdeeds, than I do when I let them see that I am annoyed, or exhibit the slightest angry feeling."

Not long after this, we accepted an invitation to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and I then had an opportunity of seeing how she conducted herself towards her domestics. I was in no way



surprised, afterwards, that she found difficulty in getting along with servants.

Soon after my husband and myself went in, and while we were sitting in the parlor, Mrs. Jones had occasion to call a servant. I noticed that, when she rung the bell, she did so with a quick jerk; and I could perceive a tone of authority in the ting-a-ling of the bell, the sound of which was distinctly heard. Nearly two minutes passed before the servant made her appearance, in which time the bell received a more vigorous jerk. At last she entered, looking flushed and hurried.

"What's the reason you did not come when I first rung?" enquired our lady hostess, in a severe tone.

"I—I—came as quick as I could," replied the girl, with a look of mortification at being spoken to before strangers.

"No you didn't! It's your custom to wait until I ring twice. You let this be the last time!"

And then, in a low voice, Mrs. Jones gave the direction for which she had summoned her.

"Such a set!" ejaculated the lady, as the girl left the room. Her words were intended to reach other ears besides ours; and so they did. "That girl," she continued, addressing me, "has a habit of making me ring twice. It really seems to give them pleasure, I believe, to annoy you. Ah me! This trouble with servants is a never-ending one. It meets you at every turn."

And, for some time, she animadverted upon her favorite theme—for such it appeared to be,—until her husband, who was evidently annoyed, managed to change the subject of discourse. Once or twice she came back to it before tea time.

At last the tea bell rung, and we ascended to the dining room. We were but fairly seated, when a frown darkened, suddenly, on the brow of our hostess, and her hand applied itself nervously to the table bell.

The girl who had set the table came up from the kitchen.

"There is no sugar in the bowl," said Mrs. Jones sharply. "I wish you would learn to set the table while you are about it. I'm sure I have spoken to you often enough."

As the girl took the sugar bowl to fill it, the frown left the face of our hostess, and she turned to me with a bland smile, and asked whether I used sugar and cream in my tea. I replied in the affirm-

ative ; but did not smile in return, for I could not. I knew the poor girl's feelings were hurt at being spoken to in such a way before strangers, and this made me extremely uncomfortable.

"Do you call this cream?" was the angry interrogation of Mrs. Jones, as the girl returned with the sugar, pushing towards her the cream jug which she had lifted from the table, as she spoke.

"Yes, ma'am," was replied.

"Look at it and see then."

"It's the cream," said the girl.

"If that's cream, I never want to see milk. Here! take it away and bring me the cream."

The girl looked confused and distressed. But she took the cream jug and went down stairs with it.

"That's just the way they always do!" said Mrs. Jones, leaning back in her chair. "I really get out of all patience, sometimes." In a little while the girl returned.

"It's the cream, ma'am, as I said. Here's the milk." And she presented two vessels.

Mrs. Jones took both from her hands with an ill-natured jerk. Sure enough, it was as the girl had said.—

"Such cream!" fell from the lips of our hostess, as she commenced pouring it into the cups already filled with tea.

The girl went down stairs to take back the milk she had brought up, but she was scarcely at the bottom of the stairs, when the bell was rung for her.

"Why don't you stay here? What are you running off about?" said Mrs. Jones, as she came in hurriedly. "You know I want you to wait on the table."

And so it was during the whole meal. The girl was not once spoken to except in a tone of anger or offensive authority.

I was no longer surprised that Mrs. Jones found it difficult to keep good domestics, for no one of feeling can long remain with a woman who speaks to them always in a tone of command, or who reproves them in the presence of visitors.

My husband was very severe upon Mrs. Jones after we returned home. "No lady," said he, "ever spoke in anger or reproof to a domestic before a visitor or stranger. Nothing more surely evinces a vulgar and unfeeling mind."

I did not attempt to gainsay his remark, for he expressed but

my own sentiment. So far from uttering a reproof in the presence of a visitor, I am careful not to speak to my domestics about any fault even in the presence of my husband. They have a certain respect for themselves, and a certain delicacy of feeling, which we should rather encourage than break down. Nearly all domestics are careful to appear as well as possible in the eyes of the head of the family, and it hurts them exceedingly to be reproofed, or angrily spoken to before him. This every woman ought to know by instinct, and those who do not, are just so far deficient in the aggregate of qualities that go to make up the true lady.

I was by no means surprised to hear from Mrs. Jones, a few days afterwards, that the "good-for-nothing creature" who waited upon the table on the occasion of our taking tea at her house, had gone away and left her; I thought better of the girl for having the spirit to resent, in this way, the outrage committed upon her feelings. Domestics have rights and feelings, and if people were to regard these more, and treat them with greater kindness and consideration than they do, there would be fewer complaints than there are at present. This is my opinion, and I must be pardoned for expressing it.

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## A SABBATH HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY CAROMAIA.

I BLESS thee, oh, my Father, God!  
That though the noise and din—  
E'en on this consecrated day—  
Reveal the city's sin,  
I bless thee that thou dost control  
Its influence on my waiting soul.

I bless thee for the untold joy  
That one day out of seven,  
Is freed from vanity and toil,  
To help us on to heaven;  
Sweet time for thoughts of endless rest,  
To settle on the harassed breast!

## A SABBATH HYMN OF PRAISE.

I bless thee, that although afar  
From that most holy spot,  
Where, midst thy finger's fairest works,  
Man's fall seem'd all forgot,  
And calmly Sabbaths seemed to rise,  
As first they did in Paradise

I bless thee, that although my ear  
No quiet now can feel,  
Yet in thy love thou sendest down  
Over my heart to steal,  
A balmy and refreshing air  
Of Sabbath rest, and Sabbath prayer.

I bless thee, that although I deemed  
My heart would surely die,  
Away from my own peaceful home,  
When Sabbath-days drew nigh,  
Thou hast a pitying Father proved,  
And all my faithless fears removed.

I bless thee, that thy sacred courts  
Are dearer now to me,  
Than when the lofty hills and woods,  
Thy temple seemed to be,  
And when all nature seemed to raise,  
Each Sabbath morn, a song of praise.

I bless thee for thy Spirit, Lord,  
For nothing else could send  
The love and joy and peace I feel,  
When in thy house I bend;  
They are too great for me to sing,  
These spirit-bounties, God, my King!

I bless thee, that although my faith  
Is wavering, weak, and cold,  
Yet can I say, as David said,  
In his sweet psalm of old,  
How lovely are thy courts to me!  
How my soul longs and fainets for THEE!

## VIEW ON CORK RIVER, IRELAND.

SEE ENGRAVING.

THIS beautiful engraving presents us one of the most picturesque views on the river whose name it bears, and whose enchanting scenery has often given inspiration to the pen of the poet, and the pencil of the painter. We are so much accustomed to associate ideas of suffering and wretchedness with the mention of the "Emerald Isle," that it is difficult to conceive of the romantic loveliness which characterizes the natural features of Ireland. Its magnificent sea views, with their towering headlands, and green promontories, the wild and savage grandeur of its lofty mountains; the soft beauty of its numerous lakes, bursting upon the traveller like the realization of a fairy dream—its broad, peaceful rivers, rolling through a succession of rich and verdant landscapes, rivaling each other in enchantment—these in their every-varying beauty meet the eye at every step, and unite to render Ireland what one of the most enthusiastic of her children has called her—

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

But there is a painful reverse to this picture. Wretched hovels, such as in this happy country would be considered unfit even for animals, squalid rags, and the gaunt, poverty stricken aspect of human beings actually dying of starvation, cast a blighting shadow over the gorgeousness of Irish scenery, and compel us to feel with another, that "Ireland as she is, must continue to be a most tormenting enigma, baffling the utmost skill of worldly men, and paining the hearts of those who look beyond the passing pageant of time."

Inhabited by a brave, generous, and enterprising race, possessing elements of character the finest in the world—with unsurpassed natural advantages, both for commerce and agriculture, why should not Ireland become what she ought to be—a "tower of strength, a mine of wealth, and a crown of beauty," to the United Kingdoms? The statesman and political economist may have each their answer, but the Christian must deeply feel, that it is chiefly to the benumbing, withering influence of Romanism, that she owes her present degradation. Let the incubus of superstition, and priestly authority which now weighs down the intellect of the people, once

be removed—let them learn to think and act for themselves in matters of faith as in all things else, and it would be impossible for any foreign government long to retain them in bondage. And on the other hand, while their present religious system continues in force, no amelioration of their social condition however needed, no land reforms however just, can secure to them national peace and prosperity.

### MYOSOTIS PALUSTRIS—FORGET ME NOT.

#### SEE FLOWER PLATE.

GEN. CHAR.—Calyx five cleft—corolla hypocrateriform—the five lobes slightly emarginate, orifice closed with short, concave scales—achenia ovate smooth, with a small cavity at base.

SPEC. CHAR.—*Palustris*.—Marsh Scorpion Grass, or Forget Me Not. Nearly smooth, somewhat branched, erect; leaves linear oblong, obtuse, with short, scattered hairs—racine without bracts—pedicels divaricate in fruit, twice as long as the short, spreading smooth segments of the calyx. Grows about ditches and marshes, stem with scattered hairs, ascending from long, creeping roots. Flowers small blue, on pedicels half an inch long. Found in flower from May to August.

This beautiful little flower, the poetical FORGET ME NOT, "which enamels the banks of our streams with its corollas of celestial blue," derives its name from a German tradition full of romantic interest. It is said that a young couple, on the eve of marriage, while walking on the banks of the Danube, saw a cluster of these lovely blossoms floating on the stream which was bearing them away. The lady admired the beauty of the flowers, and lamented their sad destiny. The lover plunged into the stream to secure the prize for his lady love, but finding himself sinking, he made a last effort, and throwing them on the bank at the feet of his betrothed, at the moment of disappearing forever, exclaimed—in German—"Forget me not!" Since this event the Scorpion Grass has taken the name of the sentiment, and is the emblem of unchanging affection.

For several years, the Forget Me Not has been cultivated with great care in France, and finds a ready sale in the markets of Paris. A celebrated gardener recommends its cultivation for the same purpose by cottagers who live near large towns, "as by transplanting the trailing branches from borders into small pots, they would find it profitable to send them to market, since few could resist the temptation of purchasing these interesting flowers, whose bright blue eye tells the tale of constant affection."

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*Ipomoea Horsfallii.*



## THE SEA OF GALILEE AND ITS ENVIRONS

BY REV. N. A. KEYES.

SEE ENGRAVING.

FROM an elevated point on the eastern hills, I turned and looked down upon that spot far out in the sea, where once stood "Tyre, the glory of kingdoms." My bosom swelled with high emotions as imagination grouped the ships of war which had battled around her walls and sunk in the sea. Past ages rose up before me.—Chaldean and Macedonian had mustered their hosts on the field upon which my eye now rested. It was with a kind of reluctance I turned away from a landscape invested with such undying interest, though its ancient glory had all passed as a pageant scene.

Pursuing my course by the way of "*Hiram's Tomb*" to the S.E. and S., now through dreary passes, and now through charming valleys, crossing ridges whence I looked down upon the sea and up to higher summits, on the second day from Tyre I had passed El Jish, (Giscala) a place fortified by Josephus, and the last in Galilee that surrendered to Roman power. A little plain was on my left (in which was the crater of an extinct volcano), covered with wild grass and basaltic stones, skirted to the N. E. by a highland, beyond which a lofty mountain clad in robes of snowy whiteness, reared his head to the very heavens. Directly before me was a little village, beyond which rose a high hill with a castle-like town crowning its summit. This was Safed, "a city set upon a hill" that "can not be hid." While enjoying the beauties of the scene, I descried in the south-east and far below me, a small sheet of water glimmering like a ripple in the sunbeams. The thought rushed instantly upon me that I was looking upon "the Sea of Galilee." The impression was almost overpowering, and all my previous emotions were put to flight. I paused. In yonder deep basin amid those hills rest the waters of Tiberias, and I am looking upon the lake over which the Savior often sailed, around whose shores he walked, and on whose bosom, from a little boat, he preached to the multitude on the shore—looking upon the very lake from whose angry waves he rescued the sinking Peter, and

whose boisterous surges he, by a word, hushed to peace, reducing the agitated deep to a placid sea. More—it is the lake on whose very waters the Savior's feet once trod as on solid ground.

As I rode slowly along, inhaling the soft balmy air, with my eye riveted on Galilee's waters, other miracles wrought by Jesus in their vicinity swept swiftly before my mental vision. Never was scene to me more pleasant, more sacred.

The little lake, which more than any other of all the waters on earth from the days of my boyhood I had desired to see, I now looked upon. It was not the greatness of the object before me that invested it with such interest; for I had seen Niagara in her majesty and listened to "the sound of" her "many waters." Nor was it the mere fact that it was a sacred locality. Years ere this I had been in Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, and Bethany—had trod the heights of Zion and Olivet.

But I was now alone amid the scenes of nature. No monkish legends distracted my thoughts. No doubt arose whether this was the very Sea of Galilee by which many of the disciples lived—and where Jesus taught and wrought wonders. Every thing was favorable to the scene's taking full possession of the mind. And around what other spot or object cluster so many of the miracles Jesus wrought as around the waters of Tiberias? The scene was a sabbath to the soul. Its impressions seem hallowed like the influence of a sacrament.

I wound my way down into a beautiful valley, filled with aged olive trees, and up the steep of Safed. Having taken up my quarters with the Governor's secretary, whose room was full of Arabs from the desert—their features the most striking I had ever seen—as early as possible I ascended the summit of the citadel. The walk or *climb* itself was a tiresome one, and the castle was a great desolation. Six years before a terrible earthquake had ruined Safed. Out of *five thousand* Christians and Jews, *four thousand* were killed, beside a *thousand* Muslims.

Safed is built around and upon a very steep mountain. So steep are its sides—especially in the Jewish quarter, and so compactly is it built, that the houses rise one above another like a stair-way, the flat roofs of the tier below forming *the street* for the tier next above. One tremendous shock dashed down every house as in a moment—tumbling the first tier upon the second, and the ruins of

these again upon the third, and so on ; so that the lower tiers were covered with the ruins of many that were once above them, and their occupants were crushed beneath the grinding masses.

The citadel, a Gothic fortress of prodigious strength, founded upon a rock of enormous height—its towers commanding a view of all the adjacent country—which had endured the battles and the storms of centuries, was by the same catastrophe shattered and shaken into a wild scene of ruin. It was as if the spirit of desolation had been there casting down and hurling into chaos the proudest works of man.

I climbed up the steep, over the confused rocky heaps, to the highest peak that was still standing, and from the sublime height looked down with the liveliest interest upon the picturesque scene. Safed, partly rebuilt, lay at my feet around the conical mountain. Olive, almond, fig and other trees, adorned the hill sides and the deep adjacent valleys. To the south and south-east the view was of surpassing interest. A vast region of undulating country, environed by higher hills, or a sea of little hills surrounded by high mountains, was below me. Highland beyond highland, separated by deep defiles, appeared through the distance to rise, like terraces upon each other, south-west of the lake, which lay quiet as an infant in its cradle, while its eastern coast appeared like an elevated table-land.

The lake appeared to be near. Yet if you attempt to throw a stone into Genessareth that you may hear its report and see its circling ripples as it sinks in the waters, you will not succeed, for it is only by four or five hours of laborious travel that you pass from Safed to the sea. But what places of interest once stood within the field of vision ! Among those distant hills south of us, were "Cana of Galilee" and "Nazareth," where Jesus was brought up, and the little Nain where he restored the widow's son to life. Tiberias, a substantial looking walled town, on the western shore of the lake, is visible, and the warm baths south of the town.—Even the little boat is in sight, the only one that now sails that sea. Between us and the sea, partly concealed by the highlands, lies the land of Genessareth where stood "Magdala" and "Capernaum" and "Bethsaida," while distant "Tabor" and "Hermon" stand as lofty sentinels to guard the scene.

To gain a more distinct view let us descend the deep valleys and

rocky defiles down to the shore. We find that Tubariyeh (Tiberias) stands near the north end of a narrow, undulating tract, inclining towards the lake, two miles in length. Its east side lies close along the margin of the lake, and is open to the water. On the three other sides it is enclosed by a thick wall, strengthened by *twenty-seven* round towers. Those at the N. E. and S. E. corners stand far out in the sea. In form the city is a narrow parallelogram.—Its walls, once high and strong, have been terribly rent and shattered by earthquakes. The streets and houses are as bad as can be described. Many people I saw living in rude rooms made of reeds above the ruins of their former habitations. Remains of walls, old foundations and columns of granite are seen south of the town between one and two miles. The rocky hills on the west, amid which are the remains of an old castle, rise abruptly from the plain, and are full of old tombs.

The *warm baths* of Tiberias on the west shore of the lake south of the town, are famed from ancient times, being mentioned by Josephus, Pliny and others. Vapor is constantly exhaling from the hot sulphur springs which here burst out of the ground. The water, so hot that the hand cannot endure it many seconds, warms the waters of the lake to a considerable distance from where the springs empty. The great heat of the waters indicates a volcanic region, as do also the basaltic stones along the shore. In the bath erected by the Egyptian Pasha, a circular or octagonal reservoir, surmounted by a dome resting upon marble columns, receives the hot water which comes pouring through the huge open mouth of a beautifully sculptured lion.

From a point on the western hills near the baths, a fine northern view is obtained of the lake—the curving shore—the walled town projecting into the lake—the highland north of the city—the upper Jordan vale, and of Jebel Es Sheikh (Mount Hermon) with his snowy turban on his head.

Though Tiberias is a ruin and the land desolate, it is not so devoid of interest as some represent. Those who say “it is on the margin of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, and in the bosom of a country surpassed by few in the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its scenery,” come nearest the truth.

At my evening repast, my Jewish host agreeably surprised me with well flavored fish from the lake—such, perchance, as the dis-

ciples here caught—such as Jesus ate on these shores after his resurrection.

With what new interest did I that night turn the inspired pages and read the words there uttered by Him “who spake as never man spake.” The wind blew fresh and the waves lashed the shore. Until past midnight I heard their murmur, and was thereby vividly reminded of the night when Jesus walked on these waters. The heavy rolling sea—the ship laboring amid the billows—Jesus walking on the waves and stilling the tempest—what a noble subject for the skilful pencil of a Christian artist.

Though Capernaum and the cities which once adorned these shores are no more, their loss is not felt when evening veils the scene, for brightly the stars still shine

“On the sea

When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.”

Just over yonder high point to the north of the town is a beautiful plain, whose eastern side extends three miles along the shore. On all other sides it is encircled with high hills, sweeping round like an amphitheatre. From these adjacent hills gush fountains, and through the plain, which inclines gently towards the sea, flow brooks, forming one of nature's gardens. From any point on the environing hills the eye overlooks this fine amphitheatre and the beautiful lake.

Reader, this fine cove is “*the land of Genessareth*.”

Josephus describes it as wonderful both in its nature and beauty; with a soil so fruitful as to produce all sorts of trees, as “the walnut, the palm, fig trees and olives which were planted in abundance, and flourished together.” He calls the place “the ambition of nature,” and “the happy contention of the seasons, as if every one of them laid claim to this country,” where the soil and the climate forced plants that were the natural enemies of each other to agree together. He represents it as supplying men with figs and grapes ten months in the year, and with other kinds of fruit in their season the whole year round.

This could have been only by cultivating the fruits of a southern clime on the plain and those of a cooler region on the hill side.

It is not now as Josephus describes it. With the exception of a little spot about Mejdal (which tells of *Magdala*, the home of one

of the Marys), it is under the care of the wild Arabs who give it but a meager cultivation. Thorny shrubs overspread much of its surface. The first time I crossed this beautiful plain, the lake was as smooth as a mirror, but when I recrossed it the white-heads were thick on the sea, and the billows broke on the shore, so that a little ship would have been speedily filled with the waves. A beautiful snow-white swan was gliding on the surface, *sinking and rising* with the swell, presenting a lively and beautiful picture of *perfect ease and perfect gracefulness*.

I looked around in the plain for Capernaum and Bethsaida, but they were not. O thou sweet and lovely vale, scenes of stirring interest have been witnessed within thy encircling hills! In thy lovely retreat the Savior found a home, so far as he had one during the years of his ministry. Six of his disciples he also called from thy sons. Peter and Andrew were casting their nets from thy shelving shore into that clear sea with pebbly bottom, when "the Great Teacher" called them to become "fishers of men." James and John were in that little ship, near by, with their father mending their nets, when at thy call, divine Savior, they left all and went after thee. Under that fig tree, on that hill side, the guileless Nathaniel was noticed by thee, ere Philip called him. Here crowds listened to thy discourse in the synagogue and were astonished. Here the evil spirits cried in the congregation, "Let us alone, thou Jesus of Nazareth," and cast down and tore the maniac ere they obeyed the summons, "hold thy peace and come out of him."—Tidings of this flew up these hill sides, as on the wings of the wind, and spread through all Galilee.

And when the sun did set behind these hills, and tinged this lake with varying hues, just as I have seen them, "all the diseased" and "the possessed with devils" were brought hither, and all the city crowded around Peter's house, to witness the miraculous cure. The evil spirits were cast out,—the diseased healed—the palsied man, let down from the roof into the court amidst the crowd before Jesus, rises and bears away that whereon he lay. The withered hand is made whole. All the country is moved at Jesus' fame. "From Galilee, Judea and beyond Jordan" and "about Tyre and Sidon," multitudes pour into the lovely Genessareth to see the Savior. The infected with plagues crowd to touch him. "Thou art the Son of God," cry the possessed with devils as they fall before him.



From the little boat a few feet from that declining shore where the crowded multitudes are bending to catch his words, comes the call, "Hearken." Parables of inimitable beauty, truth and wisdom here fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake.—"The sower," "the tares," "the grain of mustard seed," "the leaven," "the hid treasure," "the Pearl of great price," "the net cast into the sea," were all made instructive to the assembled thousands.

But Capernaum, exalted to heaven by these instructions, repented not. She shall be cast down. \* \* She is gone, and her sister cities also which reared no church in gratitude to the Savior. It has been thus far more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, as the Savior said, for they, though humbled, still exist.

But direct your eye "to yonder side," where the hills of Bashan rise steeply and loftily. One of those deep ravines marks the steep place where the herd ran down into the sea. Direct your eye again "to yonder side." There near that hill-point the compassionate Savior fed the fainting thousands with a few loaves and fishes.

From all the waters of the seas, lakes and streams which abound on earth, the Son of God selected that little inland lake by which to pass most of his ministerial life. There is truth in the Rabbinical saying—"God loved that sea, above all other seas."

And what Christian can look unmoved upon the lake and vale where Jesus abode so long and performed so many "mighty works?"

Farewell, sweet vale and beautiful lake. My feet will never tread thy shores again, nor my eyes again behold thy lovely waters. Rest or roll in thy deep bed as pleases Him who controls the winds and the waves. May my heart and life be made better for my eyes having seen thee.

*Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 1848.*

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"God, who generally employs sub-agents, and they not always very worthy, though very fit to the object, sometimes crosses us in the good we would do, as in search for us of some other and greater good, hidden, perhaps, altogether from our eyes, that our faith may be the more tried, and our surprise and gratitude the greater at last."

## SONNETS.

BY MRS: E. C. KINNEY.

### I

I've seen two streams from separate fountains rise,  
And through the same green valley side by side,  
—Yet at brief distance from each other—glide  
For years, reflecting the same azure skies.  
But lo! a storm unwonted, opened wide  
Spring's yielding flood-gates, and a thundering tide  
Poured from the mountains with resistless force,  
Sweeping between the rivers in its course;  
'Till their affrighted waters, widely spread,  
Into each other's outstretched arms did run!  
And thence united, mirroring the sun,  
They onward moved, with more majestic tread,  
In one broad river to th' engulfing sea,  
Mingling their voices in sweet harmony.

### II

So have I seen two truthful beings move  
In kindred paths for years, yet separate;  
Whose human sympathies, whose tastes, whose love,  
Nature did in one shaping mould create;  
Whose hearts alike, reflected Heaven above—  
Whose lives alike, might God and man approve!  
I marked when simultaneously, Fate  
Upon these twain some accident did send,  
How quick flew open wide the heart's floodgate,  
Sweeping the barrier 'twixt friend and friend!  
Whose unbound souls commingling pure and free,  
As by inborn affinity did blend;  
And move—like confluent rivers to the sea—  
On, to the ocean of ETERNITY.

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THE disposition to diffuse the good we have and feel, is that wherein we imitate our heavenly Father. Where has he not left, to what has he not imparted something of his goodness and love—traces all of his delight!

## RETALIATION.

BY ALICE CRAIG.

"But chiefly be thou ware of this, an unforgiving spirit."

"THEY tell me, dear Louisa, that you are going to be married," said Mary Somers, when, at length, she was alone with her friend in Louisa's own apartment, on the night after her arrival in town.

"I do not know who is authorized to report positively on that subject," replied Louisa, smiling.

"I heard it from Kate Vincent—who said that every body believed it; and that for her own part, she was confident that you would never appear so publicly, on such intimate terms, with Mr. Horton, if it were not so."

"Kate is a fastidious little being, and thinks that a girl must not dance or walk out with a gentleman three times in succession, without being engaged to him. I have no idea of subscribing to such antiquated notions. I love independence too well."

"But Kate said that Mr. Horton was devoted to you, and that you were seldom seen abroad without him. His manners, this evening, were sufficient to confirm the first assertion, and—with the most modern ideas of independence—I am sure my friend Louisa is too generous to encourage the exclusive attentions of any gentleman whose partiality she has resolved not to reciprocate."

"You mean," responded Louisa, with more feeling than she had before manifested, "you mean, Mary, that I was too generous; but how has my generosity been repaid? My first, best love—bestowed without reserve and untainted by a single sordid motive, was played with as the toy of an idle hour, and then thrown aside as utterly valueless. May you never know what I have suffered—but it is over now, and I am free,—not free to love again—that, perhaps, is impossible—but to avenge my wrongs in the only way in which woman has the power of doing so—by retaliation in kind."

"But would you have your retaliation fall on an innocent head?"

"There is little danger of that. Edward Horton may be innocent in this particular instance, but I have learned to distrust his whole sex. I believe there are few among them who would hesitate to trample on our holiest affections, if they could find amusement in doing so."

"And, proceeding on that opinion, you will punish Mr. Horton for the faults of your truant lover! I wish your choice of a victim had fallen on one who would feel your castigation less keenly than I think he will."

"I did not choose him—I have not yet become so like those who have taught me cruelty, as to be capable of deluding a victim deliberately. Edward Horton placed himself in my way. I believe he has a heart, and I will not profess that I am sorry. I would not waste my revenge on a senseless object; it must be felt, or I shall be but poorly satisfied.

"Oh, Louisa, I could not have believed that such words and such sentiments would ever proceed from your lips. You have been wronged, I know, but have you forgotten that there is One who hath said—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay"—have you forgotten the prayer we so often lisped together in our childhood—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us?" Call these early lessons to mind, before you advance farther in a course which, I know, your own conscience does not sanction—before you have heaped up coals of fire to recoil, one day, upon your own head."

"You are a sweet preacher, dear Mary, but you are not qualified to prescribe a rule of action to me. You would find it difficult to speak as you do, were you writhing, as I am, under a sense of injury, enhanced by the probability that he who inflicted it is now smiling at my folly in having believed him sincere. I will hear you urge forgiveness when you have been called to practice it."

Louisa Griffith was the only child of wealthy parents: she was gifted by nature with a mind of singular power, and with uncommon personal beauty,—and these brilliant endowments had been improved by a careful education. The flowers of her eighteenth summer were blooming in her path, before the thorns which most human beings find blended with the roses of life, became sufficiently visible to convince her that they were real, and not easily escaped. She was first taught this truth by a most painful lesson. Her love was sought by one who appeared in every way worthy of the boon which he craved; but who, when he had won the entire devotion of her young and trusting heart, trifled with the treasure he had seemed to covet so earnestly, and finally left her, embarked for Europe, and Louisa saw him no more. She strove long against a

conviction of his falsehood, but was, at length, constrained to believe that he had wilfully forsaken her. It would be difficult to portray the mingled emotions that now agitated her bosom—grief and anger held their sway by turns. For the last year or two, her career as a flattered beauty had tended rather to strengthen the native pride of her character, than to improve the humility of spirit which her pious mother had labored to instil, during her childhood: the stroke which she suffered was heavy, and grievous to be borne. She bent to it for a brief period, but when she resumed her place in society, her bearing was calmer and haughtier than ever before. The strife of contending emotions had subsided,—pride and resentment had established an empire in her heart, at the expense of many a better feeling, and this blending of baneful impulses resulted in a course of conduct, which she endeavored to persuade herself was a reasonable revenge for the injury she had received, but which was, in reality, a flagrant abuse of the power that had been given her over the happiness of her fellow beings. Edward Horton was the first victim of her plan of vengeance. Louisa distinguished him from other dangles in her train, by a peculiar urbanity of manner, which encouraged his predilection for her society, without, in any degree, abridging her own freedom. She had no reason to suspect him of a single unworthy trait of character, yet, when she could no longer doubt the sincerity of his attachment, she murmured coldly to herself—"Even so I loved;" and tried to believe, that in like circumstances with her former lover, Edward Horton would act a like faithless part. She gave no heed to the admonitions of her own conscience, nor to the remonstrances of the kind hearted Mary Somers,—she turned not aside from her ruthless purpose, nor relented, until she had inflicted on one who had never injured her, every pang that she had endured from the treachery of another. It is true, that when she had done this, her better nature reproached her with her cruelty: she made an effort to apologize for her conduct, by enlarging on the frequent perfidy of man to our sex; but it was evident that she was not satisfied with herself. She was never afterward guilty of an equal offence against reason and justice, but she had secured to herself the appellation of "flirt" and "coquette," which, unhappily, her subsequent behavior was not sufficiently above censure to remove. Somewhat more than a year after the affair with Mr. Horton had

terminated, Mr. Sydney, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and captivating manners, became a citizen of the town in which Louisa resided. He was introduced to the "reigning belle," and appeared struck with her beauty and the charms of her conversation. He was admonished to beware of "the coquette," but he only smiled at the warning, and continually sought her society, as if fearless of the magic which others had learned to dread.—Louisa, with the usual romance of youth, had fancied herself incapable of another attachment,—but she soon discovered that the accomplished and agreeable Mr. Sydney was obtaining a power over her feelings which might be dangerous to her peace, and a place in her thoughts which she had lately believed would never again be occupied. She became more conscious of this, as time glided onward: the fascinating qualities of Mr. Sydney had won her entire affection, before she called to mind the humiliating truth that he had never, actually, solicited her love. This reflection, which pride compelled her to confine to her own bosom, preyed on her spirits until her faded cheek and languid eye awakened the anxiety of her parents, who earnestly enquired the cause of this alarming change in their beloved child; but, not even to them would she impart the source of her grief and mortification. They could not, however, fail to suspect that Mr. Sydney was involved in the revelation they sought; and Mr. Griffith felt it incumbent on him, as a father, to ask that gentleman's purpose toward his daughter. Mr. Sydney replied, with gentlemanly nonchalance, "that he had no more definite object with regard to Miss Griffith, than the pleasure of a flirtation with the most beautiful and accomplished young lady in the town;" and proceeded to say, that he "had designed calling, in the evening of that very day, to apprise her of his immediate departure, on a visit of indefinite length; and, also, to express his thanks to Mr. Griffith for the kindness and hospitality which he had invariably received at his house."

"And do you expect," asked the justly indignant father, "that I shall acquiesce in the return which you have made for my hospitality? I treated you with the consideration due to an honorable man,—you have shewn me that the mantle of such a person may be worn by an accomplished scoundrel."

Mr. Sydney seemed about to make an angry response, but checked himself, and was silent for some moments, before replying,

—"I acknowledge, sir, that I appear to merit the severity with which you have spoken ; but I have not before taken this view of my conduct. I acted with reference to your daughter alone, and forgot that, while inflicting on her what I fancied a merited retribution, I might be imposing an unwarrantable injury on a gentleman toward whom my only sentiments are those of gratitude and esteem. For your sake, sir, I regret, sincerely, the part which I have acted. Miss Griffith, I believe, will understand my motives, when she is informed that I am a near relation of Edward Horton."

Louisa did understand—and, in the deep contrition to which her haughty spirit was subdued, wrote thus to her friend Mary :—"My punishment is heavy, but not greater than I deserve—'as I have done, so God hath requited me.' How many hours of repentance—of bitter 'self-abasement and humiliation of soul,' might I have spared myself, by giving ear to your remonstrances on a certain well remembered night. They, only, are truly wise, who, in the many trials of temper and feeling which beset our path in life, if they do not literally, when one cheek is smitten, "turn the other also"—yet submit patiently to an occasional blow, and, by subsequent discretion, guard against subsequent evil—instead of provoking repeated hostility by incessant retaliation. I will not bid you, dear Mary, to beware of the rocks on which I have wrecked—I wish I could say my own happiness alone—for you need no such warning ; but there are many who do : be as faithful to others as you have been to me ;—perhaps all are not equally wilful. May you often succeed in impressing your favorite maxim—"It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong."

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LIFE is short, and they mistake its aims and lose its best enjoyment, who depend for happiness on outward things, and not on the state of the heart. The affections, reposing and sweetly twining round their just objects, are a never failing source of improving delight ; but condition, show, power and riches, or envy, pride and contempt, the common retinue of them all, do but burn out or burden our nature, so that what we call happiness is but a poor and starving imitation of it.

HOOVER.



## HINTS TO PARENTS.

BY REV. S. D. RUSCHARD.

### THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CULTURE OF THE YOUNG.

IN my previous articles, I have spoken of education in its bearings only upon the present life. This life is important, but chiefly because of its connection with the unending life—the life that stretches beyond the earthly and the perishable. This earth-life of ours is but a preparatory scene—a school—a place of education. And it is the *mind*—the *inner self* which merits our chief attention. The body is *relatively* important, and should be educated as the mind's instrument—as its organ of communication with the visible and earthly; yet it is infinitely more important that the spiritual dweller within should be noble, majestic, polished and refined, than that the building should be of the most graceful and beautiful proportions. Now the education proposed has reference to the mind, its culture and improvement. It commences its existence without knowledge. The infantile mind is man in miniature, having all the faculties of our nature, but with no positive acquirements—there is the *basis* laid by the Great Architect of our being, but the superstructure, in its beauty and majestic proportions, is to be reared by man. This process of mental expansion begins with existence and continues indefinitely and forever. And to whom is this duty of education, in its early stages, assigned? Unquestionably to parents, and it is one of the most important duties which they can perform. Upon it depend, in a great measure, the future prospects of their children for time and eternity. What is termed an elementary education, is to man indispensable even as a creature of earth. He must understand the principles of arithmetical calculation—the proper use of language and the art of writing in order to do the common business of life. This however is but the commencement of an intellectual education. It aims at a loftier object—the elevation of man by the expansion of his rational nature. It proposes to make him more or less familiar with the whole range of truth, human and divine. The advantages which he will derive



from it are almost innumerable. It will contribute largely to his happiness—make the world richer and brighter, giving to its many sounds and objects a meaning and a voice. It will unfold to his view a volume of wonderful and surprising interest. It will carry him over a field of intellectual enchantment, investing the flower and the forest, the ocean and the earth, with the wonders of Deity. It will give him communion “with nature and with nature’s God.” It will augment his influence, on the principle that knowledge is power. It will enable him to discharge the various duties of life *well*, and to fill a respectable sphere among men. It will make him more judicious as a man of business, give him strength and soundness of judgment, and a decided advantage over those inferior to him in knowledge. The great achievements of earth, for the most part, have been effected by men of refined and cultivated intellects. Even the first revolution from Paganism to Christianity, wrought through the instrumentality of the apostles, can scarcely be said to be an exception to this remark. For they were divinely inspired and miraculously furnished for their work. The posts of honor and usefulness have always been occupied by men of educated minds, educated perhaps in the nursery, in the counting-room, on the bench of industry, or on the field; yet *educated*. If any one suppose that education can be obtained only within classic halls, let him read the history of Franklin, who while pursuing his daily avocations,

“Soared untrodden heights and seemed at home  
Where angels bashful looked.”

Let him read the history of Sir Charles Linnaeus, one of the greatest naturalists of the world—of Boerhaave, the physician and scholar whose memory can never die—of Sir William Jones, who with the fortune of a peasant, gave himself the education of a prince—of Pascal, the wonder of his age and the admiration of all—of Washington, the model statesman of the world—and of thousands of others, who have been an ornament to their race; and he will be convinced that an education can be obtained any where, and an enviable distinction reached under the most formidable and forbidding circumstances. The *extent* to which this education should be carried may be graduated by two circumstances—the *ability of the parent*, and the *future occupation of the child*. If the parent

be poor and not able to carry forward the education of his child to the most desirable extent, let him do what he can, and encourage him to rely upon his own resources, and point him to the goal, and tell him that patience and perseverance will conquer all things. The duty and efforts of a parent in giving his child an education, will be modified somewhat by the sphere in which he is ultimately to move. Some branches of human enterprize demand more knowledge than others. While knowledge is every where and under all circumstances desirable, yet there are some professions and stations, where *varied* and *extensive* learning is indispensable to success. The plan of education should therefore take into account the future avocation of the child.

Perhaps nothing need be said by way of inducement to such a course of parental conduct. The very promptings of nature would seem to be a sufficient argument. Cultivate then, my readers, in your children the love of knowledge—furnish them with all the faculties in your power for acquiring it—direct them in their intellectual pursuits to that which is *substantial*, *solid*, and *useful*. You will thus give them a legacy more valuable than fertile lands or freighted vessels. You may give them *wealth*, and it may soon leave them; but if you bequeath to them the advantages of a thorough education, it will be a *permanent* treasure, unaffected by the wheel of fortune, which ever way it may turn. It matters not what you design your children to be, let this one intention prevail, that they shall not grow up in ignorance. Let this intention embrace also the female members of your family. It has been the sin of past ages to dwarf and neglect the culture of the female mind. And perhaps now our system of education, in relation to them, is not as practical and thorough as it ought to be.

A sensible author remarks, that "females are taught less to *think* than to *shine*. If they glitter, it matters little whether it be the glitter of gilding or of gold. To be accomplished is of greater interest than to be sensible. It is of more consequence to this class of persons to charm by the tones of a piano than to delight and invigorate by intellectual conversation." The female mind has not been developed in its symmetry and beauty, and fathers, mothers and daughters have been joint partakers in this sin. Its accomplishments are made to consist too much in tinsel and mere outward show, and not sufficiently in solid good sense and those

virtues which the apostle enumerates, and which always sit so gracefully upon female character.

A moral education has special reference to the *character*—the *conscience*—the *heart*.

It aims to develope, strengthen and correct the moral sense. It views man in his relations to morality, religion and eternity. The end which it proposes is to make the youthful mind virtuous and holy—to link it in sympathy and action with the bright tenantry of other worlds. It seeks for children an interest in the glorious inheritance of the promises—to make them kings and priests unto God and the Lamb. The object is sublime, and its importance no language can fully express. The moral character of children determines their destiny—that character depends very much upon moral education—this education is mostly the work of youth, and to be performed through the agency of parents. If neglected by them, the probabilities are overwhelming, that their children will grow up without the fear of God, without the love or practice of virtue—without a reasonable hope of Heaven. Such is the nature of the family constitution—such the relations of parents, that a tremendous responsibility is resting upon them—a responsibility which they cannot throw off, which they must meet and discharge, or sink beneath a weight of guilt which no mercy can pardon. And yet we often see parents professedly christian, providing for the temporal interests of their children—attending upon them, with trembling anxiety, in the hour of sickness—displaying earnest solicitude in relation to their future settlement in life; but manifesting little or no concern for their moral or spiritual state. With them, the interests of time eclipse the interests of eternity, and the claims of this world supersede those of the next. The reverse ought to be the fact: the moral culture of our children should be our *first*, our chief concern. For the day is coming when a sheet of fire shall encircle in its lurid folds all that is perishable and earthly, but the soul shall outlive the universal wreck, and if it shall have been properly educated during its probationary season, it shall shine forth peerless in dignity amid the redeemed intelligences of Heaven.

In relation to the methods of this education, I can at present only allude to a few important maxims. Teach your children their relations and duties to God. Inspire them with a reverence

for his law—his character—his word. Show them their accountability—that they are responsible for every word, thought, and deed. Endeavor to make them realize that they are sinners, and that their only way of safety is in Christ, who died the just for the unjust. Lead them to a knowledge of the sacred scriptures—and conduct their meditations forward to scenes which await them in the coming history of their being. Analyze and enforce upon their minds the duties growing out of their earthly relations. Teach them to respect the rights and feelings of others—to do unto others as they would that others should do unto them. Be careful that they always speak the truth, and never violate the laws of justice and integrity. Resist and counteract their vicious tendencies. Eradicate their vanity and pride—teach them lessons of humility. Bid them aspire to the mastery over every lust and passion. Elevate their thoughts to the high aspects of their nature. Cultivate in them the benevolent and lovely—the *amiable* feelings. Never permit them to treat with cruelty any creature that can feel a pang. Above all, teach them that “the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.” Ever remember that to give a child knowledge without endeavoring, at the same time, to add to knowledge godliness, is to throw the strength of a giant into the arm of the idiot. It is to construct a machinery which may help to move a world, and to leave out the moral force, which will secure its movement towards heaven. Let *any thing* be neglected, rather than the moral culture of the rising generation.

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### TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

“Sweet are the tears that from a Howard’s eye  
Drop on the cheek of one he lifts from earth—  
And he who works me good with unmov’d face,  
Does it but half—he chills me while he aids;  
My benefactor, not my fellow man.  
But even this—this cold benevolence,  
Seems worth, seems manhood, when there rise before me  
The sluggard Pity’s vision-weaving tribe,  
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,  
Nursing in some delicious solitude  
Their slothful loves, and dainty sympathies.”

## THOUGHTLESS WORDS.

BY STACY G. POTTS.

Rememberest thou a little word,  
A thoughtless word in anger spoken ?  
A word that pierced a gentle heart,  
And left upon her cheek its token !

Rememberest thou how pride rose up  
And would not ask to be forgiven ?  
And how that dear one drooped and died,  
And went in life's young morn to heaven ?

Rememberest thou her parting kiss,  
And how she pressed thy hand in dying ?  
She would not have thee think her wronged  
When cold in death her form was lying !

Rememberest thou through wasting years—  
How kind she was—how fond she loved thee ?  
And yet, when she was all thine own,  
How little her affection moved thee ?

'Twas deemed a very trifle once !  
But years of grief are made of these !  
Oh God ! how oft one little word  
Makes sad, and deathless memories !

## THE PURE IN HEART.

"So his life hath flow'd,  
From its mysterious depths, the good and pure  
Alone are mirror'd—which though shapes of ill  
May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them."

Ion.

## THE IDOL DETHRONED.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

### CHAPTER VI. THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

"Who can hope to trace  
The pensive softness of her angel face?"

"What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,  
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,  
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?  
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet!"

SHE whom the village pastor had selected as the sharer of his joys and duties, was one peculiarly fitted for the responsibilities of her honored station. Educated in the city, amidst the advantages of wealth; possessing an intellect of the highest order, cultivated by the most skilful training; with a heart in which the seeds of piety early sown had produced their loveliest fruits; she had been a favorite in the circles of friendship, and a pet lamb in the house of her childhood.

The proposition to accept the hand with the heart of a minister of Jesus Christ, was long and prayerfully weighed ere she dared to follow the dictates of her heart. Congeniality in taste and sentiment had formed a bond of union between them. They had read and admired the same authors; they enjoyed the same scenes, the same pursuits; they loved the same Savior. Why can they not be happy together? And yet, when Mary thought of the awful responsibilities connected with the position of her friend, and of the influence which a wife must exert over the spirit of her husband; when she surveyed the field of usefulness which she would be expected to occupy, and thought of her own youth and inexperience, no wonder that she hesitated. It was indeed an attractive field. Her occasional visits to the country, and her communings there with nature's God, had led her often to wish that her lot had been cast in some such retirement; and with a heart to do good, in the sphere which above all others she would have chosen, why may she not be useful?

Pleasant was the meeting between the youthful bride and the

people to whom she was presented by their beloved pastor. He had occupied the parsonage for several months; and now his faithful housekeeper, after completing and altering her arrangements for the twentieth time, had summoned a number of the most skilful of the flock to determine whether all was right. Who could help praising the neatness, the order of the place? The old ladies pronounced it "comfortable," and the young misses "sweet." Many a city bride would have envied Mary, could they have peeped into the well-stored pantries. It seemed as if every oven in the parish had been put in requisition, and every wife and daughter contributed to the store. There were cakes as large as any "bride's-loaf," and far more eatable; there were pies and custards and tarts, of every name; and jars of "sweetmeats" that would have made your mouth water. I wish you could have seen the rows of milk-pans shining upon the shelves, and beheld the mammoth cheeses from the dairies of 'Squire Jones and Deacon Smith; for sure I am you never looked upon their like.

Every one in the parish seemed to have brought some offering, except "the doctor;" who, seeing the gathering at the parsonage as he was passing by, threw his saddle-bags upon his arm and entered. The old ladies, to whom he was no stranger, were not slow to ask him for his contribution. But when, with mock gravity, he began to unfold the contents of his medicine-case, they, with no less ceremony, refused to accept any thing *in that line*; declaring that one of his wife's puddings would, just then, be far more welcome than a pound of his drugs.

Mary's heart fluttered as, alighting from the carriage at the door of her new home, she saw happy faces peeping out from every window. She would have chosen to spend the first few hours there alone with her husband. But when the door opened, and she met the extended hand and beaming eye of her who had advanced to welcome them, her timidity vanished, and she cordially returned the salutation of her new-found friend. Even before the name was announced, Mary knew her to be the widow of the former clergyman, in whom her husband had assured her she would find a congenial spirit and a noble example. It needed not his praise to secure for Mrs. A — both confidence and admiration. There was a dignity in her person and a courtesy in her manner, which at once distinguished her from the villagers who were gath-

ered around her; and yet a benignity in her look and tone, as she led Mary forward and introduced her to the people, which seemed to say, *we are all one*.

I will not attempt to describe the company convened at the parsonage that afternoon, so unlike the heartless gatherings which characterize city life; nor yet the cordial welcome uttered by hearts sincere, as hard hands pressed those of Mary and her husband. The language of the heart needs no interpreter. Every one was delighted with Mary; and when, as soon as they were left alone, her husband inquired of her, "How do you like our people?" she could only answer, with quivering lips, "Oh, William, pray that I may become more worthy of them!"

After this introduction to the younger Mrs. R——, we trust our readers are disposed to follow her in her walks of usefulness as the wife of the village pastor. Mary felt that she had much to learn, and availed herself largely of the proffered aid of the excellent Mrs. A——.

There was little of abject poverty in that parish; but there were children to be gathered from its outskirts into the Sabbath School; there were chambers of sickness and sorrow to be visited; there were garments to be made for some who, ashamed to beg, yet plead their want of decent clothing as an excuse for their absence from the sanctuary. Mary soon acquired the habit of looking about for opportunities to do good. At one time, as she accompanied her husband in his visits to the aged poor of Christ's flock, she would notice a scanty bed-covering, or a patched and threadbare garment. Then she would invite a few of the young ladies of the village to meet at her house; and soon, under her guiding hand, a new dress would be completed, or a "comfortable"—deserving the name, made ready. Her young friends asked no higher reward than to be permitted to accompany her, when she carried the unexpected gift to the humble dwelling, and caused the widow's heart to leap for joy. Often too was she found by the lowly bed of sickness, administering the cooling draught, or some cordial prepared by her own skilful hand; and then she would repeat the words of pity and love, penned by our Father in heaven for his afflicted or erring children, and point the dying eye to Him who came to seek and save the lost. How many a cottage-wall, if a tongue were given it, might witness to that gentle voice of prayer,



as it has ascended from the chamber of affliction or death ! But the record is on high.

Mary's warm sympathies, however, did not exhaust themselves within the limits of her own parish. She had made herself familiar with the wants of those resident in less favored sections of our own land, and with the condition of a world perishing without the Gospel, and she sought to diffuse a spirit of expansive benevolence among the people of her husband's charge. For this end, she encouraged the young ladies to form themselves into a "Home Missionary Association," to meet weekly for the purpose of making garments for the families of our missionaries at the west. At this meeting the beloved pastor's wife was unanimously appointed to preside. A fine specimen of her happy arrangements was, that one should read aloud while others plied the needle. In this way the "Home Missionary" intelligence was diffused throughout the circle ; and the idle chit-chat, (to give it no severer name), which is too often heard where a number of female tongues are assembled, was prevented. Sometimes Mrs. R—— would have communications to read from the missionaries to whom their contributions had been sent ; and whenever they listened to these heart-felt expressions of gratitude, they found themselves stimulated to double diligence.

There are not a few to be found in every community who would fain be thought *conscientious* in habitually withholding even a word of encouragement to those who, in various departments, are striving to make the world the better for their passing through it. But such are for the most part found among the class that make few such efforts themselves. Mr. and Mrs. R—— had no sympathy with such a spirit. Indeed the pastor had thought so deeply upon its effect in contracting and embittering the heart, that he had preached a sermon from the text, "THE SPIRIT THAT DWELLETH IN US LUSTETH TO ENVY;" which some of his people thought good enough to be printed !

The affectionate pastor loved to see the glistening eyes of the young people, (for he sometimes read to them while Mary was busy fitting the work,) as they were told how welcome their offerings had been, both to parents and children far away ; and when he kneeled in their midst, at the close of that hour's communing, and prayed that no one of these who were helping to support the

Gospel might fail to receive it into her own heart, was there a wandering eye or a careless thought among that youthful circle? No; many of them went from the place resolved to love the Gospel for the sake of him who preached it. Is any one disposed to say that such impressions are not saving? Let such wait the decisions of that day, when the results of the attachment of a young heart to a faithful pastor shall be revealed.

Mrs. A——, the minister's widow, had consecrated the powers of her highly cultivated intellect to the benefit of the young, especially through the influence of her pen. Some of her little books were sure to be dropped into the missionary box; and you might have seen the tear steal down her cheek, as she heard the testimony of the recipients, that they were not only among the most welcome, but the most useful of the gifts received.

I wish you could have heard Mary tell of the meeting to "pack the box." Then young and old flocked together. The most experienced matrons were appointed to prize the articles; the best packers to stow them away; and the young folks——shall I dare to reveal what Mary whispered in my ear, that one of them once mounted the box and actually danced upon the goods, to make them lie closer? I hope the good missionaries who may hear of this will forgive the profanation.

Then there was the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world. I wish you could have seen how it was attended. Why, there were almost as many wagons about the church on that evening as on the Sabbath. Those who could not meet then, always tried to join in spirit with that holy convocation; and many an intercession arose from the "closets" of that retired village, that, uniting with the incense offered by the many thousands of Israel, came up with acceptance before the throne. If there ever is an hour when all heaven is found bending in rapt attention to the voices of earth, it must be when the church below is sending up its united petition: "Let thy kingdom, Emmanuel, come; let thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth!" The "Missionary Herald" was always read at the concert in J——; and the pastor, whom one of his deacons had surnamed "Great Heart," found no occasion to blush when he handed in the contributions of his people for foreign missions.

And now, that the glad voices of children were heard at the

parsonage, Mary turned her thoughts to the establishment of a maternal association, and invited the mothers of the congregation to convene for this purpose.

It was to this meeting that Alice had been invited by her brother; and her first attempt to do good in J—— was made in aiding the organization of this society. It was a good beginning. It helped her to rise above herself. It commended her to the sympathy of those praying mothers. It opened the way for her to join in all their benevolent operations, and to make such suggestions as her former experience might dictate. "The lady in black," whose smile was so sad, yet so kind, soon became an object of interest to the villagers; and when they learned the story of her bereavement, even the little children would hush their merriment as she passed.

Mary—the warm-hearted sister, was just the friend that Alice needed. She soothed, while she profited by her sympathy. She invited Alice to accompany her in her rambles among the hills and her visits to the abodes of want; and many an offering was slipped silently into the hand of some aged disciple, as the stranger bade farewell. Alice found herself, however, the favored one; for her drooping spirit was refreshed and elevated by intercourse with these afflicted saints, some of whom had passed alone through more than half of life's journey. She found that those nearest heaven spoke least of the trials of the way. Their remembrance seemed almost to have been swallowed up in the anticipation of that glory to be revealed.

The hope expressed by the pastor and his praying people, that the influence from on high was about to descend, was not disappointed. Soon the anxious inquiry was heard from many a lip, "What shall I do to be saved?" Momentous inquiry! Why has it been delayed so long?

It was Alfred's privilege to accompany his brother in his visits from house to house, and to share his abundant labors, in season and out of season. It was truly a harvest-time, and Alfred was permitted to bind some sheaves for the garner. At another day, he shall see them all gathered in, and Eloise shall be found among them.

Time would fail me to recount the varied incidents that filled up pleasantly those summer and autumn months. As another

winter approached, however, our travellers began to turn their thoughts toward their former home. They longed to visit once more that time-honored sanctuary, and the grave of their beloved child;—not less beloved because no longer an idol. With heart-felt regret they gave the parting hand to friends they had so much reason to value; and when they entered for the last time that village church—the scene to them of so much interest—their hearts were in unison with the words sung:

"My soul repeats her vows;  
Peace to this sacred house!  
For here my friends, my kindred dwell:  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well!"

(To be concluded.)

## THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

BY MRS. S. M. CLARKE.

THERE is a broad and swiftly flowing stream  
The first to greet Aurora's early beam,  
Far in the east, where the Atlantic pours  
Its ceaseless anthem on New-England's shores.  
Through deepest shades it now pursues its way,  
Where primal forests once in grandeur lay;  
And now, mid flowery banks, it glides along,  
Receiving perfume for its wealth of song;  
Whilst merry brook, and laughing little rill,  
That chatt'ring leap from mount and sunny hill,  
Make glad its waters as they haste to gain,  
And pay their tribute to the unfathomed main.  
But, as it widens in its outward course,  
Unnumbered eddies, with increasing force,  
Dimple its waves—the central ring is wide;  
Resistless is the ever circling tide  
Of that whirlpool of rushing waters deep;  
And o'er it hangs a promontory steep,  
With awful frown, such as dread Pluto wore  
When living men first trod the Stygian shore.

The careful pilot, as he passes by,  
Points where the cliff, and fearful whirlpool lie;  
Telling the stranger, that, long years before,  
When first the white man trod the western shore,

Great Hobomok, a haughty Indian chief,  
 Last of his tribe, fill'd with revenge and grief,  
 Stood on that cliff, that since has borne his name,  
 Pursued by foes—he thought, as on they came,  
 That those dark woods, that touch'd the bending sky  
 And all that met his roving, eagle eye,  
 The forest streams, and lofty mountains round,  
 Long years had been the Indian's hunting ground;  
 And that his tribe were noble, brave, and true,  
 And, swiftly, at his bidding, ever flew—  
 That there he had a shelter from the storm,  
 And loving eyes to bless his stalwart form;—  
 "Where are they now?" he cried, "my warriors brave,  
 My helpless ones, my aged father's grave!"

More firmly then he grasped his well-strung bow,  
 Still nearer was the swift advancing foe;—  
 Sterner became his frown, its gathering gloom  
 Ruffled the feathers of his lofty plume:  
 Fiercer his dark eye flashed with deadly hate,  
 As there he stood above that wild hurl-gate,  
 The sole avenger of his people's wrong,  
 His own deep sorrows—and his arm grew strong—  
 He raised it thrice, and thrice the arrow sped,  
 And thrice a foe was numbered with the dead;  
 Then flung his empty quiver on the strand,  
 Lifting on high the bow in his right hand,  
 And with the other clasped his heaving breast,  
 As he would still, a moment, it unrest,  
 While he invoked the gods of streams, and woods,  
 Of fearful tempests, and swift rolling floods,  
 To *curse* the white man under his green tree,  
 On plain, and mountain, and the roaring sea,  
 Till all the "Red Man's" wrongs avenged should be.

Behind, the whirling flood threw up its spray,  
 Before, were foes impatient of their prey;  
 He turned on them a look of withering power,  
 And fierce defiance, in that awful hour;  
 He had no hope, no *wish*, his life to save—  
 With one wild cry he plunged beneath the wave,  
 The surging flood played with his sinewy form,  
 That erst had breasted many a wintry storm,  
 A moment only—he was seen no more  
 Upon that rude and ever-sounding shore.

And when his baffled foes approached the verge,  
 Where rushing waters chimed the Indian's dirge,  
 They saw his feather'd crest upon the wave—  
 All that was left to mark the Chieftain's grave.

## HOUSEHOLD SKETCHES.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

### NO. VI. —THE LITTLE ERRAND GIRL.

"PLEASE, ma'am," said a bright, intelligent, but ragged and dirty little girl to me the other day, "do you want to hire any help?"

I looked at her with astonishment; for, judging from her size, she would in happier circumstances have been herself still in the nursery—"And how old are you, my little girl?" I inquired.

"Going in my eleventh, ma'am," she answered; "and I can mind the children, or wash, or sweep,"—and she was going on with her catalogue of accomplishments, when I interrupted her by asking if she had a mother. "No, ma'am," was the reply, "my father and mother both died when I was a little child, and my aunt took care of me a while, but she has children of her own—so she does not want me, and the woman I live with says I cannot stay there any longer; so I have come out to look for a place."

"But why are you sent out alone?" I asked. "Will not your aunt find a place for you?"

"Oh, she is out of town, and the woman got angry with me, and would not give me any dinner, and I thought I would try and find a place. If you will try me, I will mind the children," she added, as she saw my little ones engaged in their play.

Poor child! how my heart ached for her, as I looked on her young face, so early marked with care, and felt that it was not in my power to do any thing toward saving her from her probable fate. Her story might, or might not be true in every particular—but, at all events, she was a neglected, forsaken orphan, and in those words there is a volume of deep and bitter meaning. She left me, promising me to go back and ask pardon of the lady with whom she lived, and to wait until she should see her aunt, before she tried again to find a place; but my thoughts were very sad, as they dwelt on the scores and hundreds of desolate children in this city, for whose souls there are none to care. Overlooked as

they too often are by the friends of Christ, they are not forgotten by the Prince of Darkness. His emissaries are about them at every step of their career, from their unblest infancy to cheerless old age, and their moral character is moulded and fashioned according to his pleasure. Let us select one, out of many similar cases, and see the process by which an immortal soul, made originally after the image of God, was undone.

Jane E. lost her mother, who was a pious woman, in early childhood; and before she was ten years old, she was fatherless. As the eldest of three children, she had been taught to make herself useful, and she possessed naturally a cheerful, affectionate and confiding disposition, which, under the influence of parental kindness, would have made her a universal favorite. At her father's death, she was separated from her brother and sister, and placed by her relatives, in whose hearts poverty had crushed out natural affection, in an irreligious family, to do errands, and make herself generally useful. Here, in common parlance, she was kindly treated,—that is, she had comfortable food and clothing, and though often tasked beyond her strength, had no positive ill-treatment of which to complain. Her physical necessities were all cared for by Mrs. H., who had the reputation of being “an excellent manager;” but the *wants of the heart*—who was there to think of these? It never once occurred to Mrs. H. that the little girl, who was so quiet and submissive, was a child, possessing all the instincts, and sympathies, and feelings of childhood; that recreation and kindness were as essential to a healthy development of her moral nature, as the sunshine and dew to flowers. Of the bitterness and envy that sometimes swelled her young heart almost to suffocation—of the yearnings after a word or look of love, which, though unintelligible even to herself, made her life one long, long sigh—of the taunts and reproofs, the orders and counter-orders given to poor Jane by the younger members of the family—of all these Mrs. H. knew nothing, and cared less. Indeed she would have considered it unpardonable presumption in one so situated to have *feelings*, an appendage which many seem to think belongs only to the aristocracy.

In this situation Jane continued till she was fifteen; and then, with the form and face of premature womanhood, and a heart thoroughly crusted over with selfishness and distrust, she went forth into the world alone, “to seek her fortune.” Under a differ-



ent system of training, she would have made a valuable member of society; for her disposition was naturally amiable, and the lessons of her mother lingered in her memory when every thing else connected with happier days had departed. But she had the misfortune to obtain situations in those families where the only bond that unites mistress and servant is one of self-interest on both sides. If her wages were promptly paid, her employers considered their duty to her fully discharged. Little recked they of the thousand dangers to which her youth, ignorance, and friendlessness, continually exposed poor Jane. At length, one in the garb of a gentleman sought her acquaintance, and by fair speeches and flattering attentions, won her heart. It was the first time since her childhood that any human being had ever addressed her in tones of affection; and looking up to him in her inexperience as to a superior being, her whole soul was given up to him without reserve, and without disguise. It was no part of his plan to marry a "domestic;" but she believed his false professions, and awoke too late from her delirious dream of happiness, to a reality of shame, dishonor, and misery.

When her guilt was discovered, she was turned at once from her place, and was forced to accept the offer of her seducer, to find board for her during her illness, in a family of his own choice.— Fallen as she was, she was not utterly depraved, and when strength returned, would gladly have earned her daily bread by honest labor; but no one would take her without a character, and this, alas! she had forfeited. What course was left her to pursue?— May I not almost say, in the present state of society, *none* but that downward road, whose steep and short descent leads directly to the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone? When, a few years after, poor Jane E. was taken up dead in the streets, the victim of vice and intemperance, neither Mrs. H. nor any one of the wives and mothers with whom she had lived as a servant, ever dreamed that they had any agency in her ruin. Yet they were called kind and generous women, and they did give liberally to the poor; but of that benevolence which seeks to comfort and instruct, as well as to feed and clothe its objects—which would throw the arm of love around the ignorant and unprotected, and win them by self-denying exertion to happiness and virtue,—of all this, they knew positively nothing.



Christian mother, it is to your ear this simple story is addressed, and to your heart I wish to make an appeal on behalf of those who cannot speak for themselves. The case of Jane E. is by no means an isolated or extreme one. When to the causes which wrought her destruction we add the love of dress, a fondness for low society, or inherent vicious propensities, from all which she was free, we have fearfully increased the amount of evil influence which decides the destiny of these neglected orphans. Are your garments clear from the blood of souls in this matter? Is there no young heart beneath your roof, which pines for a tithe of the love so freely poured out on the happy children by whom she is surrounded? If there be such an one, look on your own beloved daughter, and as you would that others should do unto her in the like circumstances, so do you deal with the orphan whose earthly comforter and protector you are. Do I ask a hard thing? How easily and how cheaply, in the every day intercourse of life, and without relinquishing your rightful authority, might you make such a child happy, and with the blessing of God, fit her for usefulness here, and eternal life hereafter! A look and word of kindness, which in your wealth of maternal affection you might so readily bestow, will make her duties for the whole day seem comparatively light. But, above all things, do not forget that this motherless child has an immortal soul, which must live for ever in the presence and favor of God, or beneath his withering frown, and his wise providence has delegated to you the care of this priceless gem. In an important sense, you sustain to her the maternal relation, and its solemn responsibilities rest upon you, however unconscious you may be of the fact. In the name of humanity, which has so long been outraged in this thing—in the name of that religion whose grand principle it is, "*Thou shalt love God supremely, and thy neighbor as thyself*," I commend the subject of these remarks to your earnest and prayerful consideration. It is not enough that we bestow on the child domesticated in our families, the same care and attention we bestow on a favorite and valuable animal. She possesses what the horse has not—a heart and mind, which, if left to run to waste, may do incalculable mischief in society, and will inevitably be to their possessor the source of endless misery. Perhaps she was cradled in the lap of maternal tenderness, and that fond mother, "who had the earliest kiss," little dreamed of the long years of

loneliness and sorrow which awaited her darling in the dim future. But surely to the *mother*, I need not add another word. She has only to remember, that in the revolutions which are constantly taking place in the face of society, her cherished child may occupy the same place in the family of another, which the "errand girl" now does in her own, and then to connect with that remembrance the words of our blessed Lord, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and no other appeal will be needed.

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SONNETS.

IPOMÆA HORSFALLIÆ.—SCARLET IPOMÆA.

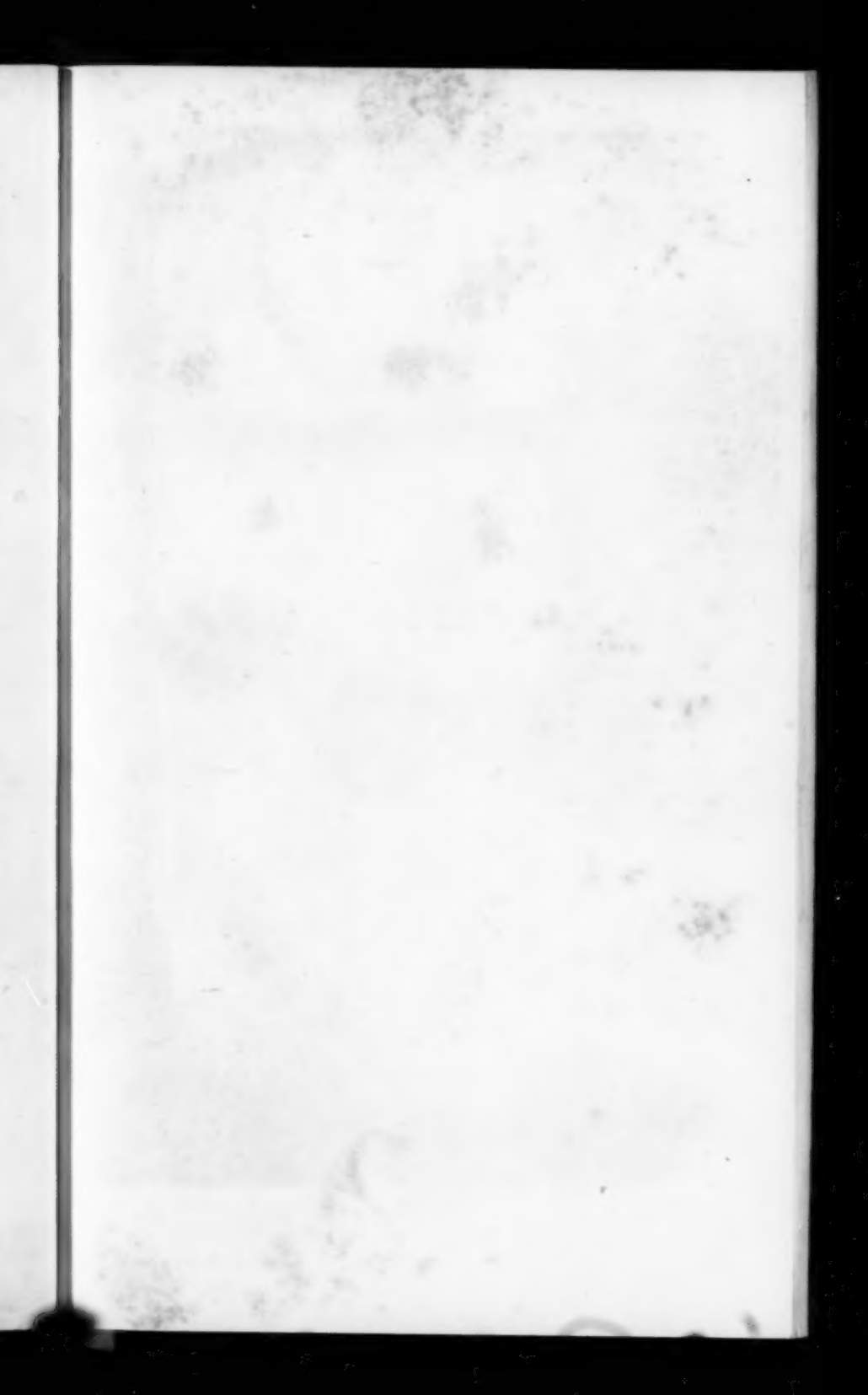
See Flower Plate.

GEN. CHAR.—*Ipomæa*. Calyx five-parted, naked, or with small bracts near the base; corolla campanulate, or funnel-form; limb five-plaited; stamens shorter than the limb, rarely a little longer; ovary from two to four-celled; cells one or two-ovuled; style, simple; stigma simple or two-lobed; capsule valvate, from two to four celled, four to five-seeded.

SPEC. CHAR.—*Horsfalliæa*. Leaves upon rather long petioles, generate; leaflets five, rarely six or seven, (Mr. Evans,) lanceolate, entire, tapering almost equally at both extremities, the margins slightly crisped or waved; peduncles axillary, about as long as, or longer than the petiole, bearing a dichotomous cyme of many flowers; stamens five, equal, longer than the tube; filaments glabrous, inserted upon a hairy scale or gland, which is vaulted beneath; germens globose, surrounded by a large fleshy ring.

This beautiful flower is an evergreen, though peculiarly tender, and flowers in December and January. The stem is twining, of great length, and, like all the rest of the plant, glabrous. Trained upon twine, the *Ipomæa* forms a most delicate and beautiful awning. The *Ipomæa* is the emblem of *attachment*.

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*Begonia geraniifolia.*



## THE BESETTING SIN.

BY T. C. ARTHUR.

MANY years ago, I heard a preacher relate an incident, which impressed its lesson upon me at the time; and which has often led me to excuse faults in others as well as look narrowly into my own conduct as affecting those around me. The preacher's name was M—, and he was stationed, during the years 18— and 18— in the city of B—. M— was gentlemanly in his deportment, amiable in his feelings, and particularly free from those rough points of character which render so many persons, whom we meet in our way through life, disagreeable. In conversation, he was never positive in his affirmations, and, if he differed from you in opinion, it was with a gentle courtesy, that left your mind free to weigh calmly what he said.

The Rev. Mr. O—, stationed in B— at the same time, was altogether, a different person. He was by nature less considerate of others, and had been educated in a rougher school. His mind was active and impetuous; and if, at any time, he was drawn aside into an argument, he would bear down his opponent in a way that always left an unpleasant feeling. In this way, he frequently offended his best friends.

To M—, an intimate association with O— as a ministerial co-laborer in the same town, proved a peculiar trial. So amiable, kind, and thoughtful of others himself, he was just the one to feel the rough points in the character of O—. But, all was borne without a word of complaint or remonstrance; part of his duty, as he felt, being that of enduring and suffering patiently.

A year passed, during which time M— got better acquainted with O—, and saw much of the good that was in him. Had it not been for the rudeness of his manner at times, when opposed or under excitement, he would have liked him as well as any brother with whom it had been his lot to be in association. But, the continually recurring shocks of feeling that he was compelled to endure, fretted him, and destroyed much of the pleasure and profit he would otherwise have derived from an intimate intercourse with

his fellow preacher. In fact, he hardly ever met him that some little word or act did not jar upon his feelings.

One day they both took tea and spent the evening with a friendly brother in the church. While sitting at the tea-table, M—— made some remark that the other did not see to be correct, when O—— said, in an abrupt manner, turning quickly toward him—

“Oh no, brother M——! You are mistaken.”

M—— felt that the way in which O—— said this, was rude, and his first impulse, as it had been many times before, was to answer with rebuke in his tone. But he controlled himself, and replied so mildly that O—— either felt that he had spoken rather more roughly than was needful, or saw no reason to go beyond the declaration of error already made. In a little while, however, O—— struck another jarring blow upon his feelings; and so it continued during the tea hour and through the evening. About nine o'clock, as the two preachers were making preparations to leave and return home, a heavy storm came up, which, appearing likely to continue for some hours, they accepted the invitation of their brother in the church to remain all night. O—— retired first, and left M—— in conversation with their host.

“Brother O—— is certainly a very interesting man,” said the latter, a few moments after the preacher had left them.

“Yes, he is, undoubtedly,” replied M——. “His intellect is strong and clear, and he possesses remarkable powers of observation, and ability to draw lessons of wisdom from every thing that passes. Still he has one bad fault, that greatly mars his usefulness.”

This was, perhaps, the first time that M—— had permitted himself to speak of what was offensive in his brother. But, he had been so fretted by him during the evening that he sought, almost involuntarily, the relief of utterance.

“What is that?” was enquired.

“He is positively rude in his intercourse with others. He does not differ with you like a gentleman, but like a boor.”

This was strong language for a man like M—— to use.

“A dozen times to-night,” he continued, “his manner of speaking to me has been downright insulting.”

“I don't think he meant to insult you, brother M——,” said the host, in a soothing, deprecating voice. “It's his manner.”

“I know it is. But it is a very bad manner, and he should correct it.”



"No doubt he does endeavor to do so."

"He can't try very hard then. A very little endeavor would make a great change in the manner of his intercourse with others. I have never permitted myself to speak of this before, although many have complained to me of the fault to which I now allude. But, this evening, I have felt more than usually annoyed. Perhaps I am not in so good a state of mind as usual."

"Wouldn't it be well for you to speak to brother O—— on this subject?" was suggested.

"I have thought of doing so many times; but I'm afraid that would only make matters worse."

"I hardly think that would be the case."

"I don't know. Brother O—— is hasty and impetuous. On the spur of the moment, he might throw me off in such a rough way as to create a breach between us. This, above all things, I would avoid. I could bear almost any thing, rather than that a misunderstanding should arise."

"This ought to be avoided, certainly. But, I give brother O—— credit for more of a christian spirit than to suppose that he would act as you fear. Surely his mind is not inaccessible to reason and reproof."

"I don't say that. No, not for a moment. All I fear is, that he may be so utterly unconscious of the fault to which I allude, as to be hurt at its mention, and so be led, in the warmth of the moment, to say something that would deeply wound my feelings. If I fail to make him see the fault, harm and not good must arise from the interview."

So the preacher argued, and so he had argued with himself whenever the thought of remonstrance crossed his mind. To him it was inconceivable how a man could act with the utter unconsciousness of others' feelings that appeared to exist in the case of O——. And he reasoned with himself, that, if the oft repeated re-action of silence, and the appearance of being hurt at his brother's rudeness of manner, had no influence—did not cause him to reflect—open remonstrance would be of little avail; and more likely to do harm than good. His lay brother rather argued against this view of the case; but M—— could not see it differently. In this state of mind, he retired to his chamber, after removing his boots and being supplied with a pair of light slippers.

The chamber that had been assigned to O—— was in the third story, front. The back chamber on the same floor was the one M—— was to occupy. The latter, after parting with his host for the night, took a lamp and went up to his room. His tread was almost noiseless, for the slippers on his feet touched the floor with a soft and yielding pressure. On entering his room, he noticed that the door, which communicated with the adjoining chamber, stood ajar, and was, at the same time, made aware that his brother O—— was either reading aloud, or praying. It was, in a few moments, apparent that O—— was engaged in his evening devotions, and that in the earnestness with which he was pouring out his spirit, he had become unconscious that his voice had taken up, audibly, his petition. M—— could not but hear the words that were uttered. He meant not to listen with a curious ear, but ere he was aware, he was hearkening with deep interest to what was falling from the lips of his brother. The words that arrested his involuntary attention, were these—

“And now, let me pray for strength to overcome that easily besetting sin into which I so readily fall.”

And then the preacher went on—

“That easily besetting sin of impulse and forgetfulness of my brother’s feelings. Thou knowest how long and tearfully I have striven against this; and yet, scarcely a day passes that I am not betrayed into some word or mode of expression that hurts those with whom I hold intercourse. Willfully, I would not do them a wrong for any price; and yet, daily, it is done in moments of unconsciousness. Even to-night I have sinned in this wise. Oh! forgive the error, and heal my brother’s wounds, if any have been made—my excellent brother, thy faithful servant, whom Thou knowest I love. And in the future may I have more strength—.”

The last word was broken by a sob. Then all was silent.

“My heart melted and my eyes overflowed with tears,” said M—— on relating this incident. “I was no longer hurt with my brother. I saw that he had much in his natural disposition to contend with, and that, seeing the fault into which this disposition so constantly betrayed him, he was prayerfully striving to overcome it. If he made but little apparent progress, that was to be laid less to his charge as a fault, than to the deeply grounded character of his peculiar, hereditary disposition. After that, my

eyes being opened to the true state of the case, I could often see O—— check and curb himself. Could often note the quick, harsh reply arrested ere it had left his lips; or modified, if possible, after it had found impulsive utterance. Nothing that he said to me, afterwards, caused me a moment's pain, for I sympathized with him instead of feeling an antagonistic spirit."

I could never forget this. In reflecting upon it, I have been taught to judge all men less severely than at first inclined to do; and to be very careful how I attributed to another an intention to be rude.

We all have certain traits of character that others feel to be disagreeable; and often do things, unconsciously, that hurt those with whom we happen to be associating. We all seek, more or less earnestly, to correct the asperities of our characters;—and we all have times of repentance and grief for impulsive acts that are painfully felt by those towards whom we entertain the kindest feelings; and whom we would be the last, willfully, to offend.—Let us learn, then, mutually to bear and forbear; and to seek to palliate rather than magnify offences.

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### WHAT IS LOVE?

"A man comes strongly to desire an object, and this he calls love; but not so—that object once his, and his desire fails. Love, on the contrary, lives from itself. It is never satiated, and never tires.—The more it expends, the more it abounds. If its servings and offerings make its object happy, it asks no other return. This is the one idea on which it thrives and perfects itself to a likeness of all good. Desire is a thing that burns out or wastes itself in languor; but love rather shines than burns, and sheds its beams as happy to diffuse its treasures, and the more it exercises itself and waxes ardent, the less it knows or can know of languor or decay. It is of its nature to be inexhaustible. Desire has no motive to a life out of itself. It is satisfied with its own fulness, and never seeks any service as best expressing its nature and its pleasure.—It is a thing we have in common with all below us, but love is that in which we aspire to, and resemble all that is above us."

## TASSO.\*

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

A TRUMPET's lordly peal went ringing  
Through the purple skies of Rome—  
A glorious guest her sons were bringing  
To their Cæsar's haughty dome.  
The hills of the royal city, and the blue cerulean sea,  
Gave back each haunting echo of that thrilling melody.

Italia's greenest woods and glades  
Sent forth their wealth of flowers,  
And the loveliest of her dark-eyed maids  
Reared rose and myrtle bowers.  
The marble shrines and pillars they with bright-hued garlands crowned,  
And poured their rich libations where censors waved around.

Line after line girt the city's wall,  
Thronging each imperial street;  
And the splendid gates of the Capitol  
Swung wide a Bard to greet.  
'Neath the glittering sculptured arches Rome's minstrels all were met,  
The lyres were wreathed—the crown was made, but the victor tarried yet.

Why do his chariot-wheels still linger,  
When the laurel leaves are twined?  
When the gemmed harp waiteth for his finger  
Its bright cords to unwind?  
He hath wrought his free deliverance from chain and prison strong—  
Fame's music floateth round him: bring forth the Child of Song!

Long, O long for Tasso's number  
Shall wait the harp and flute:  
He hath sunk into that slumber  
Which heeds not trump or lute,—  
There is no need of laurel to crown the Poet's brow,  
No voice of fame or glory hath power to wake him now!

And 'tis well for thee—ay, better,  
Child of the gifted line;  
Thou hast loosed each earth-born fetter  
From that noble heart of thine:  
From the wind—the storm—the tempest—that here thy spirit bowed,  
Thou hast freed thy wing, to soar away to thine empire 'bove the cloud!

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\* Tasso died at Rome on the day appointed for his coronation at the Capitol.

## "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

FROM THE FRENCH OF RICHOMEN.

BY MRS. E. T. MARTYN.

"PROVERBS," says one, "are the wisdom of nations." This is not a compliment to national sagacity. Usage has sanctioned under this specious name, a crowd of adages, for the most part false or ridiculous, which unfortunately have more influence than is imagined over the conduct and the welfare of men. Thus the Italians say—" *Che var piano, var sano,*" "Who goes slowly, goes surely," and we Frenchmen say—" *Mieux vaut tard, que jamais,*" "Better late than never." This proverb, which is constantly cited without being comprehended, has been evidently made a rule for the idle and the negligent.

"You are in the right," answered the Count de C., one of the most amiable story tellers I know, and who at the age of seventy, has preserved all the grace and vivacity of youth. "This proverb recalls one of those numerous anecdotes related to me in my youth by Mother Michel. She was a good woman, who having been long attached to the service of my mother, had retired to a small cottage at the end of the park of our chateau. Every Sunday we went, my sister and I, accompanied by our dog Medor, and gathering flowers and chasing butterflies, arrived gaily at the cottage of Mother Michel. There, we found two great bowls of milk, and good brown bread, which made, for the appetites of children, an excellent breakfast. I remember still with extreme pleasure, those delicious collations, which were always accompanied with a little story. Mother Michel loved dearly to relate, and I speak it to her praise, she found in us very attentive auditors—she was a woman of great good sense, who had received by the care of my mother an education far above her condition. Thus, we waited with impatience for the time to arrive when we should go to the morning stories of Mother Michel. One day, drawn away by the pursuit of a magnificent butterfly, we so lengthened our road to the cottage, that we were more than an hour beyond our usual time in arriving.

We found the good woman in a state of great inquietude, but when she found that no misfortune had befallen us, she began to scold us severely. "Better late than never," I answered, laughing.—This was the habitual phrase of my tutor, who thus flattered my natural indolence.

"Better late than never!" exclaimed Mother Michel—"that is the excuse of the lazy, my dear children, and idleness is a great fault, for it injures not only one's self, but many others. Seat yourselves—here are two good bowls of milk, and while you breakfast, I will relate to you the history of Monsieur Lambin, and hope it may serve as a lesson for you.

M. Victor Lambin was the son of a rich merchant of the Rue Quincampoix. He had lost his mother a year after his birth, and his father, active and intelligent in all that concerned his business, occupied himself very little about the education of his son. Given up to the mercenary care of domestics, and of a preceptor who had no authority over him, and who submitted to all his caprices, Victor became singularly idle and negligent. His indolence was such that he seldom took part in the games of his comrades. At ten years of age, he did not even know the whole alphabet. The father, a great admirer of proverbs, was not troubled at this carelessness of his son. "Little by little," said he, "the bird builds her nest." At last, by dint of care and labor, after having changed five or six times his preceptor, Victor, at the age of sixteen, knew how to read, write, and reckon in the four rules of arithmetic.—"Better late than never," said M. Lambin, and he suffered his son to fall back into his natural habits of indolence. Victor was aside from this, a very beautiful boy, full of admirable qualities, and did not want for intelligence, but the most fertile lands will become barren if not turned up and thrown open on every side by the plough.

M. Lambin had for a few years, experienced several severe losses in his business. He associated his son with him, and endeavored to cure him of his apathy. Victor did not shrink from labor, but he went so slowly, that the work he began proved often useless. That which a simple clerk could do in one hour, was to Victor the work of an entire day. His indecision and his indolence were proverbial through all the neighborhood. One day, the father received a letter which warned him of the approaching bankruptcy of one

of his correspondents, but all was not lost if immediate measures were taken to prevent its effects. M. Lambin wrote immediately to his friends and relations, to claim their aid, and to put himself in a state to avoid the fatal blow which menaced him—for this bankruptcy threatened the entire ruin of his house. He gave these letters to his son, charging him to convey them at once to the persons addressed, and departed himself for the city where his correspondent resided. You can imagine, my children, what happened. Victor did not perform the commission of his father until three or four days had elapsed, repeating his habitual phrase—"Better late than never." It was then too late—M. Lambin was ruined, and died of sorrow some time after, pardoning his son with his last breath for his culpable negligence.

The sorrow of Victor was deep and sincere; he resolved to shake off this indolence which had already caused him so many misfortunes, and which was preparing new ones in the future. But as has been justly remarked, habit is second nature. In spite of his good intentions, Victor resumed by degrees his careless and lazy character. His uncle, a lieutenant of the Cailiwick of Dreux, had taken him to his own house, and gave him every day, with his wise counsels, an example of promptitude and activity. But all was useless.

"You speak very well, my dear uncle," said one day the incorrigible nephew—"but I am of the mind of Lafontaine—'It is of no use to run—one must set out at the right time'—remember the fable of the hare and the tortoise; the one marched slowly, but she arrived first at the goal."

"Without doubt, but we should go to excess in nothing—and besides, if the tortoise had occupied herself with any thing but the race, she would not have gained the prize. Your example, you see, is not well chosen. It is necessary not only to set out, but also to arrive in time."

At the death of his uncle, whose heir he was, Lambin found himself the master of a considerable fortune. He undertook several speculations, of which no one as you may believe ever succeeded. He arrived always too late. Disgusted with commerce, he wished to enter into other business. One of his friends made all necessary enquiries, and wrote him that a place in the finances was about to be vacant, that he must depart immediately for Paris, and by



soliciting the place for himself, he was sure of obtaining it. Lambin read and re-read the letter more than twenty times, made his preparations for the journey as if he had two months before him, and at last determined to set out at the end of eight days. "Better late than never," he said—but when he was about to start, there was no vacant place in the diligence—the journey was again delayed. When he arrived in Paris, the employment which he came to solicit had been given to another several days before.

During his stay at Paris, he formed an acquaintance with a rich family of Dauphiny. The eldest daughter was a beautiful young girl, who from the sweetness of her character, no less than from her beauty, was very pleasing to our friend Lambin. He demanded her hand in marriage—she had no objection to the young man, and the two parties agreed that the marriage should take place at Aix, the residence of the father. The bridegroom was to rejoin his betrothed in one month. All went on happily—the young lady was very well pleased with the husband provided for her—and Lambin was also in the good graces of the father, who reproached him only with his incredible indolence—the tardiness of his future son-in-law excited the wrath of the elderly gentleman, and gave occasion to some singular scenes. Sometimes Lambin came to dinner at seven, when the hour was fixed at six—and this delay caused the destruction of the boiled pears which was the favorite dish of the father; sometimes he came to escort his betrothed to the opera, at the hour when the representation was about to close. But they became accustomed to this defect, and forgot his faults in the remembrance of his good qualities. The Dauclos family quitted the capital, reminding the young man that he would be expected at Aix in a month, to sign the contract.

Lambin had some business to transact in Normandy; he resolved to depart instantly for that place, and afterwards to proceed to the south. Fifteen days passed, during which he every day promised himself that he would set out on the morrow; at last he decided to go in the diligence. This journey to Normandy took more than a month. When Lambin returned to Paris, he found five or six letters from M. Dauclos, who reminded him of his promise, and requested him to come at once to Aix, or at least to send them some news of his movements; the last letter was very urgent. The old gentleman declared in formal terms, that if he received no answer, he should consider himself justified in with-



drawing his promise. Lambin was slightly moved. "It is useless to write," he said—"I will depart to-morrow." But at the moment of departing, he perceived that he had no garments suitable for a wedding. What should he do? A man of his quality could not decently have recourse to a provincial tailor—he waited in Paris until a garment could be prepared for him of green velvet covered with spangles, which would, in his estimation, produce a great effect upon his intended, and cause her to forget his delays. Then came a last letter from M. Dauclos, which in very polite terms announced to Lambin that he withdrew the promise he had given him, and had chosen another husband for his daughter Lucia, for the rest, he added that he hoped the friendly relations now existing, would still continue with him whom he had expected to call his son-in-law.

"Oh—oh," said Lambin, "this looks rather serious, but I have still time. I will set out for Aix, and endeavor to calm this testy father-in-law."

Then Lambin made haste, like the hare in the fable of the good Lafontaine. Arrived at Aix, he was told that the Dauclos family had been for several days at their country seat, some leagues from the city. He departed immediately for the chateau, and saw at its entrance the preparations for a fete. He did not doubt that it was for him; his future father had wished to frighten him, but he had always reckoned upon his promised arrival. Descending from the carriage, Victor perceived M. Dauclos advancing towards him with a large party; his betrothed, Mademoiselle Lucia, learned on the arm of a young man who wore the uniform of the regiment of royal dragoons.

"It is a cousin, a friend of the family," thought Lambin, and advancing towards M. Dauclos, "Well," he exclaimed, "better late than never." "My faith! we did not expect you. But you are come in good time. You will, if you please, explain to me hereafter the cause of this singular conduct. Meanwhile, I wish you to assist as one of my good friends, at the festivals in honor of the marriage of Lucia, who last evening espoused her cousin, M. de Freville."

This blow was too much—Lambin fell senseless to the ground, and was sick for a long time. But I do not think the lesson did him any good. I have not time to relate to you all the sad adven-

tures which were the result of his indolence and carelessness.— Happily he was rich, or such a character would have led him to the hospital. He died as he had lived. Attacked by a violent disease of the throat, he waited long before attending to himself, and when at length a physician was called, such was the condition of Lambin that there was no hope. "Better late than never," said the dying man to the physician as he entered. They were his last words. It is useless to add that he made no will, and the estate thus left, occasioned among his heirs a multitude of lawsuits, each more ruinous than the other.

"Well, my children," added Mother Michel, "you see to what this great fault of idleness leads. Remember the sad adventures of M. Lambin, and never forget that the only way to be happy and make one's way in the world, is to be active and laborious; believe your old friend, and never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day."

"This was speaking wisely, Monsieur le Compte; and Mother Michel was an excellent counsellor for youth."

"Yes, truly," he smilingly replied—"I assure you that her history was not lost upon us. I have always had since that time a habit of activity which has never failed on any occasion, and you know my favorite advice—"One hour lost, is never regained."

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## THE WANDERER.

BY S. C. MERRIGATE.

THE World is wide to walk on weary feet,  
 With step by step along each length'ning mile;  
 Never the sunbeams on a cottage smile,  
 Where Love and Quiet build their cool retreat,  
 But, inly sad, I ask a home as sweet;  
 Then happy dreams a little way beguile,  
 Rounding the wide earth to a tiny isle,  
 Where all delights in a green circle meet.  
 But the broad world re-pains my lifted eye;  
 I wander homeless by a thousand Homes;  
 I tire of this unbounded liberty;  
 'Tis no right freedom that forever roams:  
 A Cot, a green Field, and sweet company  
 Of Wife and Babes, were world enough for me!

## DAVID DASHWOOD'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

MRS. SMITH *was* a superb woman ! So declared the doting Job Smith, and so said a score of lovers, as they anathematized Job's success. How she happened to throw herself away upon such a plodding, dull-looking fellow, was quite surprising, but these beauties take unaccountable freaks.

As we have always been in Mrs. Smith's confidence, and happen to possess the key to her unaccountable choice, we will, as an act of friendship, divulge it, along with some other little matters, for the satisfaction of her traducers.

Mrs. Smith, did not *fall* in love with such a common-place-sort o' fellow as Job Smith, that's certain. No young lady ever did such a thing ! His neckcloth was too far behind the times ; he wore neither moustache, or imperial, and was shockingly inattentive in the matter of fans, and pocket handkerchiefs, therefore it could not be expected.

But such a magnificent creature as Miss Amelia Wilton was not without a lover of the most approved pattern. There was a certain David Dashwood, who found favor in the lady's eyes, and amused himself for a whole season, swearing almost bible oaths, about devoted attachment, eternal constancy, and a great many more such staple commodities, in which young men are proverbial dealers. But when the firm of Wilton, Baywater & Co. failed, the disinterested David disappeared, the evil spirit who counselled him only knows *where*, giving Miss Wilton an opportunity of discovering, that her "gallant gay Lotharia" was not to be relied upon.

The lady, after a fortnight's weeping, steeled herself into indignation, and derived much more comfort from the hardened than the "melting mood." In her own mind denouncing him as a worthless puppy, she resolved to steer clear of all such sweet youths in future, and consoled herself with humble, unpretending, worthy Job Smith, who was the very antipodes of Davy Dashwood.

It will be seen, that Mrs. Smith was a woman of sense, and she never repented of her choice ; not even when her *ci-devant* lover returned, after the lapse of four or five years, disposed to be as

ardently attentive as ever. The lady felt that she knew her man, and managed him with much discretion as well as sense.

"The days are growing intolerably long!" she politely remarked, after having endured him for above an hour.

"All days are alike to the miserable," insinuated David.

"I am sorry to hear you are so miserable; pray, tell me your complaint, and I probably can suggest a remedy."

"Can you not divine?" demanded he.

"I should judge from your complexion, you were *billious*," hazarded Mrs. Smith.

The baffled David bit his lip, but renewed the charge.

"You have changed, Amelia, or you would know the cause of my sufferings,—you behold a victim of unrequited love!"

"Pardon my obtuseness," said the lady, summoning all her tact and courage, for the purpose of defining her position, "Marriage *does* change one. I possess no relish whatever for *love affairs*."

David looked uncertain whether to renew the charge, and Mrs. Smith intimated, that household affairs required her attendance elsewhere.

"Ah!" sighed the stupid innamorato, "you were made for better things! Such beauty should be *seen*—admired—*adored*!"

"I trust I am adored by my *husband* and *children*," Amelia replied, hoping those talismanic words would protect her from further insults. "And a wife desires no *better lot*, than to be allowed to minister to the comfort of those she loves."

"Can it be possible," exclaimed Dashwood, incredulously, "that *such* a being can content herself with such a life! Have you no regrets for all you have relinquished?"

"I have relinquished *nothing*, sir," said Mrs. Smith with dignity. "If you mean the society of *girlhood*, it is as distasteful and unmeaning as the society of my *childhood*. If you allude to lovers, they are silly, uninteresting, and *intolerable*; and I rejoice that the name I bear has power to protect me from their impertinence.—And now, sir, good morning," and the indignant Amelia swept from the apartment.

Like the Irishman, who was unceremoniously ejected from the stairs, Dashwood understood that he was expected to depart, but he could not conceive it possible that Amelia was really indifferent to his attractions. He remembered the days when she leaned on

his arm in all the confidence of early love; and he would not believe that all her youthful tenderness had faded from her heart. Her conduct was the result of *pique*, reasoned he, of *duty*—any thing but indifference—and then to pretend to be fond of such an old bore as Smith! Pshaw!

One day, when the Smiths were at dinner, a note was brought for the lady, which she read, and handed to her husband.

"I do not deserve to be tormented thus," said she, while tears of indignation suffused her beautiful eyes.

Smith regarded her with surprise, and read as follows:

"I will call this eveping at twilight. If you are faithful to your young love, receive me by that soft, uncertain light.

"DASHWOOD."

"Nonsense, Amelia, the fellow's a fool!" said Smith. "I'll give necessary orders to the servants, and take care that you shall no longer be annoyed by his impertinence."

Many a fiery husband would have horsewhipped the offender, and thus given a ruinous publicity to the affair. Not so Mr. Smith.

The lover came at the appointed time, and was shown into a parlor, where the twilight was deepened, and darkened by the window drapery. Mrs. Smith was abroad, but her husband demurely summoned her handmaid.

"Dinah, your mistress is suffering from headache and sore throat; carry her her velvet ribbon and broach, and fasten them about her neck. Stay—do not carry a light, and tread softly. You will find her on the sofa in the parlor."

The colored girl went in search of the ribbon, and her master stole noiselessly into the back parlor, to note the result of his dissections. Presently, Dinah entered and paused a moment at the door, then perceiving a figure in a reclining attitude on one of the sofas, she lightly advanced and stooped over her supposed mistress for the purpose of adjusting the ribbon. Mr. Dashwood recognized the shadowy outline of a female figure, he felt the soft touch of an arm around his neck, and the measure of his joy was full! He ardently returned the supposed embrace, when Mr. Smith quickly drew a match along the wall, and applied it to the gas-burner beside which he had stationed himself. The apartment was illuminated with a flood of light, and revealed the affrighted negress,

struggling in the arms of the pertinacious lover. Mr. Dashwood released his prisoner as Mr. Smith advanced.

"I beg you will not allow me to disturb you," said Smith blandly.

Dashwood stood for a moment confounded, and then rushed into the street, where he was received with uproarious merriment, by half a dozen of the P—— club, who had surrounded the window for the purpose of witnessing his interview with Mrs. Smith.

The discomfited hero departed in the night boat, and was never heard of afterward, while Mr. Job Smith preserves to this day, as mementoes of his precipitate flight, the hat, gloves and cane, as well as

"The girl he left behind him."

*Pottsville, Pa.*

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## TO THE BEREAVED.

BY MRS. ANN G. STEVENS.

MOURN ON! for she who died in her bright youth  
Was worthy of thy tears; ay, mourn and weep;  
It is thy right, thou man of riven heart.  
And shall we say to thee, who knew her love  
In all the plenitude of its first wealth—  
Lived on her smile and treasured every look,  
As some rich gem from out her pure heart's mine—  
Whose very soul was wreathed in love to hers—  
To thee, her husband, shall we say—not mourn?  
Not mourn thy wife—the mother of thy babes!  
It were as well to bid the mighty sea  
Curb in the sweep of her eternal waves;  
To tear a mountain from its rocky base  
And bid it centre in the brooding skies;  
To check the torrent as it thunders on,  
And force its struggling waters to their fount;  
Or to work aught that never yet was done.  
As once to hush the bleeding spirit's wail:  
Can we force back complainings of the heart  
When all her strings to agony are tuned?  
When every pulse is throbbing out its woe,  
And garner'd hopes are crush'd like trampled flowers,  
To slumber senseless in the inner soul,  
Till God shall breathe them into bloom again?  
Say—can we smother down the voice of grief?  
If so, 'twould gather up its silent strength  
And burst the heart which stay'd its passage forth.

Weep on, I say—thy soul hath need of tears!  
 They are the dew—the rain-drops of the mind—  
 A blessing rescued from the hand of pain  
 To raise the dying blossoms of the heart.  
 Think ye, God gives capacities for joy,  
 With nerves that thrill so to the touch of grief,  
 And then breaks up affection's sacred wells—  
 Rends all the cords that bind love's treasure in—  
 Tears out the idol from the heart's deep core,  
 Forbidding man to mourn? It is not so!  
 To cleanse the soul from all its earthly dross  
 He sends us sorrow—draws the spirit on  
 To bear its load all humbly to his throne,  
 And by deep anguish purifies the thought.

Mourn on, I say! but not as those who mourn  
 Without the glory of a blessed hope.  
 Think of the dead, as when a fair young bride  
 Proudly ye bore her from her mother's arms,  
 To cheer with all her loveliness thy home!  
 Think of the holy bliss that dyed her cheek,  
 And brooded like a spirit in her eye,  
 When first she saw her infant in thy arms,  
 And heard thee, in the fullness of thy joy,  
 Thank the Most High that thou wast made a sire.  
 Remember all her fortitude in pain;  
 The open hand that always unseen gave;  
 The gentle sympathies that warm'd her heart;  
 How like a pulse that ever beats to bless,  
 Her presence was in all thy weary hours;  
 Remember all, and with a firm belief,  
 Sanction'd most strongly by a blameless life,  
 Feel that her spirit is before her God,  
 Embalm'd, ethereal, holy with his love;  
 Full of a melody too rich for earth,  
 And breathing praise as flowers their odor shed.  
 Know too, that when in paradise ye meet,  
 The joy her earthly life has been to thee—  
 Compared to that eternal banquet there—  
 Will be but as a glow-worm to the stars,  
 Or as the glimmer of a pearly lamp  
 To the broad glory of Jehovah's throne.  
 Know that affections, grazed by our God,  
 To bind his creatures in sweet union here,  
 Will be the essence of an higher life—  
 The vital spark exhaled from off our hearts,  
 As oiler rifled from the blasted rose.  
 Love strengthen'd here and purified by death,  
 With Him will issue forth in gushing strength,

As some bright fountain from a crystal rock,  
And mingling love of saints with love to God,  
Will be of immortality its joy.

Affection is the Deity's best gift—  
The brightest star that blazes on his crown  
And flashes its refulgence to the earth.  
Would he take back the birthright of the heart,  
Divest the spirit of its heavenly light,  
Yet shorn and beamless, call it to his feet?  
Ah, no—the love that blesses us on earth,  
Matured and pure, will cling to us on high.  
*Here* we but taste the sparkling fountain-head;  
*There* the broad ocean of eternal bliss  
Expands and undulates as time sweeps on;  
Its bosom rainbow-tinted, with the smiles  
Of holy spirits bathing in its waves.  
The love which links us here will ever bind;  
Death has no power o'er the immortal soul,  
Nor can from thence his icy fingers steal  
One attribute to cheer his darksome cave.  
It is a solemn and a mighty thought—  
Life, life, eternal, endless, endless life.

It may be fancy, but how oft the soul  
Feels as if holding converse with the dead!  
An awe struck consciousness, that they are near,  
Thrills through the heart, and holding every nerve  
With a most fearful hand, convinces us  
Almost that it is so.

This thought is sweet.

Perchance in pity now, the new made saint  
Hovers around the forms her spirit loved—  
Hears the sad beatings of her husband's heart  
Sees how it swells while gazing on his babes,  
With throbbing brow and eyes that dimly see,  
In their sweet faces, features of his wife.  
A guardian angel bending o'er her babes!  
The thought is beautiful! and does she know  
The fearful anguish which her parents feel?—  
Take note of brothers' and of sisters' tears!  
Perchance; but then with her unclouded eye,  
Which comprehends what death alone can tell,  
She feels 'tis good that they are call'd to mourn;  
And folding up her wings of spirit-light,  
Bows down and thanks Jehovah for his grace.  
Sweet saint, if from thy bright eternal home,  
Thy spirit can commune with friends on earth,  
Oh, bring some comfort to the aching hearts  
Thy death has made so desolate and dark.



## GOETHE'S "MIGNON."

TORN by a wandering tribe in early youth from Italia's golden clime, the longings for her flowery home and a passionate tenderness for her friend, consume her beautiful life. Wherever she appears in the narrative, it is like the lone violet transplanted from its native vale—sweet flower, but transient, it pours its perfume freely on the air, and when the spring buds are expanded, it is exhaled to heaven.

"It chanced that the birth of two twin sisters, whose behavior had always been very good, was near; I promised that, on this occasion, the little present they had so well deserved, should be delivered to them by an angel. They were on the stretch of curiosity regarding this phenomenon. I had chosen Mignon for the part; and accordingly, at the appointed day, I had her suitably equipt in a long light snow-white dress. She was, of course, provided with a golden girdle round her waist, and a golden fillet on her hair. I at first proposed to omit the wings; but the young ladies who were decking her, insisted on a pair of large golden pinions, in preparing which, they meant to shew their highest art. Thus did the strange apparition, with a lily in the one hand, and a little basket in the other, glide in among the girls: she surprised even me. "There comes the angel!" said I. The children all shrank back: at last they cried: "It is Mignon!" Yet they durst not venture to approach the wondrous figure.

"Here are your gifts," said she, putting down the basket. They gathered around her, they viewed, they felt, they questioned her.

"Art thou an angel?" asked one of them.

"I wish I were," replied Mignon.

"Why dost thou bear a lily?"

"So pure and so open should my heart be; then were I happy."

"What wings are these? Let us see them!"

"They represent far finer ones, which are not yet unfolded."

And thus significantly did she answer all their other child-like, innocent inquiries. The little party having satisfied their curiosity, and the impression of the show beginning to abate, we were for proceeding to undress the little angel. This, however, she resisted.

She took her cithern ; she seated herself here on this high writing table, and sang a little song with touching grace :

Such let me seem, till such I be ;  
Take not my snow-white dress away !  
Soon from this dust of earth I flee  
Up to the glittering bania of day.

There first a little space I rest,  
Then wake so glad, to seem so kind ;  
In earthly robes no longer drest,  
This band, this girdle, left behind.

And those calm shining sons of morn,  
They ask not who is maid or boy ;  
No robes, no garments, there are worn,  
Our body pure from sin's alloy.

Through little life not much I toiled,  
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung,  
Untimely wo my blossoms spoiled :  
Make me again forever young !

We meet her not again until like a beautiful unfolded bud she is brought to the still dwelling.

The Abbe called them, in the evening, to attend the obsequies of Mignon. The company proceeded to the Hall of the Past ; they found it magnificently ornamented and illuminated. The walls were hung with azure tapestry, almost from ceiling to floor, so that nothing but the friezes and socles, above and below, were visible. On the four candelabras in the corners, large wax lights were burning ; smaller lights were in the four candelabras placed by the sarcophagus in the middle. Near this stood four boys, dressed in azure with silver ; they had broad fans of ostrich feathers, which they waved above a figure which was resting upon the sarcophagus. The company sat down ; two invisible choruses began in a soft recitative to ask : " Whom bring ye us to the still dwelling ? " The four boys replied with lovely voices : " 'Tis a tired playmate whom we bring you ; let her rest in your still dwelling, till the songs of her heavenly sisters once more awaken her."

CHORUS.

" Firstling of youth in our circle, we welcome thee ! With sadness welcome thee ! May no boy, no maiden follow ! Let age only, willing and composed, approach the silent Hall, and in the solemn company, repose this one dear child ! "

## BOYS.

"Ah, reluctantly we brought her hither! Ah, and she is to remain here! Let us too remain; let us weep, let us weep upon her bier!"

## CHORUS.

"Yet look at the strong wings; look at the light clear robe! How glitters the golden band upon her head! Look at the beautiful, the noble repose."

## BOYS.

"Ah! the wings do not raise her; in the frolic game her robe flutters to and fro no more; when we bound her head with roses, her looks on us were kind and friendly."

## CHORUS.

"Cast forward the eye of the spirit! Awake in your souls the imaginative power, which carries forth, what is fairest, what is highest, Life away beyond the stars."

## BOYS.

"But ah! We find her not here; in the garden she wanders not; the flowers of the meadow she plucks no longer. Let us weep, we are leaving her here! Let us weep and remain with her!"

## CHORUS.

"Children, turn back into life! Your tears let the fresh air dry, which plays upon the rushing water. Fly from night! Day and Pleasure and Continuance are the lot of the living."

## BOYS.

"Up! Turn back into life! Let the day give us labor and pleasure, till the evening brings us rest, and the nightly sleep refreshes us."

## CHORUS.

"Children! Hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty, may Love meet you with heavenly looks and with the wreath of immortality!"

## VIEW FROM MOUNT IDA, NEAR TROY, N. Y.

SEE ENGRAVING.

WE close the Third Volume of the WREATH with a fine engraving, by Osborn, containing a view from Mount Ida, near Troy, N. Y. The scenery in this neighborhood is exceedingly beautiful. The junction of the Mohawk and Hudson—the Falls of Cohoes—the gay and elegant city of Troy—Albany in the distance—and a foreground of the finest mixture of the elements of landscape, compose a gratification to the eye, equalled by few other spots in this country. This beautiful valley, these rivers and waterfalls, were once the loved inheritance of the Red Man. Nor is it to be wondered at, that he looked with jealousy upon the inroads of the white settlers, and beheld with bitterness the forests disappearing in their rapid progress. He could not understand the proper rights by which the white intruders professed to claim these lands; he felt that they belonged to him, by the gift of the Great Spirit; and the bloody scenes which followed, were but the natural result of his resolve not to relinquish his inheritance but with his life.

## A TWILIGHT HOUR WITH MEMORY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"The blue-girdled stars and the soft dreamy air,  
Divide thy fair spirit and mine;  
Yet I look in my heart, and a something is there  
That links it in feeling with thine.  
The glow of the sunset, the voice of the breeze,  
As it cradles itself on the sea,  
Are dear to my soul, for moments like these  
Are sacred to memory and thee."

THERE are seasons in life when the spirit, joyous and happy, turns to nature, and with her changing scenes, changes and veers, till joy is turned to sadness, yet not darkness—for who has not felt the "joy of grief"?—and then when saddened, it mounts on the swift wing of memory, and floats far back into the silent past.—Thus is it oft-times at the sunset hour. Joy unutterable fills the soul at the sight of those piles of glittering clouds heaped up around the setting sun;—yet as he sinks lower and lower, as the dark

shadow lengthens in the valley, and covering it with gloom, creeps up the cliff, higher and higher still till the topmost height is won—a gloomy mist will steal over the spirit, shrouding the present with all its brightness from our view, till the o'er-wearied heart takes refuge amid the days of "long ago." Thus have I to-night lost with the fading light a gladsome spirit, and with Memory for my guide, have been wandering through her twilight halls, scanning the pictures of the past. By one I lingered, for well did its soft loveliness befit the hour.—It was that of a young girl, with a sweet and placid countenance—the mild signet of peace on her broad open brow—and in her full blue eye a whole world of woman's sympathies and affections. Around the mouth still lingers the smile left by Peace when she stamped her seal upon the forehead of the maiden. And there is beauty there, not what the world calls such—but the beauty of the soul. Dear is that simple picture to me, and not one in all the long halls of Memory awakens at once such sweet and saddening emotions.

We were natives of the same state—but we met far from the home of our childhood. At a time when both longed for sympathy and affection, we loved each other, and from the full treasury of the heart poured forth the precious coin, and found it blessed to give, and blessed to receive.

There came a sad day for us both. I was to seek my eastern home, and we must part. Well do I remember that day in the beautiful spring-time, the last that we spent together. She met me at the door with her fond affectionate welcome, and through the livelong day we sat, with interlinked arms, pouring forth our joys and sorrows, our glorious hopes and bright anticipations—the hopes and anticipations of our unclouded youth.—Alas! not long to be unclouded. Even then I marked the hollow cough and weary step, and felt that the frail form of my precious friend was growing far too frail for this cold clime. And when at times I watched the unearthly brightness of her eye, and listened to her impassioned words, I wondered if bright angels were not hovering over her, urging her upward flight, and reflecting on lip and eye their dazzling radiance.

Evening gathered its shadows around us, and "twilight descended as a benediction on the glad earth," and we parted. The bitterness of that farewell is with me even now—the fervent clasp of

hands—the warm lingering kiss—the ill-repressed emotion—and that last—last look. There was a struggle as if to send back the fast gathering tears, and recover once again her voice, and then there mingled with our parting words, those soft low tones so full of womanly tenderness, murmuring with mild earnestness, "Dear Mary, let me meet you in heaven." One more embrace, and we had parted. For awhile her own hand added link after link to the chain of our friendship, and my heart was gladdened by her letters, full of simplicity and warm affection. But the last link another hand than hers wove for me. Is it the last?

Through the long sunny days of summer she lived, now in hope, and now in fear. Autumn came and mantled the forests with gorgeous drapery, bright token of decay, and on Julia's cheek there settled the same sad emblem of mortality, in the deep hectic flush that came and went, but never again was a stranger there.

By degrees her voice forsook her—and they who had listened with delight to its sweet melody in song—its earnestness in prayer, now bent to catch the low and painfully breathed whisper. Her cheek grew thinner and paler—the mild light of her speaking eye waxed dimmer and dimmer, and the long silken lashes rested for hours upon her cheek, even when sleep sealed them not. Suffering, intense and agonizing, was her portion, such as the consumptive alone can know. Death seemed hovering over her, gathering under the fold of her dark robe, ray after ray of the light that lent its brightness to her life. But there was one ray he could not touch, and this was the brightest of all. As she passed from childhood to womanhood, the world with its glare of light marked her for its own. Awhile she "bowed before its idol throne" a willing devotee; but the longings of immortality were unsatisfied, and closing her eyes upon all the tinsel and glitter of an aimless life, she found herself shrouded in thick darkness. For a time she wandered seeking rest, and finding none; but when wearied out and just on the threshold of despair, a still small voice fell upon her ear—a ray of heaven's own light upon her soul. Brighter and brighter grew that life, and beaming on her pathway, its pure radiance illuminated thenceforth her whole existence; and as she came nearer and nearer to its source, it became fixed and unwavering, a part of her immortality, over which Death had no power.

Her last hour came at length—a night and day of agony had

passed away. At every interval of ease she had prayed for Death, to free her from earth's fetters. Already her prayer was answered, and a bright convoy of the angelic host were waiting to attend her ransomed spirit on its heavenward way. Her voice returned to her at sunset—a precious gift it was, though only for a passing hour—for now to all the friends who encircled her bed, she could speak in the same sweet tones, that had ever been music to their ears. For each loved one she had a farewell word of hope and comfort. “Have I remembered all?” she asked after sending messages to many absent ones—several were mentioned. “Tell them to *love God*,” she said, as if in those two short words, she summed up all life’s mission.

Her brother stood beside her, and as he marked her intense suffering, tears came unbidden. She saw them, and said smilingly—“C., do not weep for me.” Her mother’s anxious face caught her eye, and fearing lest she would be too deeply afflicted, (for well she knew that as the youngest and frailest, she had been the most fondly cherished,) she said, “I am very comfortable, only cold, but I expected that.” While the damp death dews gathered fast upon her forehead, the household clock struck slowly the hour of nine. Solemnly she counted its strokes, listening till the last echo died away, then murmured, “My clock is almost run down.” A moment after her face lighted up with a bright expressive smile, and she exclaimed, “What sweet sounds I hear! beautiful—beautiful sounds!” Gently and more gently “the wave of life heaved to and fro”—it ceased—the weary spirit was at rest. Julia, our beautiful, our beloved, had received “the baptism of immortality.”—And that sweet picture is all that remains to me. Did I say *all*? Oh, no, not all. Is not her spirit with me now? In the dim and dusky twilight, I love to think I hear the rustling of her angel wings—and when sad and lonely, to feel that her gentle spirit is hovering near me, and with an invisible influence urging me to do right, and cheering the hours of loneliness.

Beautiful was the dream of olden time that the souls of the departed lingered around the loved of earth—and it is mine.



## THE IDOL DETHRONED.

BY MRS. F. L. SMITH.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE RETURN.

"Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,  
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave."

I WILL not attempt to describe the joy with which the wanderers were welcomed back to their native city. The friends that pressed around them saw that a change had come over their spirits. The serenity with which they resumed their accustomed place in the house of God could not be mistaken for apathy; nor was any one surprised as, after the service, they bent their steps towards the place of graves. Even Jesus—our great Exemplar, went to the grave that he might weep there; and far be it from my heart to condemn such tears. Blessed Jesus, would there were more of thy sympathy in our dark, tearful world!

A few preliminaries arranged, and our friends were once more settled in their former home, and Alfred was re-established in his counting-house. He had learned that it was as pleasant to labor that he might advance the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, as to lay up treasures for an idolized child.

They resumed their places in the Sabbath School; and if you could have seen Alice, with a group of girls nearest the age of Eloise clustering about her, and noticed the tear that sometimes stood in her eye, and the smile of affection that would follow, you might have taken her for a fond mother surrounded by her own loving children.

In the circles of benevolence, none was more prompt nor more cheerful than she who after the death of Eloise had shunned them all. Of her it may be truly said, she went about doing good. Did the sick need a faithful watcher? Alice was there. Was there a house of mourning that no one else dared to enter? She remembered how her heart had been soothed and profitted by the visits of Christian friends, and she hastened to impart to others the consolations with which she had herself been comforted of God.

There was one favorite charity that occupied the time and heart of Alice, many hours in each week. It was the "Home" which



her own munificence had helped to establish for destitute children, many of whom were found in a condition more pitiable than orphanage. It was in a noble building, standing on an eminence just out of the city, and encompassed by a forest of aged elms.—The plan of this institution originated with a few of the “oldest inhabitants;” who sought before they should rest from their labors, to make provision, lasting as time and important as eternity, for the training of the rising generation among the poor, for usefulness and for heaven. Mothers in Israel! your heads must soon be laid low; but ye have reared a monument that shall honor your names, when the marble that marks your graves shall have crumbled to dust.

Alice was appointed a manager in the “Home,” and faithfully did she meet her appointed duties. Here were children who had no mothers to care for them, and here was just the place where she who had been written childless loved to labor. One by one, those precious garments, so long hidden from every eye but her own, were brought out, and distributed as rewards to the most amiable of her pupils; for it was her chosen province to cultivate *the heart*. As it was my privilege to be one of her fellow-laborers, I had frequent opportunities to watch her devotion to the little group that clung to her as a mother. There was one of them that I looked upon as a favorite with my friend. I fancied a resemblance to Eloise; but as Alice did not speak of it, I never ventured to allude to it in her presence. Sure I am that she had won the heart of the motherless; for as I was one day stationed near, I heard the child, who was standing by her side and looking confidently in her face, ask permission to call her “mother.” I could not catch all that Alice said in reply; but this I did hear: “While I live, you shall never want a friend.” What the result will be, time must determine.

And here, in the place where I found them, I leave my beloved friends, Alfred and Alice R——. The silver threads are beginning to entwine themselves among their locks; and the bloom on their cheek is not as when I first looked upon them in the sanctuary. Their house has been left unto them desolate, and they can never forget the heavy stroke that made it such. They have not sought refuge in forgetfulness. The grave of their only child is not forsaken; but they stand there with other thoughts than when in the bitterness of grief Alice prayed to lie down by her side. They

look forward indeed to the end of life's journey, when they will sleep together there, and the prospect is delightful. But they are willing to wait the appointed time, and labor on till their work is done. They cast their thoughts but a little onward, to the day when "them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," and rejoice with joy unspeakable, that they and theirs may hope for a part in the "first resurrection." "On such the second death hath no power."

The world that marvelled not at their sorrow, comprehends not the source of their peace. None can appreciate it, but they who have learned to make the language of these stricken hearts their own :—

"Give what Thou canst, without THEE we are poor;  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away!"

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BEGONIA GERANIIFOLIA—GERANIUM-LEAVED BEGONIA.

SEE FLOWER PLATE.

GEN. CHAR.—*Begonia*. Sepals orbicular, colored like the petals, but larger; petals oblong, acute; stamens combined in a column; anthers in a globose head. Sepals three, lanceolate, larger than the two petals; stigma lobes distinct, spiral, erect; capsule wings unequal; placenta double, or two in each cell.

SPEC. CHAR.—*Geraniifolia*. Stem about a foot high, erect, somewhat angular, but very obtusely so, succulent, pale, semipellucid, green with a slight purplish tinge, branched upwards in a somewhat dichotomous manner. Branches rounded. Leaves on long, rounded footstalks, cordate, the sides nearly equal, plaited, cut in many unequal, very acute lobes, and those inciso-serrate, green on both sides, paler beneath, above of a full and very bright and glossy green, the margin red, perfectly glabrous, as is the whole plant; the nerves radiate as it were from the base, without any distinct midrib. At the setting on of the leaf, are two large connate, membranaceous bracteae. Peduncles terminal, bearing two or three flowers, which are inclined, drooping while in bud. Male flower, of four petals, of which the outer and larger are almost orbicular and red, the two inner obovate, waved and white.

This flower is an evergreen, and is a native of Brazil, where the species are very numerous, although they are rare in other climates. It flowers in September, and produces very delicate and beautiful red and white blossoms, which form a pleasing contrast with the glossy and deep green foliage.

x 342

(5) # 192

